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The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

September 26, 1956

PRICE

9^c



Lighting the Olympic Torch

Special
color features:

THE OLYMPIC GAMES 1956

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
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TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

Vol. 24, No. 17

SEPTEMBER 26, 1956

YOU COULD HELP, TOO

IN one big Australian city there is a small rest home for the aged where, every Saturday for some years, one old lady used to dress herself in her best clothes and sit waiting in the hall.

To questioners she always explained that "they" were coming to take her for a drive.

Inmates became accustomed to the fact that "they" never came.

But to visitors who heard the story it was the sharpest possible reminder of the neglect which is often the lot of old age.

Among the many organisations doing good work to help the aged there is a new one in Sydney which asks members to take old or crippled people or crippled children for car drives, or to visit them in homes or in hospital.

In this way, with little inconvenience to themselves, kind-hearted people can do something for the lonely.

Loneliness and poverty go hand in hand. Old age pensioners received no relief in the last Federal budget. Too many of them are living near starvation level—a disgrace to a prosperous country.

The Government could—and should—alleviate the poverty. But the loneliness is a problem for individual goodwill.

It is a matter in which charity, very truly, begins at home. Nothing can take the place of the affection of relatives and friends.

But when these are missing strangers can do a great deal.

The plight of the aged is receiving more attention than formerly. Many organisations are doing excellent work.

They deserve all the support possible. And it is support which does not consist entirely of money, though money is one of the greatest necessities.

Young people—who will one day be old themselves—can help supply the affection and the small brightnesses of entertainment which are too often missing from the closing years of life.

Our cover:

● Our cover gives you a preview of the scene which will be enacted on the Plains of Olympia early in November, when the Olympic flame is kindled for its long journey to Melbourne. The picture shows the kindling of the flame in June for the equestrian events at Stockholm. Procedure in November will be identical. The flame is lit direct from the sun in an earthenware urn and a Greek girl carries the urn to the altar of an ancient temple. Here the torch is lit from the flame and a runner bears it away. It will be protected by miners' lamps in its air journey from Athens to Australia. Relays of runners will carry the torch from Cairns to Melbourne in a 15-day journey, culminating in arrival at the stadium seven and a half minutes after the Duke of Edinburgh begins his official opening address.

For other Olympic features see pages 11 to 17.

This week:

● The advice given by Dr. David Mace, marriage guidance counsellor, to husbands or wives who have written to him about their problems has created great interest. Dr. Mace tells us that he was very pleased last week to receive a letter from one wife who had written to him earlier. She told him that his advice, which we published, has been of the greatest help in restoring her marriage to its former sound basis. This week's letters and answers appear on page 37.

Next week:

● We will announce the results of our mystery fiction contest and print the author's final instalment of "Murder of Olympia," the serial on which the contest was based. First two instalments appeared in our issues of June 27 and July 4. Readers were asked to write and tell us how they would finish the plot. Our fiction department has been hard at work sorting and judging entries ever since the competition closed. This was a complex task, because the story was left at a stage which admitted of several solutions, and the judges had to choose between many ingenious developments of the story. First and second prizes are trips for two people to the Olympic Games, and there is a third prize of £50 and five consolation prizes of £10 each.

Incidentally, the author, Margot Neville, tells us that the book will be published in England on October 8 and should reach Australia during the Games.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

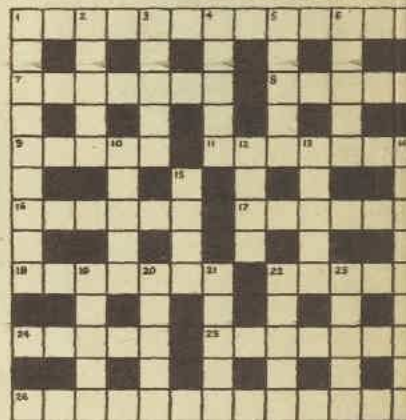
ACROSS

1. This deceptive joy could be made from a side of parosol (5, 8).
7. It's ordinary to declare age (7).
8. Looks but sounds as a diarist (5).
9. Resin wash (5).
11. Fire on the hearth between two coins picked out from others (7).
16. Still playing (3, 3).
17. Clannish with a rib in the centre (6).
18. Nets are oriental in a way (7).
22. A saint with mixed spirit may cause a smarting pain (5).
24. This young god was not the cupbearer of the gods, yet he was never without a cup (5).
25. Curl which may ornament a small finger (7).
26. Make perfect again (13).

Solution will be published next week.

SNODGRASS B G
T T U R T R R
ASHAMED RAISE
K E T E A S N
ERROR NAPHTHA
E T O D
PATTEN BAILIE
E I P A D
NIPPERS INSET
S P R P P H A
IGLOO EGOTISM
O E D C S R E
N R ENTREATED

Solution of last week's crossword



DOWN

1. Perfume made of torn rag in France (9).
2. No ace to be found in a lot of water (5).
3. Shakespeare through the mouth of Jaques tells us that all the world's one (5).
4. Insults Lincoln with a turned saint (5).
5. Trembling as a writing implement (5).
6. Standard of perfection to be found in a regicide alderman (5).
10. Diversion mostly with strong wine (5).
12. Very small quantity with a Greek letter (4).
13. Malt for brewing is full of determinations (5).
14. Charmed light in act (9).
15. Heavenly body turns traitors (4).
19. Savory but not necessarily a dish (5).
20. Sydney had a sinking effect on it (5).
21. Could be a Senor yet is Norwegian (5).
22. This is healthier (5).
23. A small arm of the sea (5).

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to the Value!

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PRICES VARY
IN SOUTH
AUSTRALIA

A GOOD GIRL. ALAS!

An amusing story

By MEL
HEIMER



"I can only see the back of your head," said Marcia as Bill settled himself on the floor close to her.

THE stark, sickening truth was that she wasn't exactly sure of what she was doing. It was unsettling to her. And if any of her friends had been around it would have been more than unsettling to them: they wouldn't have believed it.

"Listen," her friends always said of her, "Marcia Moore is one girl who knows what she's doing. Always."

But here was Marcia Moore, sitting in a dark and chic little East Side restaurant with a martini in her hand and Bill Vogt at her side. It was 5.30 p.m. and it was spring. And Marcia Moore, her short blond hair glistening in the dim light and her eyes as clear as a glass of spring water, wasn't sure about anything.

What am I doing here? she said to herself. But to Bill Vogt she spoke politely. She may have been confused, but she remained a lady. "I'll bet you were," she said in reply to the story he was telling. "And how did you ever catch up with the other boat?"

As recently as eight o'clock that morning, Marcia Moore had known what she was doing. She had awakened slowly in her tidy green-and-white apartment on East 39th Street, just off Park Avenue. She had lain in

bed for a few moments and looked around.

It was a nice apartment, furnished with modern grey bleached-oak furniture; there was a spray of daffodils in a crystal vase on a small table near the window, and through the open bedroom door she could see the long, leather-topped coffee table and the trim-looking sofa with the charcoal-colored corduroy spread. It was a lovely apartment, she thought, airy and sunny, and it lacked only one important item. A husband. The trouble was that she was still Miss Marcia Moore.

After a while she got out of bed and walked slowly to the dressing-table. Frowning a little she sat down to look at herself in the mirror. She was one of the lucky ones to whom this is not frightening at eight o'clock in the morning. She didn't even have to brush her hair to look good.

But this was a time for decision, not a time for admiration. She looked closely. "I think," she said out loud, the way people who live alone get to talk out loud after a while, "that we may as well start today."

She might, of course, have meant that she was going to give up cigarettes or dye her hair red or get a new job or even make plans

to rob a bank. But what she meant was that she had decided to take the primrose path, she was going to become immoral.

In her twenty-six years she had been kissed by a good many young men, she had danced with hundreds, and she even had made coffee and scrambled eggs for two or three just before dawn. But there she had always drawn the line.

Her reasons for this attitude were ninety per cent. personal ethics and five per cent. upbringing. The other five per cent. had to do with the fact that all the charming, appealing men she had ever met had been wolves; and the honest, dependable men of obvious character had been dull.

There was nothing new about this situation. She had seen some of her friends marry honest, dependable, dull men. "Of course I love him," they always said. And they told themselves: "I'll learn to love him. After all, a girl can't wait forever."

Marcia Moore had tried waiting. Now she was tired of it.

Later that morning as she took a cab to Leffler & Smith's, the huge department store where she worked as a commercial artist, she elaborated on her decision a bit.

The decision did not mean, of course, that she was going to take up with the first passable male she met. What it did mean was that, if she found herself dating an enormously attractive man who intimated that their friendship might be over if she did not accompany him to a hunting lodge at Lake Warmaug — well, she just might accompany him.

After all, she thought, just exactly what am I saving myself for?

She had to face reality: in twenty-six years she had not found a man with whom she cared to spend the rest of her life. She had no reason to believe this state of affairs would be changed. And with each passing season she found herself liking more and more her pleasant, orderly, comfortable life in the green-and-white apartment on East 39th Street. Her demands on any man who might share her life were becoming sharper, she knew.

And romance, she told herself firmly, was something every woman should know. Otherwise, she just had not lived. There were no two ways about it.

But that had all been this morning. Now

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THE NAME THAT GRACES A LEGEND



Pearls are for beauty, says the legend... and Nicole is beauty in pearls. Pearls as iridescent-white as the loveliest magnolia, radiant as a June bride, glowing in a superb presentation box of rich, silky velvet.

Ask for **Nicole** Pearls and

Jewellery at all good jewellers.

Behind a veil
of Sno-Mist
you can't
offend



Sno-Mist Powder Deodorant gives lasting protection, with none of the disadvantages of messy pastes and liquids. It sprays on direct from the patented puffer can, without mess or waste. Sno-Mist stops odour instantly and lastingly, checks perspiration, too.



SNO-MIST POWDER DEODORANT

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Page 88

Cressida finally
learns the strange
secret of Dragon
House... concluding
our popular
serial

By
**DOROTHY
EDEN**

REMEMBER THE LAST ONE



AFTER a dazed moment Cressida was thankful to find herself uninjured by her fall. She had clutched the stair rail and that had prevented her from rolling to the bottom of the steep stone steps. She had wrenched her knee slightly and it felt as if someone had clutched at her throat. And now there were arms about her tightly and someone was kissing her.

Light flooded on. It was Jeremy who held her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe. Had he pushed her and then regretted it? The thought flashed through her mind and vanished.

Jeremy's face was too stripped of its mocking mask. It was too thin and anxious and her lips were still warm from his kiss.

Why had he suddenly kissed her? There was no time to think of that.

"Mimosa!" she said.

"Cressida! Are you all right?" That was Miss Glory's voice from the top of the stairs. It was harsh and hard, as if she had had a very great fright. Looking up, Cressida saw Mrs. Stanhope, also, peering fearfully through the big glasses, and a moment later there was Dawson, carrying Mimosa, who struggled violently, but who otherwise appeared safe and unhurt.

There was no sign of Arabia.

Cressida got to her feet.

"I'm all right," she said, laughing. "Why are you all looking so worried? I only slipped in the dark. Dawson, is Mimosa all right?"

Jeremy took the cat from Dawson and examined him. Mimosa still struggled wildly, all his claws extended.

"He's only had a fright over something," he said. "I wonder what."

"I can tell you that, Mr. Winter," Dawson said, and, like

a conjurer, produced from behind his back a flat tin with a string through it. "This was tied to his tail. He nearly tore me to pieces while I got it off. No wonder he squawked."

Jeremy's face went black.

"Who did this?" His fierce eyes swept the watching people. But who was there to look at — only Miss Glory, who suddenly looked old and angry and incredulous, Mrs. Stanhope, who was visibly trembling, and Dawson, who had rescued Mimosa at the cost of scratched and bleeding hands.

"It would probably be the kids in the street," Dawson volunteered. "I've seen them teasing the cat before. They probably caught him and tied the tin to his tail and then threw him in a window."

"What window?" Jeremy said unbelievably.

"It would be mine, the same as yesterday," Cressida said, scrambling up the stairs. "Come and see."

She limped up to her room, followed by the rest. Surely enough her window was open slightly at the bottom and fog seeping in. She knew she had left it shut earlier that evening, but the catch was old and weak and now it hung crookedly where it had given way when the window had been pushed up.

"You see," she said. "The house has a hoodoo on it. Or this room has."

Miss Glory suddenly began to laugh in a high-pitched hysterical way.

"You're right, it has!" she exclaimed, and stumbled out of the room almost as if she were in deadly fear.

"Where's Arabia?" said Jeremy. "Did anyone see where she went?"

"I think she went upstairs," said Dawson. "It would be the kids in the street who did that to Mimosa, Mr. Winter. They'd think it would be a joke to spoil the party."

"You're sure you didn't do it yourself," Jeremy demanded.

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Dawson's face went long and hurt. His mother scribbled rapidly. "Dawson loves animals. He saved Mimosa's life yesterday."

Dawson nodded mutely. "Mind you, it might only have been a bit of tainted fish he'd had, and those kids might have done that, too."

That, indeed, seemed the most likely explanation of all.

But it didn't explain why Arabia had so suddenly disappeared, nor why, when they went up to see what she was doing, she had locked her door and refused to come out.

Cressida was worried about her. The old lady had been enjoying the party so much and, although she was inclined to sudden changes of mood, Mimosa's unfortunate contretemps surely could not so abruptly have plunged her from gaiety into gloom.

There was another thought that niggled Cressida. Her fall on the stairs had been caused by someone bumping into her, which could not have been accidental, but, on the other hand, it could have been deliberate.

It was unlikely that such a fall would have killed her, but she could have been severely hurt. The accident could have been in a line with the other stupid but unpleasant things that had happened, all of them harmless, but with their discomforting flavor of the diabolic. As if their perpetrator had more than a dash of the sinister.

Was Arabia the guilty person? Beneath her warmth and charm did she conceal a virulent hate for all young and pretty girls who reminded her of her dead daughter? Had Cressida been lured into a snare, to be played with first, and then —

No, all that conjecture was absurd. Now that the house was quiet and dark, with the ballroom once more Miss Glory's domain (Cressida had helped her to carry out the bowls of flowers and put her narrow bed back into its place), Cressida went up the stairs and tapped again on Arabia's door.

For a long time there was no answer. Mrs. Stanhope, wrapped in a cotton housecoat that had no color at all, appeared down the passage, tiptoeing with exaggerated caution, and wrote busily on her everlasting pad, "She won't see anyone when she's in that mood. You are better to leave her alone."

Her large, solemn, spectacled eyes indicated that Arabia was mad. Dawson, the inevitable shadow, nodded in the background. Cressida pressed her fingers to her temples. She was very tired. Her knee throbbed a little from her fall, and the delayed shock, or only half-acknowledged fear or apprehension, gave her a feeling of complete exhaustion.

Her head was full of kaleidoscopic pictures and voices — Arabia waltzing with her elderly dignity in the too-rich, too-formal dress (she's mad, she's crazy . . .), Mr. Moretti bending over her hand with his suave courtly gesture, his eyes hidden behind their colorless lashes (the poor old thing is crazy but wealthy, wealthy . . .).

She saw Arabia giving her great shout of laughter as she related one of her exaggerated stories (no one but an eccentric would tell stories like that . . .). Mrs. Stanhope standing mousy and embarrassed with the wine spilt down her frock, Jeremy's teasing voice suggesting that one person there might be an unscrupulous robber, a more-than-sinister prankster (an old crazy woman could be easy prey . . .), Miss Glory's thin high voice singing, "All her lovely companions are faded and gone," and Arabia's eyes suddenly on the rose at Cressida's breast . . .

And always there was the glitter, the glitter of the incredible old lady who suddenly, after twenty years of faithful mourning for her adored daughter, had announced that she had forgotten the past . . .

Suddenly there was a shuffling within Arabia's room and the old lady's voice, whispered and cautious, came hissing through the door.

In a split second everyone seemed to be there, half-way down the stairs, staring in horror downwards.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Cressida. Won't you let me come in?"

"No, dear, no. Go away, I beg you. Go away."

"You mean right away? Out of this house?" Cressida was bewildered.

"That would be better," came the voice from within. There was more shuffling and a sudden startled squawk from Ahmed, as if he had been squeezed or trodden on.

"But, Arabia!" Cressida beat softly on the door with her clenched fist. "You can't behave like this after that lovely party. Why have you locked your door?"

"Because I have been too gullible. Ah, how could I have been so gullible! What would the sheik have thought of me? Oh, stupid old woman that I am!"

"Arabia, darling! Stop being so melodramatic and open your door."

"I daren't, my dear. I daren't."

She really was mad. Cressida could visualise her inside the fantastic untidy room, a glittering and dishevelled figure, crouching uncertainly against the door, listening — for what imagined danger?

"Then it really is you who has been doing all those peculiar things?" Cressida's voice begged for a denial.

"Everything is my fault. You should never have come here. The house is tainted." The rich, vital voice was full of despair, the voice of a tragedienne, full of conviction that her act was real. "But, Cressida, are you listening?"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"Do you really love me? Just a little? Just for what I am,

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Redheads revel in it!
 Blondes bloom in it!
 Brunettes bask in it!
 Brunettes were born for it!



GOWN: BELLCIANO. DIAMONDS: CARTIER

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“Love That Pink”
 Nail Enamel.
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“Love That Pink”
 Lanolite Lipstick.
 12/9 Refills, 8/3
 (only non-smear
 type lipstick especially
 made to soften
 your lips and keep
 them moist).

Everything was planned, it was the perfect crime
... a short story complete on this page

Design in Duplicate

By STEWART ROBERTSON

LET her cry it out," said the old policeman, watching the girl huddled on a bench in the police-station house. "It'll do her good."

"It's a funny kind of crying, that's all," said the young policeman. "Sounds as if she's laughing under those sobs. I never heard anything just like it."

"Relax, master-mind," advised the older man. "There's nothing subtle about hysterics. After all, she's had quite a shock."

"Pretty girl, isn't she?" said the young policeman, and then added, "a company's got no right sending a young girl to the bank with all that dough in her handbag. It's too much responsibility."

This story really begins about the time Jennie Gilroy began to grow tired of her job as cashier in a leather goods shop. The window displays of the great department and specialty stores of 34th Street and Fifth Avenue had something to do with it; so did travel folders, dreams, and the limitations of life on forty-seven-fifty a week. They all added up to a total that didn't make sense, but the pressure of it never let up.

In spite of her calm, business-like manner and the blue-eyed trustfulness of her face, Jennie was allowing the pressure to edge her towards a dangerous point of view. It was getting so that she thought of almost nothing else. Of freedom. Of new surroundings. And, because it was inevitably tied in with them, of becoming a thief.

At first the daily trips to the bank had been a welcome break in the afternoon routine; a chance to be clear of the soft, staccato rattle of the counting machine in the stuffy office. But then the Great Idea had taken possession of her.

It had come to her first one blue-and-silver morning in the spring, when even 34th Street held a vista of promise if you looked above its cluttered length to the opal mist that marked the Jersey shore across the Hudson. Far beyond lay California. So, whispered the Great Idea, why not keep right on going? Past the bank, down into Pennsylvania Station, and let oneself be borne swiftly through the tunnel to a fresh life far away.

At first Jennie resisted the Idea, a little shaken that she should have entertained it at all, but before long it crept stealthily into her mind and hung there every time she set out

for the bank: You could pay it back some day. An orphan like you has nobody to leave behind; nothing to regret. Those men who married other girls were only amusing themselves with you. Get yourself some new clothes and another name out in California. Keep right on going.

And then, though fear was jerking at her heart, she began to plan. It would have to be done when the company's deposit was over a thousand dollars. On good days it touched fifteen to eighteen hundred, and that would be wonderful, provided it tied in with the weather. People were more indolent, more off guard on stormy days, she had read, so her prolonged absence from the office might not arouse suspicion too quickly.

When the big day came she would postpone lunch until it was time to go to the bank. At twenty minutes to three she would leave the office, and when the three o'clock train for Philadelphia pulled out of Pennsylvania Station she would be on it. Then off at Trenton to dye her hair overnight and buy a pair of glasses and a plain-looking coat.

She would go to California by easy stages in order to look at the country that stretched so impersonally on a map. And then, as a blind, she commenced to talk yearningly of Florida to anyone who would listen.

She babbled about how she hated the cold, how she hated every winter more than the last and how warm it would be in Florida. She did have friends there so she could always count on having someone to stay with.

Yes, if she had the chance, that's where she'd go.

The summer went by, and with it one more male who had hovered for a while and then drifted unconcernedly to other charms. But that didn't bother Jennie. Men were the least important thing in her life just now.

The autumn followed without the ideal situation presenting itself, but Jennie was always prepared. Her rented room was bare of anything that might offer information; her scanty wardrobe was ready for complete abandonment.

She would travel very light, just her handbag for the time being, but a handbag weighed down with a pile of notes, her passport to freedom.

Her heart sang with the thrill of it. Nothing could go wrong, she was

sure of that. It was all so simple, all so well-planned.

A threatening February morning aroused tremors of hope within her, and she knew before noon that this was the time. Time to go. The deposit for the day was almost seventeen hundred. It nestled in Jennie's handbag as she reminded the office that she was due for lunch, and at twenty minutes to three she walked out into the sleet and early dusk of a winter's afternoon.

This would be the last time she would have to take her plain cloth coat and bargain-basement hat past Fifth Avenue women smug with mink and violets and fifteen-dollar facials.

The first thing she'd buy when she got to California would be the prettiest hat she could see and she'd fill up her hotel room with as many flowers as she could carry. And she'd ... here Jennie checked herself. This was not the moment for dreaming. This was the time for action.

She walked briskly into the icy rain, her head down and her hand holding tight on to her precious bag. Eighty minutes to Trenton. Everything was going to be all ...



"Don't yell," said the man roughly to Jennie, "or you'll wish you'd kept your mouth shut."

A man fell suddenly in step with her on the almost deserted street, and Jennie slackened her pace, trembling. "Turn in here," he said sharply, piloting her into the dingy vestibule of the only ancient building in the block.

His arm encircled her shoulders and she saw the gun and felt it pressing below her breast. "Don't yell or you'll get it," he warned. "I've had an eye on you for some time. Hand over that dough."

His fingers probed deftly into Jennie's handbag, fastened on the bankbook sandwiching the sheaf of bills, and wrenched it through her clawing hands. Jennie was frozen with fear and horror. She could not move, but as she opened her lips on a dry and paralysed throat she received a stinging slap across the face that tumbled her against the wall.

The man ran quickly through the vestibule door into the storm, and Jennie followed weakly after. There went her—the company's—money!

There went California! Her screams of rage and frustration startled 34th Street.

"Stop him! Stop, thief!" A blur of figures came to life. And just before she fainted she saw the robber felled to the sidewalk and pounced on by a policeman.

"Now, what did you say to her?" demanded the young policeman. "She's making more noise than ever, and this time there's a note of thankfulness, like she'd been let out of gaol or something."

"She just sounds peeved to me," said the older man. "These dames who carry money all the time never think anything will happen to them. It's her vanity sounding off. All I told her was what the crook said when we took the money from him, 'I thought it was a sure thing,' he says, 'because I've been waiting for this kind of weather to make a clean getaway.'"

(Copyright)

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EPSON

A complete short story

By ELIZABETH ROSSITER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

THE OUTSIDER



ALL the morning the crowds were converging steadily on to the Downs; cars were crawling up through Epsom, nose to tail in a cloud of dust and petrol fumes, the coaches and buses decanted load after load of people that intermingled with the thousands streaming out of the station on the ridge of Tattenham Corner, that overlooked the wide, sparkling expanse of the racecourse and the Downs beyond.

Crowds everywhere; the family parties out on a spree, the children clutched by Mum's protective hand, Dad with the packets of sandwiches, the beer, and lemonade; the bottle-nosed, hard-eyed man to whom this was no spree but serious business, and the little baggy-eyed ones who remind one somehow of decrepit bloodhounds; tipsters and bookmakers and tic-tac men, newsboys shouting "Midday Special," stalls selling ices and candy-floss, vendors of race cards and favors and all kinds of useless nonsense.

There was noise, dust, traffic, and, over it all, the bored, impersonal voice from the loudspeakers repeating the warning to "the public of the Downs" to buy only the official race cards.

At the end of the course was the grandstand, the Royal Box and the enclosure, the big glossy motors and men in grey top-hats and their elegant women, sleek as prize kittens, in lovely clothes and summery hats. But it was not really their day, for this was not Ascot, but the Derby.

The Derby; not just a race but a peculiarly English institution, Dick had explained, a kind of unofficial national holiday. Janey Campbell looked eagerly out of the window of the car as they nosed patiently along, absorbed in the scene, storing it up in the gallery of experiences she had acquired since she had come from Sydney to England six months before.

Already in her mind she was writing the letter home that would describe it all. There were four of them in the car; Dick, who was driving, and Janey and, in the back seat, Tony and Elaine, whose cool elegance was really worthy of a seat in the grandstand. She looked out of the car like Marie Antoinette gazing at the mob and said in her light, pretty voice, "Pretty slummy, really, isn't it? But fascinating in an awful sort of way."

Janey frowned a little; Elaine so often made her feel uncomfortable; naive and stupid and uncouth. Really she thought the whole thing was bonzer, but she had already learnt this was one of the things she did not say. Instead, she said carefully that she thought it was rather fun; but then, she had never been to the Derby before.

"But there's plenty of racing in Australia, isn't there?" Tony asked.

"Oh, yes. But the family don't care for it. So I've never been to a race meeting before. It's a bit different, I believe. No bookmakers. Only the Tote . . ."

Dick had said, I'll take you to the Derby. No visitor to England should miss seeing the Derby. She had looked forward to it so much. She would have looked forward to a whole day with Dick wherever he had taken her.

Then, somehow, Elaine and Tony had succeeded in asking themselves along, too. Janey tried not to feel that her day had been spoiled; it was silly to be upset about it, there would be other days. She hoped so, anyway; she must try, she told herself, not to hope too hard, not to feel so intensely about Dick, who had certainly been kind and charming and had taken her about and given her a good time, but had given her no real reason to think that he felt about her in the same kind of way. Or had he?

She couldn't be sure, because she didn't really understand him properly. She found it hard sometimes to understand the English; they seemed to her very pleasant, but their bland good manners gave very little away.

Janey had come to England to study art. It would have been more appropriate to go to Paris she supposed, really, but her parents were not too happy about that, and even to Janey's adventurous spirit the rather vague plan of setting herself up in a garret on the Left Bank seemed a little too much of a plunge.

When she was twenty-one she came into a small inheritance left her by her grandfather, old man Campbell, who had gone out to Sydney with his young wife fifty years before.

So Janey's dream of going to Europe came true and she landed in England one cold, drizzly day, shivering in an unsuitably thin suit, her self-confidence plunging with the fall in temperature. At first she had been unbearably lonely and homesick, but after a while she found her feet; followed up her introductions, was accepted at the Slade, and began to make friends.

One of these friends was Dick. Very different though he

was in background and outlook from the boys she knew in Sydney, there was yet something about him that reminded her of home. Perhaps it was just that he was so big, tall, and rangy and rather slow-spoken and, like so many big men, a wonderfully gentle person.

His size was reassuring to Janey's confidence, because she was a big girl, and the English women with their smaller stature often made her feel enormous and clumsy. She was humble by nature and had no idea that with her long limbs, her casual, controlled grace, and the tan of an Australian summer still fresh on her cheeks she looked rather like a young goddess.

Because she was humble she thought it very unlikely that Dick would fall in love with her, and if she had not been so healthy the nights she spent thinking about him instead of sleeping would have given her a distinctly peaky look.

She always remembered the night when she first knew that she loved Dick. He had taken her to visit some friends of his; it was a cold lowering day with a bitter north-east wind. It had been very cosy and pleasant; they were nice people and Janey enjoyed the evening sitting beside a huge open fire while talk flowed easily along. Then their host, saying something about a draught, had gone to the window . . . "It's snowing," he said.

"What!" Janey exclaimed. "Snow!"

From then on she wanted nothing so much as to leave. She had never seen snow; she had no real idea of what it was like, though she had seen pictures of it, of course, white cotton-woolly looking stuff . . .

When they left they walked out, into a new world, the streets already covered, the snow falling silently, persistently, clothing everything with its white, soft, glimmering cloak. Janey gasped and ran forward; she scooped it up off the pavement, rubbing the soft cold stuff against her face, holding it in her hands, laughing and exclaiming over it.

Her hair was powdered with the snow, her skin glowed rosily beneath it; her eyes were enormous, the thrilled, delighted eyes of a child with a Christmas tree. Then she realised that Dick was staring at her. He said nothing, just stood and stared, and suddenly she was overcome with confusion: "You must think I'm crazy," she faltered.

He smiled and nodded. "Crazy," he repeated softly. "Sweet, crazy, lovely darling . . ." It was very quiet; they were quite alone in the street and he took her in his arms and kissed her while the snow continued to fall on her upturned face, her closed eyelids . . .

Janey had been kissed before. She had fancied herself in love before. So she was sure about this immediately. It was something new. Never before, certainly, had she felt like this about anybody. They walked back to the hostel where Janey lived, hand in hand through the snow, and she was very happy.

But since then she had been out with Dick often; he had kissed her again, more than once, but it seemed to her that their relationship made no progress. For some reason that wasn't very clear to her she had hoped a great deal of this particular day; somehow, she was sure, it would be special. Now, as it had turned out, it wasn't to be special at all.

To Janey's eyes the crowds seemed so enormous that it did not seem possible for them to see any of the races, but Dick managed to squeeze his way into the car enclosure near Tattenham Corner: "You can't see the finish from here," he explained. "But you can see them coming up to the corner and round into the straight. We'll hoist you girls up on to the bonnet of the car when the big moment comes."

"Dick, darling," Elaine exclaimed. "You really are marvellously efficient about this kind of thing. I suppose you've taken care of everything."

He smiled at her; Dick's delightful, warm smile that somehow Janey had got into the way of thinking belonged especially to her. It made her feel almost ill to see him smile like that at Elaine; at even so simple a thing she felt the hot, frightening tide of jealousy rising in her. He said: "The lunch basket is in the boot. Beer, not champagne, I'm afraid."

"I wasn't thinking about food," Elaine said aggrieved.

"Oh yes, you were," he grinned. "You may look fragile, but don't try to deceive me, lady. I know you too well."

Elaine made a charming little face at him.

"All right, darling," she said sweetly. "I won't expect oysters this time."

"Oysters?" said Janey.

Dick laughed. "I once bought this girl a dinner when oysters were in season. This was a mistake, as she loves oysters. It was also the end of the month, so Elaine had the oysters and I lived on bread and cheese till pay day."

"Oh, Dick, you are mean! You know perfectly well that if I'd known . . ."

"If you'd known, you would still have had the oysters, sweetie."

"I think you're being hateful," she said sweetly, pretending to be annoyed. "Tony, why don't you defend me?"

Tony struck an attitude and said something about pistols for two and coffee for one. Elaine snuggled back into her corner, her eyes sparkling above her sulky mouth. Janey thought, she has the attention of both of them now and that is what she wanted. She's not content with Tony, she has to have Dick, too.

And Dick . . . Dick takes her out to dinner and buys her oysters. Well, why shouldn't he? He's a free agent. He isn't my property. He can take whom he likes out to dinner. However, if he had wanted to, he could have taken Elaine to the Derby. Except, Janey felt sure, Elaine would have seen they went somewhere else. As it was, she had come for some reason of her own. Not for the simple pleasure of it, the happy foursome out for the day.

Elaine was not one to go much either for foursomes or simple pleasures. Elaine was bored with Tony, who adored her, and was perfectly happy being trampled on; he was that kind of young man. And so, being bored, Elaine was now about to amuse herself detaching Dick from Janey.

Well, let her try, Janey thought. I shan't stop her. If it's like that with Dick, I'd better know, the sooner the better. Then I'll stop hoping and dreaming, and making a fool of myself. She sat silent, hearing the laughing, bantering talk flow on, feeling forgotten, lost, the outsider . . .

Dick said: "We've plenty of time to kill. Let's go and have a stroll round. We'll put our bets on presently."

They locked up the car and went. In such a crowd, it was difficult to walk with one's chosen companion; you were jostled, and had to move out of the way to let cars pass. Janey did this once, and found herself on one side of the road with Tony, while Dick and Elaine were walking along the grass verge on the other side.

She saw Dick turning, looking towards her, waiting for her. Then, quite suddenly, the crowd seemed to close in, surge forward; voices said: "It's them! They're coming!"

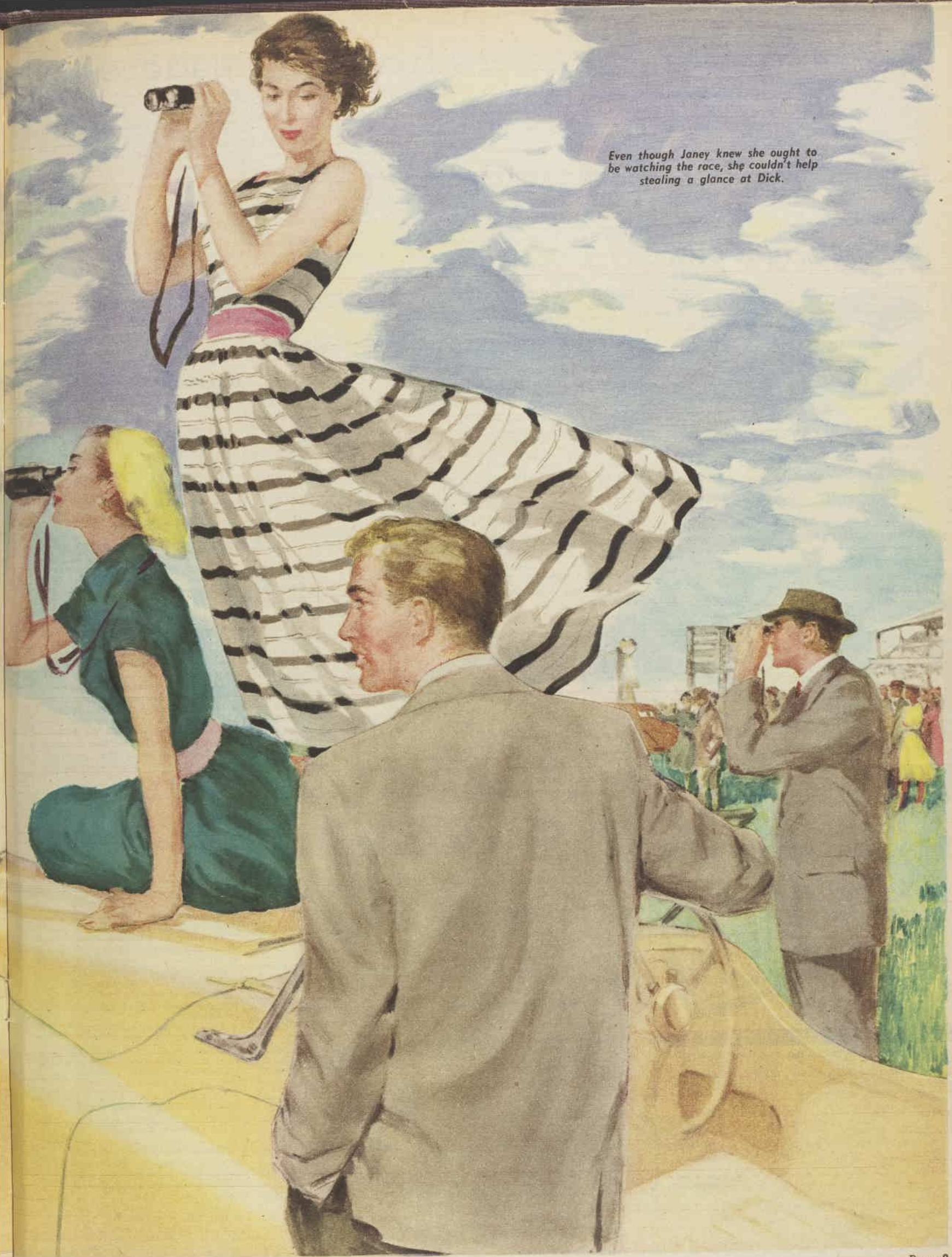
"Who's coming?" said Janey, bewildered.

Tony said, "The Queen, I expect, and the Royal Family." A cheer went up, and Janey craned her neck, but she could see nothing. She was fearfully disappointed. If Dick had been with her he would have whisked her up in his arms so that she could have a look.

She looked doubtfully at Tony; she didn't know him very

To page 72





Even though Janey knew she ought to be watching the race, she couldn't help stealing a glance at Dick.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY is it that when the big sales start each season we see so many bargains advertised as available at the time of the store's opening? Surely young mothers with families are the ones who would benefit most by these reductions. Yet how many could get the children off to school, dress the younger ones, and be in the city at such an early hour? If the big stores would start their sales at midday, the people who really need them could benefit by these reductions.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Beckfield, 2 Thyana Road, Gardiner, Vic.

GETTING on in years and being a lover of flowers, I spend much of my time in my garden. Half the pleasure is in having someone to give them to, and on one occasion when I carried a dozen choice gladioli to a friend in the city these were greatly admired by ladies, both in the train and in the street. But the menfolk appeared to think a man carrying flowers quite a joke. One remarked, "Going to see Mabel, Pop?" What is wrong in a man carrying flowers to a sick friend?

10/6 to Mr. A. Smith, Princes Highway, Warragul, Vic.

WHY do so many people obviously sickening for the flu or similar infections insist on going to work despite good advice to go to bed in the early stages? They suffer all day, and irritate all those around them with their groans, when they should stay home in comfort, and so become better within a few days instead of a few weeks. I think they are silly sympathy-seekers!

10/6 to "Realist" (name supplied), Kangaroo Flat, Vic.

BEING a real home-lover, I don't like gallivanting round like lots of other housewives I know. They say one gets very narrow-minded by always staying at home. But I argue how can one be narrow-minded if happy and doing the things one likes doing? I know I can go out if I want to, but I just love my home, and I am contented in it.

10/6 to Mrs. Alma Small, c/o 60 River Avenue, Chatswood, N.S.W.

IS it a sign of the times that nine out of 10 best-selling novels rely on sex and bad language (often blasphemy) to gain popularity? People burble enthusiastically, "Oh, but it's so true to life!" Well, it may be true to one side of life, but surely not the side to be admired and written about. If I am a wower, then I'm very proud to be one.

10/6 to Mrs. Helen E. Oatley, 22 Young Street, Blackwood, S.A.

HOW silly it sounds when a person meeting another for the first time "puts on dog" in speaking, only to give himself or herself away after a few minutes by lapsing into a natural broad accent. If such people (mostly women, I've noticed) realised how foolish they sound I'm sure they would revert to their usual way of speaking on all occasions.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Peters, Braidwood, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

ONE Saturday I attended a film matinee with my small daughter. We sat for three hours watching unpleasant people murder one another—and the Queen's English. The victims screamed and groaned. The background "music" blared, the enthralled audience shrieked. As we tottered home in the fresh, clean air, I thought of the Saturday afternoons of my childhood—the long bush walks, the sausage picnics, the fishing with bent pins, and home to peaceful dreams uncluttered by whooping Indians waving bloody scalps.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Harrison, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Marriage vows

MRS. NISSEN'S letter about bridal couples being given a copy of the marriage vows (The Australian Women's Weekly, 29/8/56) interested me very much. When my fiancé and I are married in December we plan to have the ceremony and a few of the speeches at the reception recorded. We feel that listening to the promises we made on that day and recalling the happiness we shared will help to solve any disagreements.

10/6 to M. Heydon, Bedford Hotel, Brookton, W.A.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY problem was insufficient space in my home for my aged parents, whom I did not like to see living alone. We bought a hut 18ft. by 20ft., with windows, put it at the back of the house, then had it relined and a second floor put in of improved wood, which the boys painted in an attractive pastel shade, to give more light. We then had electricity connected, and light and power points installed in convenient positions. My parents have their own furniture, a radio, electric stove, and radiator, and if they wish to cook anything they fancy they can do so. By being away from the children they can sleep as long as they wish. Yet they are close enough for me to look after them when necessary. They moved in some months ago, and are very happy.

£1/1/- to "Canberra," Canberra, A.C.T.

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Ross Campbell writes...

UNDER MY HAT

IT'S a funny thing about the new women's hats—the big ones like basins with flowers tied on.

You see pictures of them, but you hardly ever see women wearing them.

A policeman's horse that saw one in a Sydney street reared up and fell on its rider.

That shows how uncommon they are.

Women in trains and trams and lifts still wear little hats, or no hats.

This puzzled me until I got a clue to it the other day.

I was looking idly in the window of a big store.

There was a dress in the window—I can't describe it properly, because I never learned the fashion language.

(As my grandpa used to say, in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as faille.)

Anyway, the dress was pink and frothy, and covered with hundreds-and-thousands, or something similar.

Two women beside me were looking at it.

One of them said in a contemptuous tone: "It'd only do for the races."

There, I thought, is the answer. It shows the commonsense of the average woman.

She knows if she feels an urge to wear mad clothes there is a proper place to go—the races.



Otherwise, she prefers to wear sane clothes.

No doubt that is what has happened to basin hats.

Women have decided they will only do for the races.

As a result of this situation, race-horses are very sophisticated where women's hats are concerned.

Many of them are nervous, highly strung animals.

Yet hats do not frighten them at all. In that department they've seen everything.

Police horses, as the Sydney accident showed, are more easily upset.

Goodness knows what would happen to a sensitive police horse sent to Randwick.

I react to basin hats in rather the same way as a police horse.

Almost the only men in Sydney who take them calmly are the waiters at the smart restaurants, Quince's and Banano's.

These are the places where Press photographers go if they want a picture of a big, funny hat.

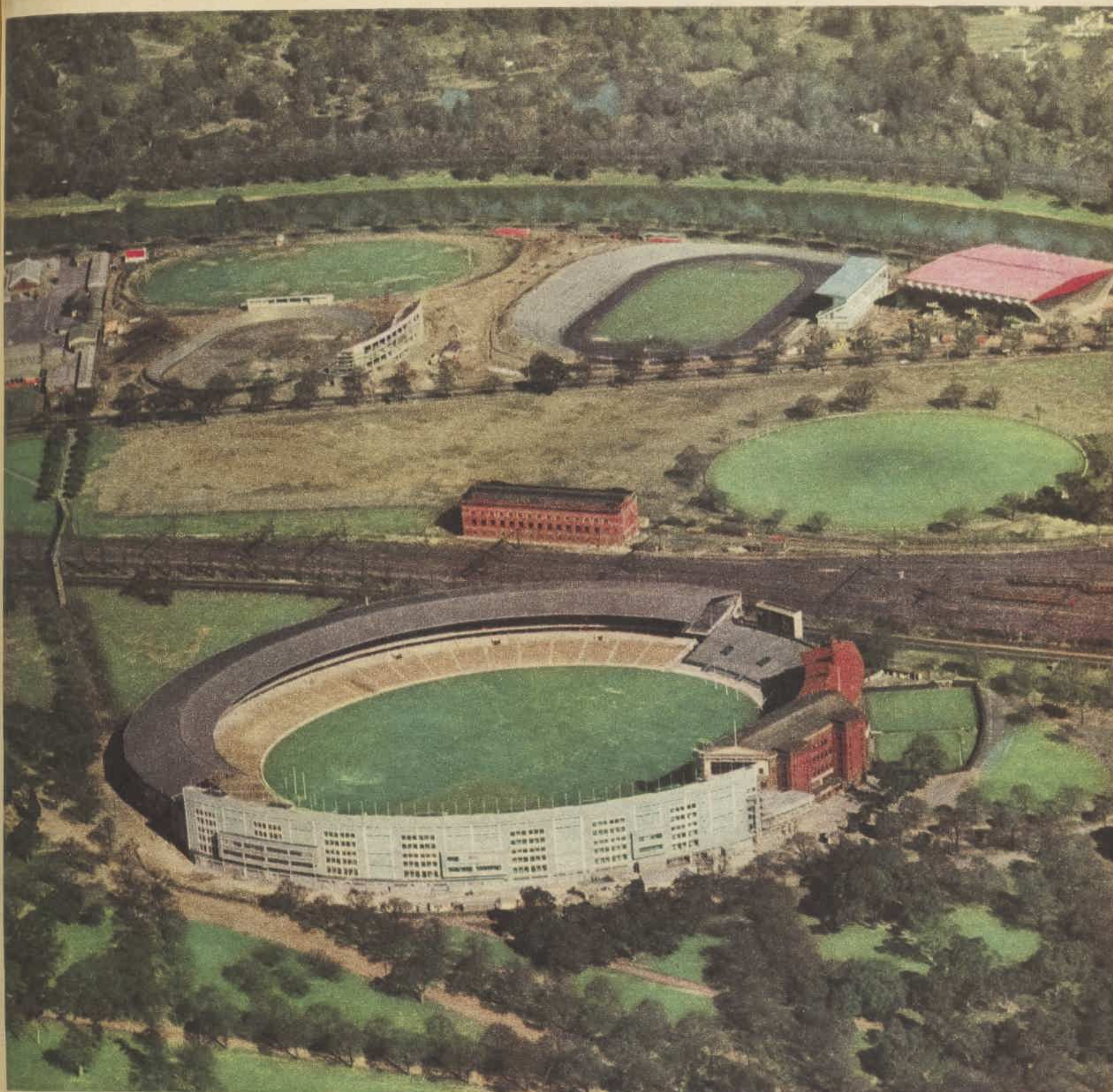
The customers are happy to oblige.

When the big-hat crowd go to the races or Quince's or Banano's, of course, they travel by car.

That is why I don't see them in trains, trams, or lifts.

Instead, I see cute business girls in little hats or no hats.

It's all right with me.



Melbourne prepares for the Olympic Games

PREPARATIONS are being stepped up in Melbourne for the greatest invasion in the city's history. For 15 carnival days from November 22, Melbourne, host city to the 1956 Olympic Games, will be the focal point of the international sporting world. Between 5000 and 6000 top athletes from more than 70 nations—an all-time record—will compete for the highest sporting laurels awarded. The Duke of Edinburgh will head a distinguished list of visitors from overseas, and the world's navies, on goodwill visits, will be there in force. More than 24 warships will bring 12,000 officers and men to the Games. The curtain will rise on the ancient sporting festival with the arrival in the Melbourne Cricket Ground of the Olympic Flame.

THIS aerial photograph shows the group of stadiums, less than a mile from the Melbourne Town Hall, where the main Olympic events will be held. In the foreground is the Melbourne Cricket Ground, which will be the main Olympic stadium. The stadium, which will seat 110,000, will be the venue for the traditional opening and closing ceremonies, and for eight days of track and field events, soccer and hockey semi-finals and finals. In the background is Olympic Park, a multi-purpose sports centre built at a cost of £1,150,000. On the far right is the modernistic swimming stadium. Beside it is the combined soccer and athletics arena, and to the left, behind, is the hockey field, flanked in front by the velodrome for track cycling.



PUT YOUR SKIN ON THIS HEALTH-AND-BEAUTY DIET

She is everyone's idea of the young Australian beauty — and beautiful in any language with her clear-eyed gaze, shining hair and smooth, flawless complexion. Paula Frappell is 18, lives with her parents at Rockdale, Sydney, and like her mother, uses Rexona Soap to guard the natural loveliness of her skin.

REXONA helps skin blemishes disappear

Why bother with complicated beauty routines, when with Rexona Soap, you can have, and hold, a wonderful, blemish-free complexion? With just this one fragrant soap, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness... leaves your skin feeling cool and dewy-fresh.

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Melbourne goes gay



EXCLUSIVE shops along tree-lined Collins Street in the heart of Melbourne. The city's stores are full of attractive goods to catch the eyes of overseas and interstate visitors.



BLACK, white, and scarlet paint was used to decorate this old terrace house in East Melbourne. The city's residents are making their town gay and colorful for the Games.

Facelift for town that will be host to overseas visitors

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter



Spring fever and Olympic fever have hit the city of Melbourne. Mingling with the scent of brown boronia, there is excitement in the air. At flower stalls daffodils flare as brilliantly as the Olympic Torch, due to flame for the first time in Australia on November 22—the opening day of the Olympic Games.

THE colors of the interlocking Olympic rings—symbolising the five continents of the world—are reflected everywhere a tourist looks in this Olympic city.

Those colors—green, yellow, scarlet, blue, and black—dispel forever the legend that Melbourne is a grey city, of dull dignity and extreme conservatism.

This year Melbourne is vital—its citizens have taken

up the color "green" for go. Waiting its opportunity to act as Australia's host to visitors from 75 nations, Melbourne, first city in the Southern Hemisphere to stage the Games, has turned cosmopolitan and exciting.

This month, as a map-carrying and camera-toting tourist, I was infected with that excitement from the moment my plane touched down at Melbourne Airport, Essendon.

On to the tarmac where I stepped, aircraft—more than 300 of them in addition to the usual services—will unload athletes from Ethiopia and

Russia, from Iceland, America, and Japan.

The Duke of Edinburgh, in Australia to open the Games, also will land there, seeing the freshly-laid-down lawns and shrubs, a newly painted terminal, linked Olympic rings, and flags, bright by day and floodlit by night.

The Duke will drive in procession to the Melbourne Town Hall, on the corner of Swanston and Collins Streets. In the heart of Melbourne, Collins Street, bordered with leafy trees, is one of the loveliest avenues in the world.

Its shops, from tiny, glass-fronted boutiques to many-storied department stores, display goods which will tempt any tourist to change lire, dollars, or marks into Australian pounds.

The pavements are wide and flagged. There is room to loiter, to promenade European style.

High-fashion wares are displayed on high-fashion set-ups of driftwood or wrought iron.

Elegant dresses and scarves are draped on silver-grey

driftwood from tea-trees washed up on the shores of Port Phillip Bay. In one store £7 will buy driftwood rather carefully bleached.

Souvenirs are all over Melbourne.

There are boomerangs, miniature spears, pottery platypuses, beaten-silver brooches, black corroboree dolls, jolly swagmen, even a kookaburra enchantingly fashioned from velvet, kingfisher-blue spots on his wings.

Off Collins Street run arcades, leading through to the main streets—to Bourke and Flinders Streets. Of Italian influence, too, are the espresso bars, with their blazingly bright murals, mosaic floors, black wrought-iron chairs or high stools, and sometimes entrance curtains of Olympic-toned, linked beads.

Melbourne citizens, most coffee-conscious in Australia, and at present the most over-worked, keep going with constant cups of bitter espresso, cappuccino (white), machiato (black with cold milk), and cioccolata (hot chocolate).

The espresso bars plan to stay open until 2 a.m. during the Games.

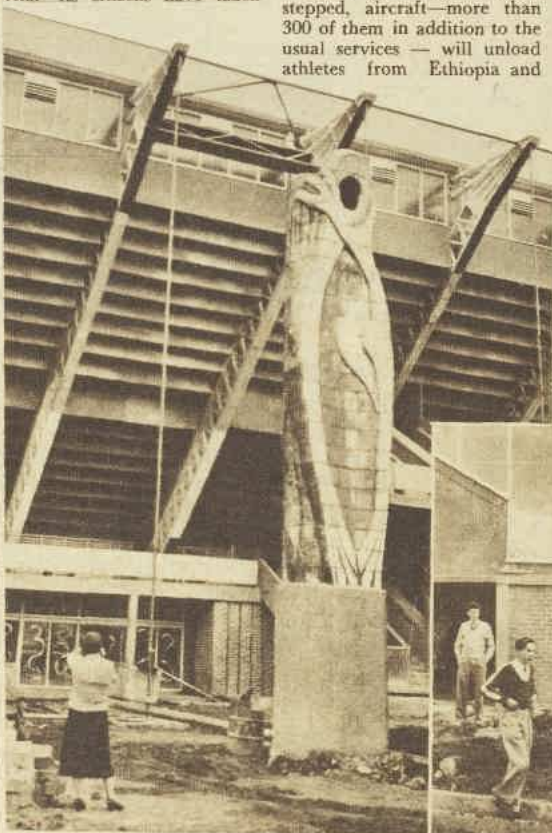
Hotel meals

MELBOURNE authorities told me that no visitor will go hungry during the Olympics, no American martini-lover will perish from thirst at the foot of a parking meter in the wastes of Bourke Street.

Although hotel bars close sharp at 6 p.m., it is possible to have drinks until 10 p.m. if dinner is ordered, and in some cases until 11.30 p.m.

Hotel meals range from the traditional English roast beef and steamed puddings to Continental goulashes and wiener schnitzels.

The variety of food in cafes

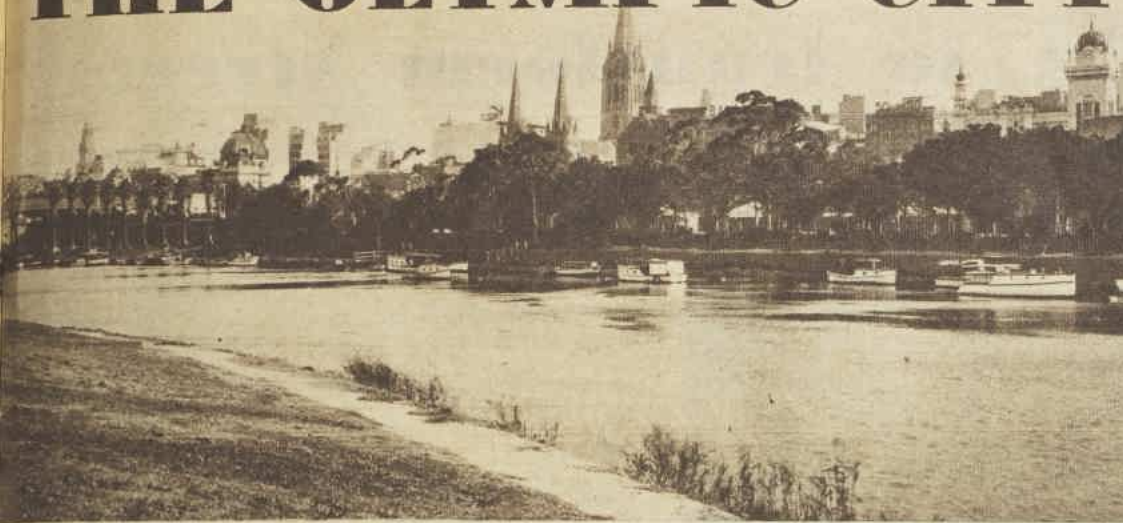


OLYMPIC swimming pool, which will hold 5000 spectators, is dominated outside by this striking sculpture designed by Arthur Boyd.



SUNDAY snoopers climb ladders to peer at the Olympic swimming pool. There are no upright struts inside to mar the view.

THE OLYMPIC CITY



PANORAMA OF MELBOURNE from the Yarra River. The city's civic officials, Olympic Games organisers, and local residents have made an all-out effort to have the town looking its best for the invasion of thousands of visitors for the Games, which begin on November 22. Many Sydney people have hired aircraft to take them to and from the Games.

and restaurants has everything from Chinese sweet and sour to Ceylonese curries.

Catering for the athletic appetites of onlookers and officials, one Melbourne store, the largest in Australia, will keep its cafeteria open throughout the Games, serving evening meals on Saturdays and Sundays, as well as a hefty Sunday lunch.

Melbourne people and guests who have Olympic time-tables mapped out will either carry picnic foods with them or buy packaged meals at the half-dozen snack bars at the main arena of Melbourne Cricket Ground. At the M.C.G. there are also fully equipped dining-rooms.

Only a mile from the heart of Melbourne, set in green parklands, are the five main Olympic sites, like the Olympic rings themselves.

My view from the top of the main stand, 132 steps up, was free. During the Games, those who attend will have paid £3/4/- for the best seats, 9/- for standing room.

The tickets, carefully planned to avoid confusion, are marked with the symbol of every sport—a diver, an athlete, a cyclist.

On the tickets, printed clocks show the time the event is planned to start. The tickets have counterfoils, allowing visitors to leave the arenas, if they wish, and return later.

Many of the principal events occur after five in the afternoon—the Melbourne twilight is long.

At the central ticket booking-office, more than one million seats—a record for any Olympics—have been sold. There are plenty of tickets left, however, although the opening and closing days, and the day when Landy makes his bid, are booked out.

During the Olympics, special trains are bringing children from 300 schools in Victoria and New South Wales. The children have been paying off their seats for three months, at the rate of 9d. or 1/- per week.

The city to make the heaviest interstate bookings is Wollongong, where the schools will have just one day in Melbourne. In many cases, schoolchildren will be billeted with scholars in Melbourne.

Mr. R. J. Anderson, in charge of the booking-office, says that 40 special trains will deliver children to Spencer Street, Richmond, and Jolimont stations.

At the M.C.G. itself, queues will line up for the 40,000 tickets (standing room only) to be sold at the gates each day—including opening and closing days.

By now, all hotels are booked up for the Olympic weeks. But the Olympic Civic Committee's housing plan shows a map of Melbourne studded with 7000 pins marking the Melbourne homes which will accommodate 15,000 visitors.

There are still plenty of homes ready to receive more. At a price of from 25/- to 30/- per day, visitors will receive bed and breakfast in homes that have all been inspected by committee officers.

At the Town Hall, Mrs. Ivy Moreton, using a system of colored tags, has matched hosts and guests of similar tastes.

A boxing organiser who wanted a French-speaking visitor is due to entertain a fight enthusiast from New

Strangers to Melbourne, who will be given special badges bearing the Olympic rings and the word "Visitor," have only to apply to the Town Hall.

There, for 16 months, Mrs. John Chaldjian, hospitality officer, has been lining up entertainment.

Files are listed under agriculture, sightseeing, clubs, industries, sporting. Letters like this are filed:

"We are average farmers with four children, our home is moderately comfortable. We have 2000 acres of sheep, wheat, and oats. There is irrigation on the property. Kangaroos can be seen, also the platypus."

Visitors will see sheep stations, dairy farms, and industries. At Torquay, one of Melbourne's best beaches, a huge surf carnival will attract 30,000 visitors.

Police, now coping with Melbourne's normally rushed traffic and pedestrians, will be even busier in November.

They will give special passage to cars which have number-plates bearing the familiar ring against a luminous silver background and the drivers of which are young women, smartly

dressed in gold poplin shirts, hunter's-green battle-jackets, and skirts.

These girls, supervised by Miss Marjorie Grant, ex-W.A.A.F., will drive 130 brand-new vehicles, supplied by car companies, which are also charging nothing for tyres or maintenance.

They will carry officials and important visitors.

At Games time in November Melbourne will be a place of gaiety.

A purely private dance, to be held by the conservative Melbourne Club, is the first since 1894.

The club, where, as a rule, no woman sets foot, will entertain 1000 guests, who, after dancing in a specially built annexe, will stroll in a walled garden beneath giant plane trees.

Rumor says that the plane trees were planted after the 1894 dance at the direction of senior club members who objected to any more parties in the grounds.

This year two bands will play continuously—one modern music, the other Latin-



MODERN BUILDING in upper Collins Street, known as "The Glasshouse" to Melburnians, attracts window-shoppers. Melbourne will be bright with color for the Games.



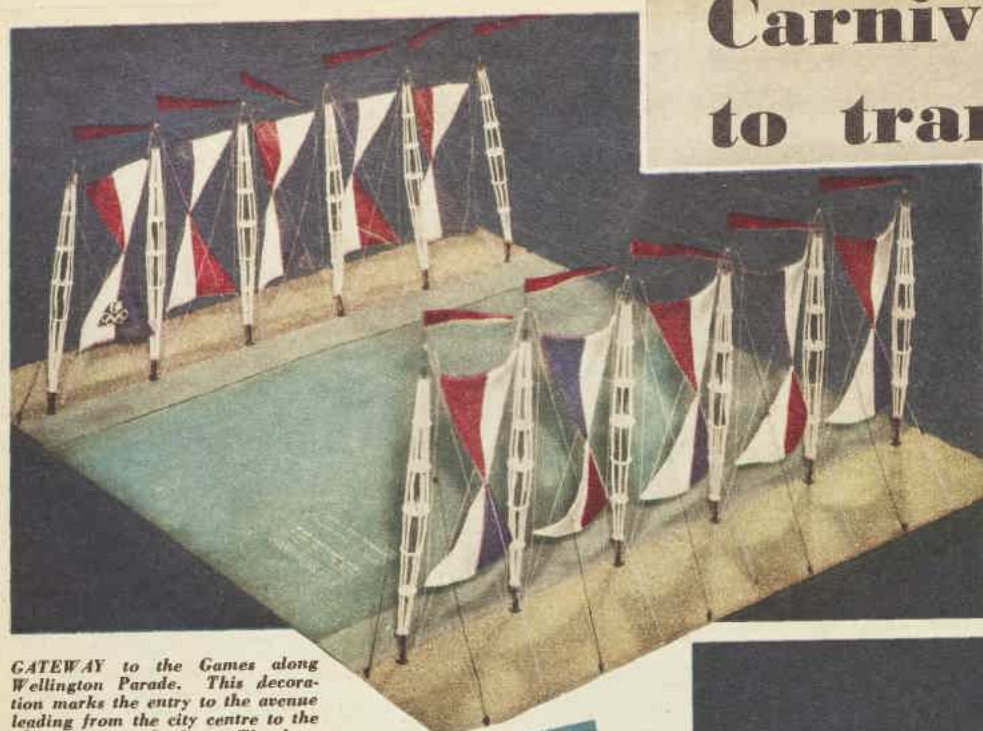
SOUVENIR-FILLED window attracts two Latvian sisters, Vija and Zeltite Sirants. On the opening day of the Games they will take part in a procession wearing national costume.



SPECIAL OLYMPIC map is held in Bourke St., Melbourne, by Mr. Frank Belli (ex Trieste), left, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Kurychis (ex France), all now living in Melbourne.

Carnival decorations to transform streets

Some of Australia's outstanding architects have contributed their skill to make Melbourne's Olympic Games decorations spectacular and novel. The city will be transformed for the first Olympic Games to be held in Australia.



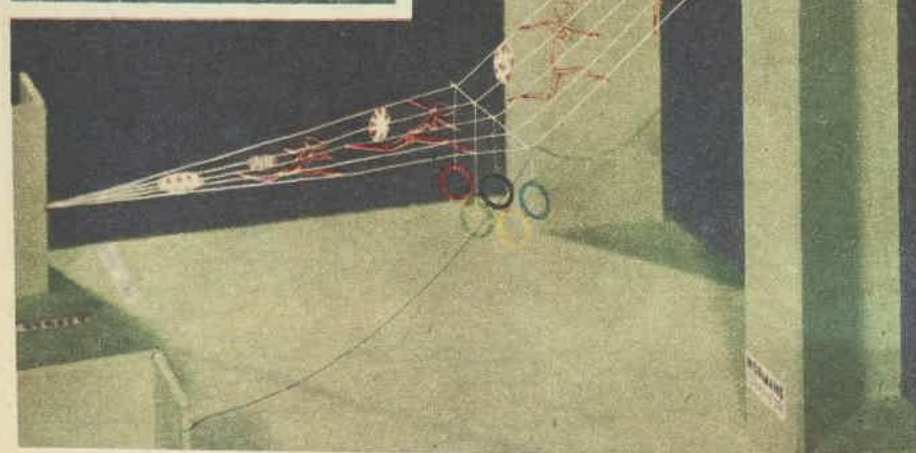
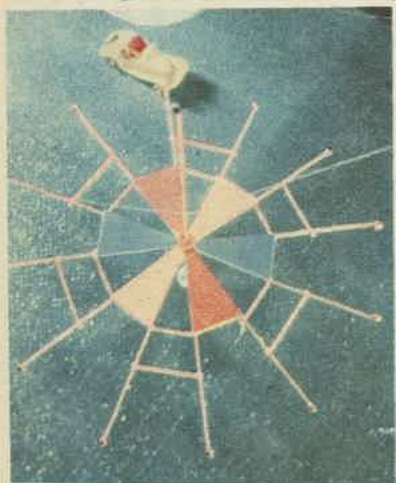
GATEWAY to the Games along Wellington Parade. This decoration marks the entry to the avenue leading from the city centre to the main Olympic Stadium. The banners will be floodlit at night-time.



INTERSECTION of Victoria Parade and Nicholson Street (above right). The motif in the foreground is an abstract pattern based on the eucalypt leaf combined with the Olympic Games ring symbol.

ARTIST'S IMPRESSION (above left) of an inverted dart decoration for the Elizabeth and Bourke Streets intersection. The dart will have four vanes, suspended 25 feet above the roadway.

REVOLVING WHEEL (left) which will decorate the corners of Swanston and Collins Streets and Swanston and Bourke Streets. The wheel has a diameter of 30 feet and its total weight is 1000lb.



OLYMPIC circles and aboriginal women hunting (left) are applied to an open screen of steel wire in this spectacular decoration designed by architects for the Bourke Street and Russell Street intersection.

MOST SPECTACULAR of the Olympic decorations will be the Olympic torch which will be suspended above the Swanston and Flinders Street intersection. It will hang 30 feet above the tramlines.



LEFT. Fanny Blankers-Koen, of Holland, now 38, is still running strong for a berth to the Games.

ABOVE. June Foulds (Mrs. R. Paul), English sprinter, plays with her baby son, Steven.



OLYMPIC diving star Pat McCormick (U.S.A.) in a practice dive (top) and, above, with her first child.

Motherhood, age, is no bar to women athletes

By ANDREW DETTRE

Would you be brave enough to call a 40-year-old woman middle-aged? Or dare to suggest that a mother of two should limit her leisurely activities to an occasional gossip over the back fence or a quiet game of bridge?

IN either case you would run the risk of being called conservative and old-fashioned.

Women around or even over 40 may easily win a few gold medals at the Olympic Games in Melbourne this year, while at least one mother of two children is expected to jump higher than the average suburban back fence.

Even some 30 years ago it was considered slightly improper for women to continue in sport once they married. And to stay in competitive sport once they became mothers was thought to be an unpardonable social faux pas.

However, times have changed, and, as in so many other fields, women are winning emancipation in sport.

They have defeated all stubborn opposition to their participation in the Olympic Games, and have produced several outstanding personalities.

The retiring age from sport has also been pushed steadily further back for women.

It is commonplace today to see 30-year-old women—and often mothers at that—competing for international honors in many sports.

One of the main reasons for this may be the development of sport in general.

It takes years to specialise in some sports, and by the time a woman reaches her peak she may be in her late twenties. To become, and to remain, champions, these women have to live a healthy, if not ascetic, life. This, in turn, enables them to keep fit even in their early thirties.

Sporting fame

TODAY, sporting fame equals, if not surpasses, the fame of beautiful film stars.

It may well be that in 30 years' time the name of Marilyn Monroe will mean nothing to young girls, while that of Fanny Blankers-Koen will have grown into a legend.

Fabulous Fanny, heroine of the 1948 London Olympic Games, has been the most remarkable woman the sporting world has seen.

As a 30-year-old and the mother of two, she started in four events and won them all.

She was an established star in 1942, set up world records the year after.

Now, at 38, Fanny is still running strong for a berth to the Melbourne Olympic Games. She may not be as speedy as she was eight years ago, but the fact that she is still good enough for Olympic selection proves that women

need not retire from sport once they have reached 30.

Another brilliant woman athlete is Stanislaw Walasiewicz, of Poland, who won the 100 metres sprint in 1932 at the Los Angeles Olympic Games.

Miss Walasiewicz, who has been living in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., since 1930, was a sweet 20 when she conquered Los Angeles.

Since then she has changed her name to a less tongue-twisting Stella Walsh.

Although Stella has no longer any Olympic ambitions, she still competes in athletic meetings—at the age of 44.

Recently she won a 70 yards hurdle race in 10.6sec., a 220 yards sprint race in 27.4sec., and a standing broad jump event with 7ft. 6in.

Care to match this at 44? Or perhaps at 34?

Those who visualise a 50-year-old woman being devoted solely to her grandchildren and a weekly bridge-party should meet Mrs. Laszlo Hepp, of Hungary, at the Games this year.

Better known under her maiden name, Ilona Elek, this small, 50-year-old woman

looks about 35 and displays the agility of 25.

Miss Elek will not come to Melbourne as a mere spectator: she intends to win a gold medal in fencing.

Russia's giant discus thrower Nina Dumbadze is 37, and one of the favorites for the Melbourne Games. Nina won the European title in 1946 with a throw of 146ft. 0in.

In 1952 she finished second at the Helsinki Olympic Games with 151ft. 10in., and also established a still-standing, fantastic world record with 187ft. 1in. when she was 33.

Motherhood, as with advancing age, does not stop the sports-woman of today from staying in active competition.

Dozens of women all over the world now continue their sporting careers a year or even less after becoming mothers.

Doctors encourage age patients to get up and walk as soon as possible after an operation.

Rehabilitation, a return to normal, routine duties and activities, is strongly advised also for young mothers, provided their confinement was normal and without complications.

A Sydney specialist told me that a woman could take up her sports training about 12 weeks after confinement, provided again the birth was normal.

There is nothing unusual nowadays in women athletes disappearing from the tracks for about a year and then making a comeback as mothers.



Champions

AUSTRALIA'S Olympic champion Shirley Strickland, now 31 and the mother of a three-year-old boy, Phillip, is still considered a good bet for the Melbourne Games.

Last year Shirley established a world record for the 100 metres with 11.3sec. at an international meeting in Warsaw.

Other Australian women athletes who were more than 30 when they held sprint and hurdle records include Edie Robinson and Clarice Kennedy.

One of England's representatives in the high jump at the Melbourne Games will be 36-year-old Mrs. Dorothy Tyler, one of the finest stylists in the world and the mother of two.

Her best jump last year, 5ft. 5in., was the sixth best in the world.

Eva Szekely, a 30-year-old pharmacist from Budapest, won the 200 metres breast-stroke event at the Helsinki Olympic Games four years ago. Since then she has married, and now has a daughter, Andrea.

However, Eva is still regarded as one of the best woman swimmers in the world, and is a favorite for Melbourne.

Another swimming mother with very high Olympic chances is West Germany's Ursula Happe-Krey, now turning 30. She won the European title in 1954 at Turin, then had to retire temporarily when her second child was born.

Ursula is back in the water, and her results this year indicate she will make a strong bid for a gold medal.

Mrs. June Paul, 22, of England, is a younger member of the sporting mothers' tribe. Competing as June Foulds some years ago, she won several English titles and international meetings.

She has just made her successful comeback to athletics after the birth of her first child, and has already been selected to represent Great Britain in the sprint events at the Melbourne Games.

All of these women have proved that sport is not incompatible with advancing years or with motherhood. Two other well-known sports-women have proved that not even pregnancy can stop them from competitive sport.

At the last Olympic Games Mrs. Juno Stover-Irwin, of the U.S.A., competed in the high-diving events while ex-



SHIRLEY STRICKLAND, Australian Olympic sprinter. Shirley is now 31 and mother of a three-year-old boy.

pecting a baby. More recently American tennis star Beverly Baker Fleitz competed at Wimbledon while pregnant, and reached the semi-finals before withdrawing from the tournament.

Some people may say these are exceptions, masculine-type women who cannot be taken as a standard for the average woman. Well, not for the average woman, perhaps. But certainly for the athletic type.

During the last Olympic Games a group of Finnish doctors examined their women athletes to determine whether strenuous sport was harmful to women.

The doctors announced that the training and competition had caused no harm. They added that the hard training strengthened the abdominal muscles, which contributed to well-being during pregnancy and confinement.



STELLA WALSH, of America, still competes in athletic meetings at the age of 44.



DOROTHY TYLER, high jumper, of England, with her two sons, David and Barry.



NINA DUMBADZE, Russian discus-thrower and mother of two, will be at the Games.

Swimmers are Gold Medal hopes



LORRAINE CRAPP, 17-year-old freestyle swimmer from Cabarita, N.S.W., rated among the world's fastest women swimmers, is one of Australia's best hopes for gold medals at the Games. She established the world's records for 200 metres in 2min. 19.3sec., 220yds. in 2min. 20.5sec., 400 metres in 4min. 50.8sec., 440yds. in 4min. 52.4sec. while training with the Australian Olympic swimming squad.



BEVERLEY BAINBRIDGE, 16-year-old breaststroke swimmer from Newcastle, holds the Australian junior and senior 100 metres and 110yds. butterfly records and also two Australian medley records.



JOHN DEVITT, of Manly, N.S.W., is a likely choice for the 100 metres freestyle and the men's relay team. He came third in the 110yds. freestyle in this year's national championships.



AUSTRALIA'S chances of winning gold medals at the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne are stronger in swimming than in any other sport.

Between November 28 and December 7 Australia's best swimmers will be competing for the highest honors amateur sport can offer.

Never before has this country had so many world-class swimmers.

Since the Australian Championships last February they have become the recognised leaders in the swimming world.

Overseas newspapers and magazines have been asking the same question since February. Will Australia scoop the pool in Olympic swimming?

In six events Australians will start as favorites, and in at least two more as equal favorites for the titles. Among the men, Jon Henricks (100 metres freestyle), Murray Rose (400 metres freestyle), and the relay team are favored to win gold medals.

Among the women, any of the three brilliant sprinters — Dawn Fraser, Faith Leech, or Lorraine Crapp — could win the 100 metres freestyle. Lorraine and Dawn are also equal favorites for the 400 metres, while the women's relay team appears to be far ahead of its opposition.

In addition to these, David Theile (100 metres backstroke) and either Murray Rose or Murray Garretty (1500 metres freestyle) could win one more gold medal without causing the slightest surprise.



MURRAY ROSE, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., and **Dawn Fraser**, of Adelaide. Rose, 19 years old, is a likely candidate for medals in the 400 metres and 1500 metres freestyle. Dawn has strong chances in both the 100 metres and the 400 metres freestyle.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956



KEVIN O'HALLORAN, 20-year-old W.A. freestyler, is widely regarded as a future star. Since coming to Sydney last year he has bettered his best time for 440yds. by nearly 30sec. **RIGHT: DAVID THEILE**, 18, of Queensland, is rated among the world's three best backstroke swimmers. He holds the Australian backstroke records for 100yds., 110yds., 100 metres.



FAITH LEECH, 16-year-old freestyle swimmer from Bendigo, Vic., is Australian junior freestyle champion for 100yds. in 60.2sec., 110yds. in 64.6sec., and 100 metres in 64.6sec. She is a strong hope.



JAN MUNRO, 18-year-old Queensland freestyler, is a strong possibility for a place in the women's relay team. She won the 880yds. championship this year at the Australian Championships in 11min. 07.4sec.



ABOVE, Gary Chapman, 20-year-old freestyler, of Rockdale, N.S.W., holds the Australian record for 200 metres and also for the 220yds.



LEFT, Divers Victorian Barbara McAulay (left) and Rosalyn Barton (N.S.W.) are Australia's best hopes in the women's diving events.

RIGHT, Jon Henricks, of Rhodes, N.S.W. (21), holds the Australian freestyle records for 100yds., 110yds., and 100 metres. His time over 110yds. (55.5sec.) is the fastest in the world over a long course (55yds.).



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home perm in the world!*



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SIMPLY COMB THROUGH... ROLL UP... RINSE... YOUR HAIR PERMS AS IT DRIES!



You'd never dream a perm could be so easy until you use the new Adorn! No bottle, no mess, no drips, no bother! Just a light, handy tube that puts you in complete control. A squeeze places a ribbon of cream just where you want it, and just the right amount! Comb the cream through each tress, roll up on plastic curlers, rinse, and your hair perms as it dries. Result? The loveliest, most manageable waves you've ever had! Look for the brilliant red pack and buy your Adorn home perm to-day.

11'6 WHOLE HEAD SIZE



See how easy it is to

Adorn
your hair!

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Go ahead—they won't dare fire all five of us."

MOTHER



"She'll yell a bit louder if she REALLY wants us."

It seems to me

By



ONE feels a little doubtful about the proposal for a choir to sing new words to "Waltzing Matilda" during the Olympic Games closing ceremony.

Sir Bernard Heinze, who will direct the choir, has said that the usual words were "not at all apt," and has submitted new lyrics written by William Tainsh, of Melbourne.

Sir Bernard is right when he says that the words of Matilda are not "apt"; the new ones express sentiments much more appropriate to the occasion. And yet it is the extreme unsuitability of the words of "Waltzing Matilda" for almost any occasion which constitutes its greatest charm.

The tale of the jolly swagman needs explaining to anyone else but an Australian. Several of the words have to be translated. The narrative isn't edifying. The moral, if there is one, is that wise sheep-stealers don't get caught.

Banjo Paterson, so it is said, didn't consider the jingle of much account, and was surprised at its popularity.

But popular it was and is. Here to stay, and perhaps the only genuine Australian equivalent of the folk song. A pity, I think, to tamper with it.

THE subject of rewriting things in new forms reminds me of a job I was once given... to rewrite some material which was considered interesting but a little vulgar and generally unacceptable for print.

I slaved away and rewrote the stuff, leaving out some bits and toning down others.

The two drafts were then handed to an expert on the subject.

He said in his report that he agreed that the original material wouldn't do for publication as it was. The new draft, he said, was quite acceptable for print—the only thing wrong was that it wasn't interesting any more.

WORDS of wisdom garnered in one of this week's traffic jams:

From a taxi-driver on a Monday morning, in response to a remark that the traffic was heavy: "Mondays are as bad as Fridays now. It's all these washing-machines that cause it. The women used to stay home on Mondays. Now they just press a button and go out."

SPRING hats get their fair share of attention in this issue.

Women think the hats are wonderful. Men find them quite absurd. On page 10 Ross Campbell expresses this masculine viewpoint.

But if you want to see something really funny, girls, look at the new flat-topped hats for men. Men's felt hats have had dints, bashes, or creases for as long as anyone can remember.

Now the boys are being dragged in on the fashion merry-go-round, and the advertisers are trying to sell the idea that the old creased crown is as dead as the eggshell curvette for ladies.

IT had to come... the kitchen office, which is described in vivid detail by an American paper.

"A kitchen desk-unit," says the writer, "may be designed to suit any individual need, and will enhance the homey atmosphere of any kitchen."

The writer has her lines crossed a bit, but one knows what she means. She is evidently one of the growing number of girls who have come to look on the office as home. What she means is that the desk will enhance the

nice office atmosphere of any kitchen.

Well, this lovely desk has a telephone, a radio, a lamp, and book-ends for cookbooks. And it also has "one or two spacious drawers invaluable for odds and ends such as pencils, pads, unanswered letters, and bills."

This extra drawer has been missing long enough from the modern kitchen. In the old-fashioned kitchen there was always a drawer in the table, as well as the cutlery drawers in the dresser.

The kitchen-table drawer I remember most vividly contained a number of fascinating odds and ends under the recipe exercise-books. One was a paper-back novel called "Poppy," by Cynthia Stockley.

When I lighted on this one day I was told not to read it. Mrs. Stockley, so I learned from eavesdropping, was considered at that time rather "strong."

In the couple of quick raffles I used to take while drying-up I didn't find the strong bits.

By the time I was old enough for uncensored reading, Mrs. Stockley had gone out of fashion, so I never did check up. But I suspect that nowadays she'd be too weak to lift a teenage eyebrow.

GOODNESS knows what drama lay behind the note which a friend of mine read over a small girl's shoulder in a bus the other day.

It read: "Dear Miss Jones: Please may Sylvia take cooking lessons instead of Latin?"

FROM County Derry, Ireland, a citizen reports that he found a small flying saucer, about three feet long, but that when he tried to take it to the police station it spun round in his hands and flew away.

Believe me, if all those endearing old yarns

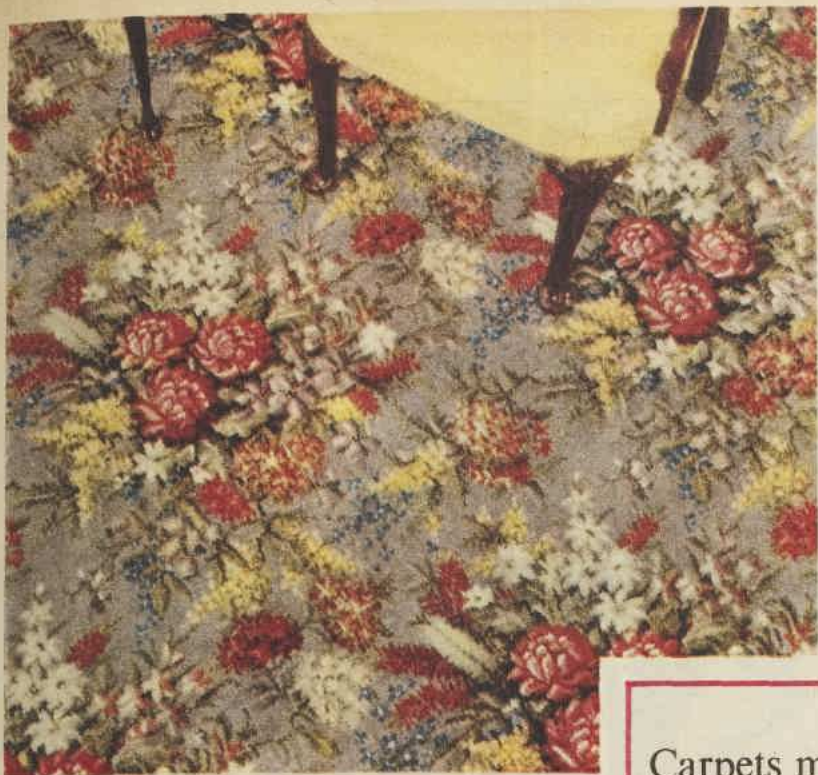
Of the banshees and goblins at play,
Were to die, be forgotten, or robbed of their charms,

There'll still be the folk who are fey.

Though leprechauns wither and elves are no more,

They're alive while there's someone to say,

"Begorra, don't tell me ye've not heard before
Of the saucer that faded away."

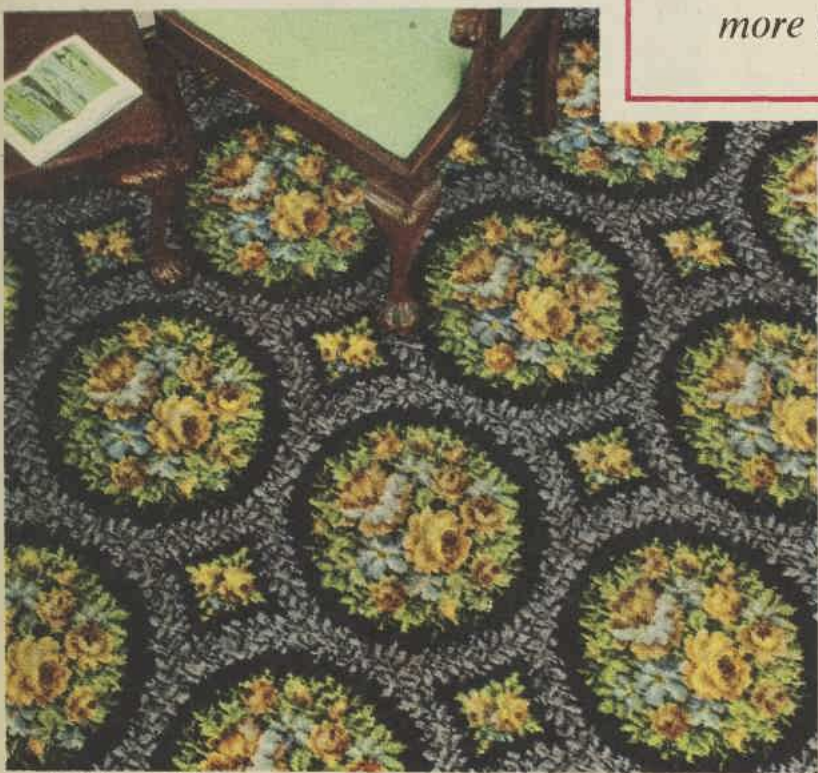


9/2075 "WILDFLOWER"



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Carpets make a home
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5/2073 "CAMEO"



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Aristo IMPERIAL AXMINSTER

for beauty ... luxury ... durability ... incomparable value!

See the beauty and depth of colour of "Aristo" Imperial Axminster the delicate shading ... the wonderful detail. Here are four from the wide range of over fifty traditional and contemporary designs ... varied, intricate and colourful.

There's bound to be one just right for you! Nothing is more luxurious in your home than wall-to-wall carpet. What a pleasure to feel your feet sink into the thick, springy 100% wool pile of "Aristo" Imperial Axminster!

Its long-wearing qualities will give you a lifetime of wear, even under the hardest conditions. People all over Australia have found that "Aristo" Imperial Axminster is Australia's greatest carpet value. "Aristo" is comparable in every respect with the world's best imported, yet costs many shillings less per yard.

Compare other Imperial Axminster carpets and you will still choose "Aristo". "Aristo" gives you better for less.



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Australian girl leaps to stardom — first Hollywood film acclaimed



Critics have hailed Victoria Shaw as the "Find of the Year" after the premiere of her first Hollywood movie — Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria, formerly Australian model Jeanette Elphick, co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.

Secret of beautiful hair revealed

Victoria, on her way to the top in Hollywood, follows the golden rule of hair care: "I never wash my hair with soap — I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo".

Why no soap? Soap bubbles cling to each hair — leave a dulling veil. 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo's foam is soapless — rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair looks shining clean — feels gloriously fresh. So, use 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo this weekend. For oily, dry and normal hair.



At all chemists, bottles 3/3 and 4/11. Plastic Snip-Pak 1/-.
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LIQUID SHAMPOO



Now stops odour 24 hours a day American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—

Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

New MUM

WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MU44A



CARTWHEEL. Marcia Raphael, of Melbourne, wears a blue drooped cartwheel trimmed with mauve satin ribbon. It was admired at a Melbourne fashion show.



FLOWER ARRANGEMENT. Poppies in three shades of gold are piled high on this "wheat" straw spring model worn by Mrs. Ian Miller, of Melbourne.



MASCULINE DOUBT. Sons Derek (right) and Richard survey the confection of five organdie cabbage roses ornamented with a black velvet bow worn by Mummy, Sydney radio actress Margo Lee (Mrs. Frank Brooks).



NEWS for the automobile manufacturers—they must make their car doors bigger. Patsy Hackett, of Sydney, ventures into a car wearing a giant inverted "saucer" laden with flowers. Cool in summer, too.



STRICTLY GREEK is the name of this pillbox paraded by Pauline Kiernan at a Melbourne hat show. The hat is of gold satin straw trimmed with a rose. The watchers' hats are also interesting.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956



"THE MOSTEST." Mrs. Henry Rosenthal, of Melbourne, wears a wide-brimmed spring model veiled in shades of grey chiffon with cinnamon veiling. Difficult in a wind, but chic.

"Of course, they take some getting used to"

SPRING this year seems slightly different. There is, of course, the usual romance in the air, but, in addition, there are the new hats.

A mortal from Mars might wonder why women wear such hats—indeed, many earthbound males say so out loud. Surely, they argue, it isn't as protection from the weather, because the slightest hint of rain sends the most glamorous girl back into a raincoat and plastic hood. And perhaps it is strange that the occasions on which women simply *MUST* wear hats are indoor functions.

But, as every woman has been saying since Paris launched the high, wide, hats-that-are-hats: "Of course, they take some getting used to . . ."

DIFFICULT DECISION. Artist Frank Hodgkinson, of Sydney, is between his wife's black straw model crowned with multi-colored field flowers, and Mrs. Alice Morgan's fluffy black "powder-puff" chapeau.



OVER THE TEA-CUPS (above) in Sydney. Mrs. Cedric Symonds' rose-decorated hat is veiled in pink tulle; Mrs. Bob McInerney's bulky platter combines blue tulle and taffeta. Effective, aren't they?



PET'S APPROVAL. Alsatian Holly studies the very straw basin (right) worn by Mrs. Harry Broadley, of Sydney, formerly model Michele Safargy. The hat is trimmed with a swathe of matching sheer.



"Thanks Pelaco for 'WRINKL-shed' IRONLESS FINISH COTTON SHIRTS!"



"Bob and I have the 'shirt problem' well worked out these days! And no more worries for me about shirts piling up waiting to be ironed. Bob's wearing Pelaco 'WRINKL-shed' shirts now . . . so when he takes one off, it's only a matter of minutes before I have it washed and hung up, knowing that it will shed its wrinkles as it dries and be ready to wear."



"I just wash Bob's 'WRINKL-shed' shirt in the bathroom basin in hot, soapy water (it shouldn't be boiled!), and soil marks on the collar and cuffs come out with a soft nail brush. It's so easy! Then just a thorough rinse in clean water . . . and no wringing, so that the fabric doesn't crease or get crumpled."



"Here I have slipped it onto a metal or plastic hanger to drip dry. I do up the buttons, mould the collar to shape, and stretch out the front and seams so that they'll dry smooth and even. Wonderful to think that I don't have to touch Pelaco 'WRINKL-shed' shirts with an iron unless I want to (and even then, it only takes a moment with a cool iron)."



"Here's Bob looking his own smart self in one of his Pelaco 'WRINKL-shed' shirts . . . and it hasn't been ironed! There's no doubt about it, Pelaco 'WRINKL-shed' shirts have solved our problems . . . and it's easy to have a wardrobe of 'WRINKL-shed' shirts . . . they're so marvellously inexpensive . . . only 39/6. Once you've tried Pelaco 'WRINKL-shed' Ironless Finish Cotton Shirts, you, too, will say, 'Thanks, Pelaco!' (By the way — I'm wearing the latest Pelaco blouse — and it's wonderful.)"

Slight price variation in some States.

Pelaco 'WRINKL-shed'

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!"



P142 FPWW

MATURE PARTY BEAUTY

By
MARGARET MERRILL

Annually I give a make-up routine for those of you who are just that little bit older, but who still do not intend becoming wallflowers.

You will need a tinted foundation, preferably one with a warm glow. Smooth evenly over your protective layer of nourishing OIL OF ULAN. A suspicion of rouge, if you must, and then a feathering of powder. Nothing is more ageing, or, indeed, more ridiculous than the heavily powdered face in the older woman.

Now, with a brown eyebrow pencil, draw a fine line round your eyes, working the color down between the lashes. Next a touch of eye shadow to match your eyes, which should be faded with the little finger back from above the tear duct to the outer curve of the lid, keeping it well away from the brow. Brush in your mascara—brown or blue, please not black—making sure that it is feathery and natural. Now groom your eyebrows with a fine comb, combing them upwards and then moulding them naturally with light strokes from a matching eyebrow pencil.

Lastly your lipstick. Outline your lips first with a lipstick brush and then fill in with the stick. Blot well with a tissue and complete the illusion by smoothing on a film of powder to give added softness. Madame, you will look lovely.

(Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School.)

INDIGESTION ?

YOU NEED Hardy's INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases

NO DIETING NECESSARY

H3-55

End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of listless kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get Doan's today!

"Wonderful Australia" makes an excellent gift book for Christmas. See order coupon in this issue.

Worth Reporting

FOR SALE. W'board home at North Ryde. Materials valued at £3600. No bedroom, no dining-room, no sitting-room, no kitchen. Designed for entertaining... not just an ordinary home.

The writer of this intriguing advertisement, which appeared in a Sydney daily newspaper recently, is bachelor Mr. John Luckman, of North Ryde, who describes himself as "just an ordinary clerk."

"Three years ago," he told us, "I had time on my hands and a limited amount of money. I was fed up with conventional, box-like houses, so decided to try designing and building my own."

The job took seven months, and resulted in one large, skillion-roofed room with dark brown stained walls and yellow paintwork.

The room is "separated" with dividers and head-high cupboards. There's a bar in one corner, and four pillars support a fireplace in the centre of the room.

"When I'm sleepy," Mr. Luckman said, "I unroll my sleeping-bag and stretch out in the corner that takes my fancy. A man can live quite easily with only a pack and a blanket roll. Any more 'home' than this is luxury."

Mr. Luckman went on to speak of houses and house-



"How fragile is it?"

wives, and gave us a few more of his theories:

"The kitchen is the housewife's domain, yet for the thousands of years she's been cooking family meals I'll bet not one woman has invented anything—from the campfire to the infra-red stove."

"She complains of 'slaving over a hot stove' or being 'cooped up in the kitchen,' yet everything that pertains to a hot stove can be held in one hand in the form of an electric power plug."

"My ideal kitchen would be a bench on wheels attached to an electric lead, with cookers and a dish-washer that could be pushed wherever you wished."

"After all, there's no reason why you can't make breakfast tea and toast at your bedside."

Mr. Luckman's advertisement brought scores of replies, and the new owners are making alterations. "Conventional ones," added Mr. Luckman.

Soup 'n' fish in a tank

"SOUP for 45,000 a day" sounds like a tall story. But it's a fish story, instead.

For in the South Australian Fly-Fishers' Association breeding-tanks at Ovingham, near Adelaide, some 45,000 trout also are always hungry for their soup—served thrice daily, and made of sheep's heart, reduced in a blender and mixed with water.

The spawn comes canned from Western Australia and Tasmania, and requires delicate handling.

The 80 members of the association have rostered themselves to visit the hatchery three times a day to feed and inspect the fish and clean the tanks.

During September the young trout are taken to restock creeks.

Association president Mr. Frank Brady told us the association wanted to "educate people in the sport of fly-fishing, as opposed to the fry-pan school of fishermen."

"Marriage Sunday" in Sydney

HUNDREDS of couples married in Scots Church, Sydney, and whose present addresses can be traced have been invited to a "Marriage Sunday" service in the church on September 23.

Dr. Malcolm McKay, minister of Scots Church, who planned the service, said he did so after seeing the huge response to marriage guidance lectures by Dr. David Mace.

"Our service will include a discussion of the Christian approach to marriage and its implications," Dr. McKay said.

"There will be special prayers of re-dedication and consecration."

Dr. McKay said the service would be non-denominational. He would be assisted by the Rev. W. G. Coughlan, N.S.W. director of the National Marriage Guidance Council.

All couples who attended Dr. Mace's lectures in Sydney and any other couples interested were invited to the service.

* * *

A RECENT B.B.C. talk on "Electric Computers" was not nearly so dull as the title suggested.

We quote: "In case you think office automation is inhuman, I'll tell you one very important thing computers will be taught to do. A fortnight before you're due for a regular pay increase, the machine will automatically remember to tell the authorities about it."

Guiding girls in New Guinea

JUST back in Sydney, and still glowing about New Guinea's golden sunsets, white sands, and tropical vegetation, is Girl Guide officer Nancy Kemp, who spent nine months travelling through the territory instructing native Guide leaders.

"They were very apt pupils," said Miss Kemp, who is settling back at her job at the association's Sydney headquarters organising Guide camps.

"I found them friendly, happy, and enthusiastic."

"They seemed to like me, too," she added, "particularly one group of young married women I met at a baby health centre in a small village."

"With their lovely fat brown babies in their laps, they eyed me up and down, comparing their own slender frames, and told me, 'We like you because of your nice white fat legs.'"

Book News

By Ainslie Baker

BEDROOMS HAVE WINDOWS, by A. A. Fair (Heinemann). Veteran U.S. detective-story writer Erle Stanley Gardner writing under an assumed name. Private-eye Donald Lam and his level-headed partner, Bertha Cool, are the stars.

AT PARRAMATTA, by Ethel Anderson (F. W. Cheshire). Charming tales of life in early New South Wales, told with a nice sense of character and a wealth of domestic knowledge of the period.

HARRY BLACK, by David Walker (Collins). The author of "Geordie" has produced a thoughtful study of an unsuccessful man on the brink of middle-age facing the challenge of the future. Background is modern India.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

LOVELIER MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS...



Richard Hudnut's improved, lanolized

faster, easier-to-use Home Perm... Lanolized Wave lotion —only 10 minutes' waving time!



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair... FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in NORMAL HAIR. FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in NORMAL HAIR. For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit. CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE ONLY 13/-

Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT

INTER-DENS save teeth

because they finish what the toothbrush leaves undone!



INTER-DENS soft wood Tooth-Sticks:

1. Remove deeply embedded food particles and thoroughly clean surfaces between teeth that are not reached by brushing—no foothold for decay now!
2. Gently massage the gum tissue—soft gums are soon healthily firm again!
3. Leave the mouth feeling clean and fresh.



Your own dentist will tell you: inter-dental and gum massage is universally supported by the dental profession.

AFTER EVERY MEAL, use ANTI-SEPTIC MEDICATED

"Inter-Dens" CLEANING MASSAGE STICKS

125 "TOOTH-SAVERS" FOR 3/9—ALL CHEMISTS

Insist on **VENCATACHELLUM** THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY



On the beach...in the bathroom... "Colour Magic"
in flower-fresh pastels, deep tones and gay
combinations. Only Dri-Glo gives you so many
glorious colours, so many delightful patterns, towels
that pick you out of the surfing crowd... towels
that glamourise your bathroom and give it its
brightest, lightest look ever!



Dri-Glo

TOWELS

give you

Colour Magic

AND THE DOUBLE UNDERWEAVE MEANS YEARS OF EXTRA WEAR!

Dri-Glo towels are "double woven" in the length (where all the stress and strain occurs). Scientific tests prove that Dri-Glo "Double Underweave" has far greater strength than the single underweave. That's why Dri-Glo Towels are your best buy, they last so much longer!

DRI-GLO TOWELS and DRI-GLO BABY NAPS are products of the famous **BOND'S** Industries Group



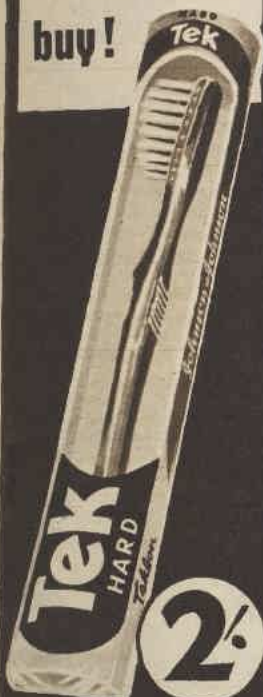
YOUR BABY DESERVES THE SOFTNESS OF DRI-GLO BABY NAPS

So soft, so absorbent
and so gentle on tender
skins—and that famous Dri-Glo
"Double Underweave," in all Dri-Glo
products, means so much longer wear.



Tek

The best
Toothbrush
money can
buy!



● SUPER TEKTON NYLON
● SLEEK TAPERED HANDLE
● NO SLIP GRIP

Finest
First Aid
Treatment
for all
minor
injuries

BAND-AID
Adhesive Bandages
WATERPROOF

Johnson & Johnson



PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

A good rule for teenagers—and adults, too—is the old rule about personal remarks: "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all."

FIRST letter on my desk this week is from a girl suffering miseries because of offensive personal remarks.

Here is her letter:

"COULD you please help me? I have a problem which may not seem so terrible to you, but it has caused me great humiliation. You see, I have superfluous hair on my neck and throat, and though I have tried many well-known hair removers, I've had no success. I am too ashamed to ask help or advice from relatives or friends, and many of them have made nasty remarks and called me 'Whiskers' and other names. I hate going out any more because I feel that someone will be sure to notice, and I am on edge all the time. Could you tell me of somewhere in Melbourne I could have the hair permanently removed? Apart from that I am quite a normal-looking teenager, but this ruins my enjoyment of everything.

A.M., Melbourne.

Write at once to the Medical Secretary, the British Medical Association, 426 Albert Street, East Melbourne, Vic., and ask him to recommend a skin specialist. A doctor should always be consulted about problems of superfluous hair like yours. He will either treat you himself or send you somewhere for treatment. The permanent removal of facial hairs is quite easy, although it is expensive. But I believe any sacrifice necessary should be made by your family to pay the cost of its removal. Life would be happy for you then.

As for those offensive people who are rude to you, have as little to do with them as possible. I realise this is difficult with relatives, but you can choose your friends. People who make such remarks are so unfeeling that they should never be honored by friendship.

"I AM 15, nearly 16, and I like a girl who is just 15. Can you tell me a way to find out if the liking is mutual, and also could you suggest some ways of entertaining her (not the pictures or dancing as neither of us



A word from Debbie . . .

HAVING a party? Here are some "warm-up" games that you'll enjoy.

- Lighting the candle is fun. Put a candle in the centre of the table. Each player is allowed one match, and has to light the candle and blow it out as many times as he can before the match burns out.
- An explosive game that means you have to say to the boys "bring your razor" will make the party go. Each contestant is given a blown-up balloon and has to lather it and give it a close shave. The expert is the one who doesn't burst the balloon.
- If there are any whole balloons left, get an old nylon stocking and see who can put a balloon farthest into the stocking. This takes cunning and finesse.
- Pass a lifesaver (a sweet, not a human being) down a long line of people via toothpicks held between their teeth, no hands allowed. Two teams, standing opposite each other, add to the fun in the game. Be sure to arrange the teams boy, girl, boy, and so on.
- Do the boy, girl, boy routine again, this time with the guests in a circle. Give someone an orange to hold under his chin. The orange has to be passed from chin to chin; again no hands.

likes them). I also have a friend, Graeme, who is three weeks older than me. He likes a very pretty girl, but he doesn't know whether she likes him. She is four months older than him. Should he try to be extra friendly with her or is she too old for him?"

J.K., Coogee, N.S.W.

I feel I have no need to tell you how to find out whether the liking is mutual or not. I know the liking is mutual. The announcement that neither of you likes pictures or dancing is enough for me. It is strange to find a boy of 15 who doesn't like one or the other, and stranger than ever when you find that a girl he likes is exactly the same. Actually, when you told each other that you didn't like dancing, or pictures either, you were also saying you liked each other. Entertaining should not be hard. You can take her to the beach, to Manly Pier, or Luna Park, for picnics or hikes, to a football or tennis match, or some other sporting fixture, or for a walk and a milkshake.

Tell Graeme that the four months' difference in his age and that of the pretty girl he

likes is neither here nor there. It doesn't matter a bit. Tell him not to get extra friendly with her, just friendly, until he finds out definitely if she likes him.

"I HAVE just started to work in an office where sometimes the girls make one another a cup of tea. I am 17. When one girl makes a cup of tea, do I have to make it next time? There are two other girls in the office. Should I put myself forward to make the tea or should I wait until I am older?"

Renate, Renmark, S.A.

The serving of morning and afternoon tea is one of the most sacred routines in Australian office life. Sometimes the tea is made by the most junior female member of the staff; other times each girl on the staff takes turns to make it. You should ask the other girls at work what the custom is. Be tactful and say: "When is it my turn to make the tea?" and then you will find out. They may say: "Every third day," or "May always makes the tea," or something similar. But don't treat the matter lightly, tea-drinking is regarded as important.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

IF too many cooks can spoil the broth, can too many stars jinx an LP record? I'm tempted to think so. The soundtrack recording of "High Society" was too promising at first sight—Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra (together for the first time), Grace Kelly making her singing debut, Celeste Holm, the Broadway star, who created the role of Ado Annie in "Oklahoma!," Louis Armstrong's band, Johnnie Green's Orchestra, and words and music by Cole Porter.

Individually, each artist does a fine job, but my main dis-

appointment lay in the score. So much is expected from the fabulous Porter, but this, his first film assignment in 10 years, is not top-drawer—for him. If anyone else had written it, I would have said "First class," but I consider this an uneven job. Best tune, "You're Sensational," goes to Sinatra, while Bing draws the runner-up, "I Love You, Samantha." "Her Highness" Kelly timidly essays a warble with Bing, not a solo, and gets by in seemingly fashion, but, I ask you, who couldn't sing with Crosby for a partner? Dear

old Louis has lots of fun singing "High Society Calypso," which serves as an introduction to the plot of the film, and later he and Bing team for a zesty "Now You Has Jazz," during which Armstrong's side-men come into the spotlight—the boys you saw and heard when the band was in Australia. Other titles on the disc are "Mind If I Make Love To You," "Well, Did You Evah" (Bing and Frank together, and, therefore, sort of historic), "Little One," and an extremely good overture, to put first things last.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

Newest of all . . .

Capri heel by

Fiesta



Your stockings reflect your personality — so it pays to choose Fiesta nylons. Fiesta nylons fit smoothly — never a wrinkle or sag. Seams stay straight, thanks to the exclusive fit of the Munsingwear slender heel. And Fiesta nylons are processed with "Secre-Seal" for snag resistance and long life.

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Prices subject to control in each State.





"OF COURSE I CAN RIDE." Two-year-old Primrose Dunlop was one of the very young equestriennes at party for 40 children at "Rosemont." Here Primrose and her mother, Mrs. Roger Dunlop, talk with the pony attendant.



WATCH THAT BALLOON! Nine-months-old Anthony Thorp (right) reaches for a balloon held by his mother, Mrs. Graham Thorp, and Judy Chapman at Susan Lloyd-Jones' party. Judy's mother, Mrs. Ken Chapman, looks on.



ROCK-A-BYE, BABY. Mrs. Jock Pagan rocks her daughters, Clarissa, three, and Nicola, one and a half, at Susan Lloyd-Jones' second birthday party at "Rosemont," home of grandparents Sir Charles and Lady Lloyd-Jones.



DISTINGUISHED GUEST. Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command, R.A.F., Air-Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst (left), with Air Officer Commanding Home Command, Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Walters, and Mrs. Walters at the Air Force Association Ball, which was held at Trocadero.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THERE will be an excited crowd of people at Mascot airport this Friday, September 21, to greet Phil Loneragon when her plane touches down from Calcutta, India. For the past two years she has been secretary to Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., in London.

A keen supporter of the Cheshire cause, Philomena has worked in a voluntary capacity.

Phil will spend her first few days back in Sydney at the Killara home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Rowland-Smith. And then she will visit the William Stuarts, of Bellevue Hill.

A DIAMOND brooch belonging to her aunt, Mrs. Eric Lowe, was the "something borrowed" worn by Marion Christopher when she married Bill English, of Mosman. Marion is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Christopher, of Mosman, and she was married at St. Mary's, North Sydney.

A DATE for your diary September 27, for the showing of Germaine Rocher's spring and summer collection. Proceeds of this fashion parade, to be held at the Trocadero, will go to the entertainment group of the Torch Bearers for Legacy.

CHARLES EDWARD are the names that Mr. and Mrs. Ned Combes, of "Lue," Mudgee, have chosen for their first baby, who was born recently at King George V. Mrs. Combes was formerly Diana White, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, of "Havilah," Mudgee.

MELBOURNE is the future home for Major and Mrs. John Hutcheson, who were married in England last March. Mrs. Hutcheson was formerly Pam Cook, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Aufrere Cook, of Beecroft. She has just arrived back home, and travelled as far as Singapore with her husband, who will be stationed there with the British Army for the next few months.

His next posting is in Melbourne, and Mrs. Hutcheson tells me she plans to stay here with her parents till the Major has found a house . . . they hope to be settled in before the Olympic Games.



AT UNIVERSITY. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn at the reception given by Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University, Professor Stephen Roberts, and Mrs. Roberts, who leave soon for a six months' tour of America.

THE New Year of 1957 will be an especially memorable one for the Heaton Wears, of Wahroonga, for their eldest daughter, Pauline, has chosen January 2 for her wedding. Pauline will marry Arthur Coward at the Shore College Chapel. Arthur is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coward, of Turramurra. Pauline tells me that her wedding dress will be in the Edwardian style.

I LIKE Mrs. John Broinowski's elegant full-length evening dress designed by Balmain . . . in pure silk taffeta patterned in peacock-blue and green, it has a strapless bodice and a skirt finely pleated in two tiers.

COUNTRY lass Audrey Budd will be home in Australia on October 12, after more than three years overseas. Audrey, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Budd, of "Marazion," Murrumbidgee, recently announced her engagement to Englishman Roy Chapman . . . she is wearing a Georgian-style ring of diamonds and pearls. Audrey plans to stay here for about six months, and then she'll leave again for England, to be married there.



DANCING at the Sydney Hospital Refresher Week Ball are Dr. and Mrs. Richard Tooth. The ball, held at the Australia Hotel, was attended by 250 guests. It was the last function of the Sydney Hospital Refresher Week.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Wilma Clements, only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clements, of "Pleasant View," Binda, via Crookwell, to Laurence Picker, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Picker, of "Glossierhome," Bigga, via Crookwell.

Anne



PRETTY DRESSES AT THE ELIZABETHAN BALL. Mrs. John Human (left) chose a dress of finely pleated chiffon in palest aqua-blue. Diana Horn (centre) wore an unusual dress of flamingo-pink delustrated satin with an organza hemline frill. Sally Bragg chose a ballerina of tomato-red lace and tulle. The ball was held at the Trocadero.

*A New
and Revolutionary Shampoo!*

PEARS

Sunsilk



One lather—sunshine clean!

This is the magic of Sunsilk. Sunsilk Shampoo is so luxuriously rich, so gently thorough, that you need only one lather to get your hair completely clean, gloriously easy to manage right after shampooing!

**LEAVES HAIR SHINIER—EASIER TO DO
because you need only ONE LATHER!**



NOW YOU CAN WASH YOUR HAIR AND GO STRAIGHT OUT

No waiting — you can manage your prettiest hair-do right after shampooing with one-lather Sunsilk! That's what girls in England discovered, when Sunsilk was introduced there. That's why Sunsilk quickly became England's top-selling shampoo!



A Dream come true!

Here, at last, is the shampoo that's sweeping all England, brought to YOU by the makers of famous Pears Soap. Whether your hair is dry or oily, Sunsilk will straightaway give it new brightness, a new, silky, easy-to-manage loveliness never possible until now—with just **ONE** wonderful lather! There has never been a shampoo like this in Australia before.

No need for overwashing now!

Before Sunsilk you had to lather, rinse, then work up yet another lather to get hair clean — and that second lather tended to wash away the natural oils that keep hair lustrous and easy to do. But with Sunsilk you end all that. *One* rich Sunsilk lather washes really clean, but — it is gentle, so gentle that it leaves your hair radiant, easy to manage right after shampooing.

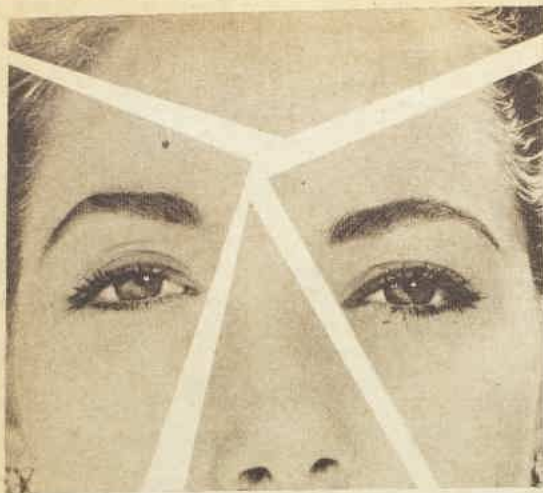
Extra rich—a joy to use!

Sunsilk has a special richness you can even see and feel.



Sunsilk glides on to your hair without spill or waste, bursts into a cloud of fragrant lather. Then, a quick rinse, and your hair will shine and set just the way you want it.

Try the Sunsilk Bubble, only 1/3. Or buy the big, money-saving bottle (8 to 10 shampoos) at 5/6; small bottle, 3/9. At chemists, grocers, stores.



'Flu . . . pains go

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . . acts rapidly

When you put a Disprin tablet into water, you see it foam at once and dissolve. This "soluble form" of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Pain, soreness and fever are therefore relieved in the shortest possible time.

FAR LESS ACID . . . better for the stomach

Because of this solubility, and because it is far less acid than

ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., Disprin is far less likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation—which is particularly helpful when a dose of 'flu means taking tablets or powders several times a day.

PLEASANT . . . easy to take

Disprin is palatable. Both adults and children find that taking Disprin is the pleasantest way of relieving pain.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN Regd.
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

DS/54

When accidents happen— DON'T RISK INFECTION



Remember—
there's safety in Solyptol!

You can make certain that your son's cuts and scratches never get infected. Bathe them in a solution of Solyptol, the powerful, safe antiseptic. Keep a bottle in your home, and be ready for any emergency.

Solyptol
antiseptic



IF IT'S FAULDING'S—IT'S PURE

Page 28

TV—Exciting new era



BETTY SARA, mother of the Sara quads, was on the panel of "What's My Line?", a quiz in which the panel had to identify professional individuals introduced to viewers only.

Thousands of Sydney and country people packed showrooms, clubs, stores, and private homes last Sunday for an historic evening—the debut of television in Australia. The first regular television programme in the Commonwealth went on the air at 7 p.m. from Station TCN, Channel 9. Adults and children alike sat fascinated around hundreds of television screens watching a varied programme of quiz and variety shows, music, and documentary films. Programmes are now being presented every night.



ALDERMAN PAT HILLS, Lord Mayor of Sydney, with his five children watch Australia's first regular television programme. Many children were allowed to stay up for it.



OPENING NIGHT. Many electrical stores, such as this one at Miranda, N.S.W., arranged for local residents to watch the TV premiere. Above, the youngsters were absorbed.



PATIENTS and guests watched television in the lecture-room at St. George District Hospital in Sydney. Here Nurse Catherine Hopes helps Mrs. H. McLean to settle down.



FASCINATED youngsters sit round a television screen in a motor showroom at Double Bay. Scores of television parties were held at clubs and at private homes in many suburbs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956

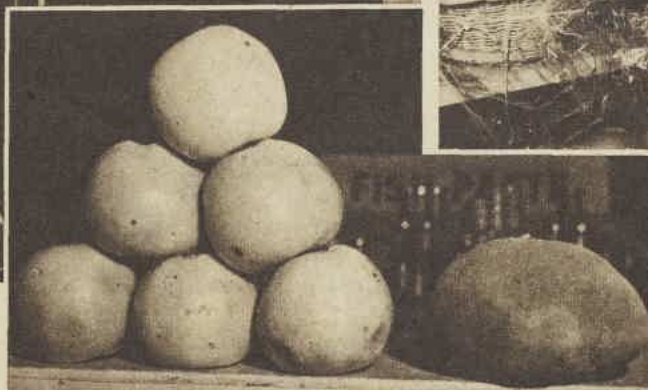
Story of the not-so-humble spud



HANDLE WITH CARE, that's precious cargo. This ship with its cargo of potatoes was a welcome sight on the Sydney waterfront. Wharf laborers cheered the arrival of the ship and nicknamed it Old Gold. For some time now the high cost of potatoes has made them a weekend special on most Australian dinner tables.



POTATOES are sold in their (plastic) jackets in some Sydney stores. Above, they stand in price and position beside gift-wrapped fruit baskets.



SIX APPLES or one potato (left) is what 2/- will buy on today's Sydney market. The potato weighs exactly 1lb; the apples (six for 2/-) weigh little more than 2lb.

He's a costly blue-blood now, but there's mud between his toes

● If your ancestors could return to earth for a day, few wonders of the modern world would surprise them more than the importance of the once-humble potato.

THEY would marvel at television and atomic energy. But they would be positively shocked at the present exalted state of the former lowly "spud."

In their long-ago day the potato, cheap and filling, was part of the staple diet. Now its status has changed completely.

Today it has risen from a strictly non-U classification to the ranks of blue-blooded vegetables. The potato that graces the weekend joint is a true aristocrat.

Great-grandma, or great-grandpa, probably would be surprised, too, at newspaper accounts of modern highway-men.

These are identified by the cry, "Your potatoes or your life!"

Crown jewels

POTATOES disappear from interstate trucks, ships, and bulk stores, and the hue and cry is what you would expect if someone had stolen the Crown jewels.

Sydney wharf laborers recently cheered the arrival of the first potato ship in weeks, and christened it "Old Gold" because of its precious cargo.

And can't you hear great-grandma exclaiming about

Melbourne greengrocers selling potatoes—in halves.

Perhaps some would recall the Potato War of the 1770s, and exclaim, "Potatoes have always been a bone of contention."

When Prussian and Saxon forces, under Frederick the Great, were opposed to Austrian armies, their operations consisted almost entirely of trying to cut off Austrian food supplies—the bulk of which were potatoes.

A food supply consisting mainly of potatoes at today's prices would cost a fortune.

Last year Australians ate 102.8lb. of potatoes each. At present prices that would add more than £40 to the annual food bill of a family of four.

Yet Australia is equal with Japan in holding only twenty-first place among potato-eat-

ing nations of the world. Ireland has the largest consumption per head and Pakistan the smallest.

A potato contains about 75 per cent. water. So it does seem rather like throwing money down the drain for something that could be had for practically nothing just by turning on a tap.

Perhaps you pay 2/- to 2/6

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

a pound for the 15 per cent. starch, 2½ per cent. protein material, and a small amount of ash and sugar that also is contained in a potato.

Once grew wild

THE history of the potato is buried in mystery. It is generally accepted that its original habitat was either Peru or Chile, where it grew wild.

There are three theories on

how it arrived in England and Europe, but no one knows for certain which is correct.

Sir John Hawkins is said to have introduced the potato to England in 1565, but it is thought now that this was a sweet potato.

Sir Francis Drake gets the credit in 1580 and Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585.

A delightful book by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Symon, "No Bed For Bacon," contains an amusing account of Queen Elizabeth I tasting her first potato—brought in by Sir Walter.

"In front of each guest lay a soggy white mush, shaped rather like a warped egg, only larger. The potato! This was it!"

"Sir Walter waited in fear and trembling, and the Queen took the first mouthful. Elizabeth of England spat. 'Not enough salt!' she said."

The Drake theory is favored in Germany. At Offenburg, Baden, there is a monument inscribed to "Sir Francis Drake, Introducer of the Potato into Europe in the year of Our Lord 1580."

No doubt Australian housewives, with gratitude, would erect another monument to Drake if he could re-introduce

cheap potatoes to Australian markets today.

Families who for many years have taken potatoes for granted are looking rather disdainfully at the substitutes—rice, pumpkin, and the rest. "There's nothing like a spud!" they mourn.

Many husbands who have formerly taken little or no interest in gardening are coming home with expensive, hard-to-get seed potatoes.

But the seed potatoes must survive a hungry examination by the potato-starved family before they are planted and tended with exceptional care.

We know of one young married man who normally wouldn't know a rose from a cabbage plant, yet rushes to the potato patch each morning "just to see how much they've grown."

There is an old saying that "Kissing a man without a moustache is like eating an egg without salt." Would it not be more appropriate to say, "Kissing a man without a moustache is like eating a roast without a baked potato?"

Fission chips?

IN America, experiments are being made with radiation treatment for food. In this way, scientists say, potatoes can be stored up to two years.

Does this mean that in the future potatoes will be in the form of fission chips?

And here's a suggestion for sponsors of quiz programmes: Instead of the inevitable motor-car, 64 dollars, or trip overseas, what about a guarantee of a year's supply of free potatoes to a lucky winner?

Individual questions, leading to the jackpot, could be rewarded with single-pound prizes, or, if the situation deteriorates, with single potatoes.

2/6—INCLUDING THE BEARD



IN QUEENSLAND supplies are reasonable, but there is considerable buyer resistance to the average price of 1/9 lb. One wholesaler paid £173 a ton at a recent Brisbane auction. South Queensland's crop, due early next month, is expected to ease the situation.

IN VICTORIA Grade 1 potatoes will be short until the end of October. Supplies should improve when new potatoes reach the market about November. Present Grade 1 prices vary from 1/6 to 2/- lb. Poor, emergency-grade potatoes are selling at about 1/3 lb.

IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA new season potatoes are selling for 2/6 lb. Old potatoes, mostly Victorian, retail

at 1/9, although the official price is 1/2 lb. Some Adelaide cafes have replaced potatoes with tinned peas on their menus.

IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA the situation is governed by the weather. Further frosts could cut supplies 75 per cent. Present stocks are expected to last until the new crop arrives early in October. The average price is about 4d. lb.

IN TASMANIA, although there appears to be no shortage, prices are still high. New potatoes on the market are retailing at 2/6 lb. Old potatoes are selling around 1/2 lb. Average wholesale price is £6/6/- a bag.

Prints are sweeping the beaches of the world — **Casben** brings the best of them to you!



Featured above is "Water's Edge," printed poplin boxer, fully lined, with cotton inner support. Sizes 28-40. Matching shirt available. In a range of colours. The lad is wearing a "Water's Edge" suit—shirt and matching boxers "just like Dad's." Boxer: 24-34. Shirt: 26-36.

"Water's Edge" is destined to be a best-seller . . . and fabric supplies are limited. But don't worry—there are other brilliantly designed Casben boxers, including "Skin Diver," shown below!

C stands for **CASBEN**, the sign of good taste

IN GOOD TASTE and top fashion, too! Casben's brilliant new printed poplin boxers are this year's must for sea and sun seekers. Deliberately designed to make you a well-dressed man-about-the-beach . . . and specially cut for carefree comfort the long summer through . . . colourful Casben boxers, sparkling and fresh as summer sunshine!

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See the wide
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1. "Double Diamond," printed shirt. Boxer swims to match. 2. "Skin Diver," printed poplin boxer, with shirt to match. 3. "Leopard Skin," printed close-fitting trunk. 4. "Wimbledon," Sedgman-autographed tennis short of sharkskin. Special 24" tennis hem. 5. "Park Lane," "Twillure" sanforized and polished cotton, exclusive to Casben.

READY FOR BIG TOUR—

Golf champion says credit due to Mum

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

● Twenty-year-old Bruce Crampton, youngest golfer to win the Australian Open Championship for the past 23 years, says that all credit for his success "is due to Mum."

BRUCE, who lives at Carlton, N.S.W., hopes to go overseas again next year.

But first he will play tournament matches in Queensland, Victoria, and his home State.

Earlier this year he went overseas to compete in the British Open, finishing 13th.

Bruce is a quiet, unassuming young man who lets his mother do most of the talking about his career.

"We always wanted Bruce to be a sportsman," said Mrs. Crampton. "From his earliest days we encouraged him to play whatever sport he liked—to keep him off the streets."

"He was good at most sports, and, for a while, we thought he would be a tennis star."

Appreciation of his parents is evident in practically everything Bruce says and does. Mother is his "best girl in the world."

At the presentation of trophies for the Australian Open, when Bruce received the first-prize cheque for £250, he thanked Mum and Dad for his success.

He said they had made it possible for him to play golf when they could hardly afford to do so.

Bruce's golf career really began with interest in bird-nesting. As a schoolboy he used to hunt for nests in the marshy section of Beverley Park course, near his home.

One day he found a golf ball and sold it to one of a group of passing golfers.

Beverley Park professional Bill McWilliam was among them, and he invited Bruce to join his Saturday morning class.

Three months later Bruce won the Kogarah High School golf championship, and held the title three years. At 16 he became the youngest player to have held the N.S.W. junior golf championship.



AUSTRALIAN Open Golf champion Bruce Crampton completes a drive.

Bruce felt the breaks were really coming his way when, while practising one day, Norman Von Nida drove past.

"He must have liked the look of my style," said Bruce, "because he pulled up and gave me a free lesson."

"When I turned professional

he was open champion. I consider I'm lucky to have him for a manager during my five years as a pro."

Bruce was 18 when he decided to turn professional. As every aspiring professional golfer must serve a two-year apprenticeship, he went to his first tutor, Bill McWilliam.

Last December, Bruce made golfing history when he won the first tournament in which he played as a professional. He and Bill McWilliam took the N.S.W. Professional Golfers' Association foursomes title at St. Michael's.

Bruce was two months off 21 when he won the Australian Open. He is the third youngest player to have held the coveted title.

The youngest was Ivo Whitton, in 1912, and in 1933 Lou Kelly took the championship at the age of 20 years, six months.

Bruce Crampton doesn't smile much as he talks about golf. "I'm constantly practising, and work much longer than a 40-hour week," he said.

Diplomatically I inquired if there were any interests of the heart. "Only Mum," smiled Bruce, throwing an arm round Mrs. Crampton. "She's my best girl."



WASHING-UP is an every-night chore for young Australian sportsman Bruce Crampton. "But I don't mind," he says. "I feel that it's the least I can do to help Mum."

READERS' OPINION POLL

LAST week we invited readers to write and tell us what they like most and like least about this paper.

We invited this friendly co-operation from our readers because, in our 20-odd years of spectacular growth, we have always retained a close association with them.

We want the poll of readers' opinion to be as representative as possible. Individual letters and letters which give the views of a whole family will be equally welcome.

You could criticise or praise any section you wish, or tell us what feature attracts your attention first, and why.

Another idea would be to list the contents of this issue in your order of preference, with appropriate remarks.

Here are some questions you might like to consider:

- Do you like the way the paper is arranged or would you like to see it presented in some other way?
 - Do you like the subjects we choose for our covers, and do you think they are varied enough? What are your favorites?
 - Of our fashion features, which do you like best? In the homemaker section, what do you find most helpful?
 - Does our news coverage give you the kind and number of topical articles and interviews you want to read each week?
 - Would you like to see the introduction of some new feature or the re-introduction of one that we had and have dropped?
- Your letter can be as short or as long as you like to make it. Address it to "Readers' Opinion," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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ALMOST TOO LOVELY TO SLEEP IN

Sleepwear stars from the **Prestige** range of lovelier lingerie. Pert 'n pretty "Baby Doll" pyjamas.

The romantic waltz length nightie . . . the graceful figure flattering full length night gown.

All lavishly trimmed with Swiss nylon embroidery and styled for a lovelier you, in Summerlon Nylon.

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SPJ924—"Baby Doll" pyjamas. Sunglow, Ivory, Powderblue, Black, Fuschia, Mink. 32-38, £5/12/6.

SND924—Waltz length nightdress. Sunglow, Ivory, Powderblue, Black, Fuschia, Mink. 32-38, £5/10/6.

ND924—Nightdress in Sunglow, Ivory, Powderblue, Black, Fuschia, Mink. 32-38, £6/17/6. 40-42 £7/12/6.

Chiffons for night life

Chiffon, for summer night-life fashions, drifts away from disciplined chic into dresses with seductive charm and feminine beauty. Both long and short skirted evening dresses are in fashion. Other points of interest: The waist that soars high, bared shoulders, and intricate drapery and shirring. A great many pastels are used, and some of the newest shades are exquisitely fragile. The colors include apricot, lilac, and a soft fern-green.



CHIFFON shaded from white to fern-green is used for the superb ball gown above with an unusual petalled skirt. The bodice, moulded to below waist level, is finished with a wide cuff and flat bow centre back.



ABOVE: Floor-length evening dress made in white chiffon splashed with a delicate flower pattern in petunia-pink. The high Empire bodice is banded in black velvet ribbon below the bosom. The skirt drifts gracefully from hip level to the floor.

LEFT: Empire-line dress has a seathed bare-topped bodice caught at one side with a soft bow and long streamer ends. The skirt falls in a straight column-like line to the floor. The color is mint frappe, a fresh green.

RIGHT: Apricot and lilac are the colors chosen for the two short-skirted chiffon dance dresses. Intricate swirls and sunburst effects are achieved by building the dresses on canvas. The heavy necklaces worn by both girls is chic jewellery news.



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"BRUSHRITE" features an extra thick body of pure hog bristles. Holds more paint — covers a greater area with every dip and ensures easy success with every job. Range, 1" to 4". You never see the professional painter using a "cheap" brush — he KNOWS you need a "GOOD" brush to do a good job.



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"HOME PAINTER" is splendid value for all general purposes. Pure hog bristles, yet moderately priced. All sizes. There's an art in making a good brush. Look for the brush branded "SABCO" — it is your guarantee of the highest standard of workmanship and very finest materials.

LOOK FOR... ASK FOR
THESE BRUSHES & BE
SURE OF SUCCESS
AT ALL HARDWARE STORES
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SP56/1

DRESS SENSE

By

Betty
Keep



DS207.—Blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A gala-hour blouse in sheer polka-dot cotton is a chic top to wear with a slim skirt for late day and evenings.

THE fashion flash above answers a country reader's problem.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"I WAS wondering if you could help me with a problem? I am shortly paying a visit to some city friends, and, though I don't anticipate anything too formal in the way of dressing, I would like to have a pretty summer blouse for evening wear. I have sufficient white Swiss cotton with a pink and deeper pink spot for the blouse. If you think the material suitable, I would be grateful for a style and pattern. I am not the bare-topped, sun-tanned type, so please suggest a style with sleeves."

The blouse I have chosen in answer to your letter is illus-

trated above. Because a polka-dot material is very new in summer fashions and very sophisticated, I have kept the design simple. The "blown-up" sleeves will add just that extra touch of drama. If you like the design sufficiently well to copy, you can obtain a paper pattern for it in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please help me with an idea for a trousseau dressing-gown? My material is peach-colored cotton brocade. I am a very tailored type, but would like something a bit away from the usual wrap-over style."

A mandarin robe cut straight without interruption from shoulder to hem with oriental simplicity would be a

new and exotic way to use your pink brocade. Have the design finished with a tiny mandarin collar, and fastened with braid frogs in a slightly deeper pink than the material.

"I HAVE made myself a white coat-frock and finished it with white buttons. It now looks rather like a uniform. Could you offer any suggestions for improvement?"

Button the dress with bamboo-colored buttons and wear it with bamboo-colored accessories. Bamboo and white is a very chic summer color combination.

"WHAT color would you suggest for a coat over black, brown, pink, and blue?"

A creamy-blond is a very new color, and one that could be worn successfully with the colors you listed.

Beauty
in brief:

SOOTHING MILK PACKS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If, after facing a day in the wind, your skin becomes prickly and perhaps red, add a few drops of olive oil to some milk, and swab the liquid gently over the surface.

THE milk needs to be warmed to blood temperature. You can also warm the olive oil a trifle, though this is optional.

Use a wad of clean cotton-wool as a swab. Keep a light hand, for the general idea is to be as soothing as possible.

Continue smoothing the liquid into the skin until all traces of dirt and grit have been removed. Then, with a facial tissue, blot up any surplus milk which may remain, at the same time allowing as much

oil as possible to cling to the face so that the surface is left slightly oily. Milk is even a good aid for an oily skin, though here it is best combined with yeast, which, by the way, must be fresh.

A milk-and-yeast pack is made by making a creamy paste and applying it thickly to a clean face, taking care to avoid the eyebrows and hairline.

Remove the pack after 30 minutes with warm water, then rinse well with cool water.

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like garments by all leading manufacturers feature guaranteed

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'LIGHTNING' coloured zippers with matching metal 'n tape give that invisible line of distinction.



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and feel your
best on the
warmest
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nyaloc the wonderful proven
exclusive Lucas nylon tricot fabric,
fast and smooth drying, never loses
its lustrous freshness, nor needs
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£10/19/6, in many styles, designs,
colours and particularly avail-
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Featuring "Lightning"
Zippers with the life-
time guarantee.

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to E. LUCAS & CO., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 26, 1956

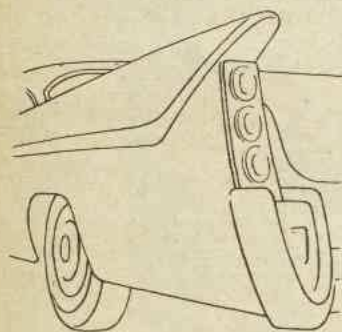
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sovereign



Sovereign 107 (10.7 cu. ft.), illustrated, in 2 models—Standard defrost and Push-Button defrost, with water disposal. Sovereign 8 (8 cu. ft.) in 2 models—Standard defrost and Push-Button defrost.



dazzling new *crisp line* models...
 styled and colour-planned years ahead!
 10.7 and 8 cu. ft. models

Something wonderful has happened in refrigerators... Sovereign's sparkling new Crisp-line models in 10.7 and 8 cubic feet capacities. Designed and styled on the *crisp lines* of the future, Sovereign will make smart kitchens look smarter and just won't date. A glamorous, new, porcelain-enamelled interior that holds more, does so much more for you... it's the refrigerator you've always wanted. Just look at all the wonderful Sovereign features and you will see why it's the nation's finest refrigerator value.

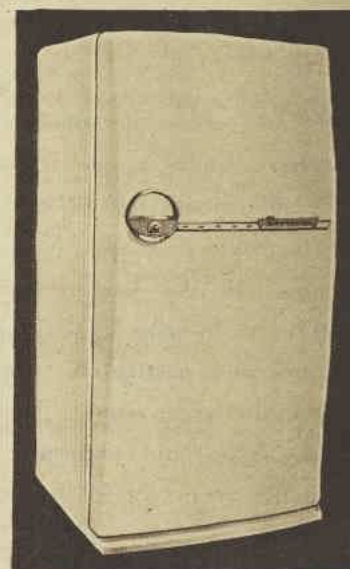
LATEST COLOUR INTERIORS

Crisp-line brings you the latest colour interiors—Peach-blow, Sunrise, Polar White—all delicate, soft tones—matched with gleaming white, cream and green exteriors. Sovereign refrigerators are precision-built by Sovereign Appliances Pty. Ltd. at their new Bankstown, N.S.W., plant—Australia's most modern appliance factory.

✓ **King-size Door**—more space than any other refrigerator. ✓ **Circle-matic Door Handle** opens at a feather touch. ✓ **Glide-out Shelves** of smooth, "cool-gold" anodised aluminium. ✓ **Extra Meat Tray** full width for frozen storage of meat, fish, etc. ✓ **Deep-see Crispers** hold so much more. ✓ **Tecumseh Sealed Unit**—silent, powerful, guaranteed for 5 years. ✓ **Full Width Freezer Chest**—giant storage space for fresh foods, ice cubes, ice cream, packaged goods.

See the dazzling range of Sovereign Crisp-line models at your Sovereign retailer NOW!

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MARRIAGE IS A WORK OF ART

Original "dream" of love may be broken by disinterest

● A marriage, like any other complex mechanism, must be kept in repair to function effectively. Two people living together who fail to meet each other's needs obviously have trouble.

DR. DAVID MACE, world-famous marriage counsellor, talks this week of the needs of happy marriage to a wife who feels she does not get enough encouragement from her husband.

During his tour of the Commonwealth under the joint sponsorship of The Australian Women's Weekly and The National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia, Dr. Mace is dealing with readers' problems of love and marriage.

Send your problem to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be supplied as a guarantee of good faith.

No warmth, comradeship

MRS. E.H. writes: "We have been married 18 years, and have three children. My husband has always been faithful to me, and is generous with the housekeeping allowance.

"However, we never seem to do anything together. He is interested in his work and his sports, and leaves the responsibility of bringing up the children entirely to me. He takes little or no interest in the house or garden.

"We seem to have constant rows over the pettiest things. When I try to talk things over with him, he says I nag. I'll admit I do, but I'd be quite different if he would just take an interest in me occasionally."

Dr. Mace says:

Why has Mrs. E.H.'s husband contracted out of most of his obligations towards the home and toward his children? My guess would be because he has somehow failed to find these experiences happy and satisfying. Perhaps when the children were young Mrs. E.H. didn't help or encourage him to understand them and play with them. Maybe she has merely expected him to do routine jobs in the house, so

that he has never developed a proud and creative interest in his share of the home-making.

Fundamentally, however, his failure to function as father and home-maker probably stems from his disappointment with his marriage. Somehow he and his wife have never developed a warm, close comradeship that makes her company desirable and satisfying to him. So he has adopted the pattern of going his own way and living his own life—keeping the rules by remaining faithful and providing support for the family.

Was this his original dream about what marriage could be like? Certainly not. He has given up his dream. He is a disillusioned husband.

There are many marriages like this. And all because the couple could not, or would not, see that marriage is a creative task, a work of art calling for the continuous exercise of all their resources.

I have referred to the husband's disillusionment. But the wife's state is worse. A man can more easily absorb himself in work and recreation, and swallow his disappointment. To the woman, however, it is

DR. MACE'S MAILBAG

miserable to feel slighted and neglected. Neglect hurts her acutely. Blindly she lashes out—nagging her husband, and only driving him further into his detachment.

Yet these two go on living together. Their loyalty to each other is basic. They still have needs, dreams, and the capacity to love.

This is the kind of situation where marriage counselling can often do a great deal. The counsellor wins the confidence of both, finds out why they are hurt and frustrated and disappointed. Then he works patiently with them both to break the deadlock and re-start the flow of warm affection and tenderness that makes their love come alive again.

It doesn't always work. But often it does. I feel that in this case the chances are good.

Wife pays bitter price

MRS. T.A. writes: "I have been married ten years and have two children and am expecting a third. I am 30 and my husband 33. At the time my first child was born my husband went away with a single girl and was unfaithful to me. I forgave him, and we resumed our married life. A few years later he deserted me and went off with another girl. I started proceedings, but my husband came back.

"Within six months he again went off, this time with a married woman. It was soon after this that I discovered I was expecting my third child. I feel I cannot live with my husband any longer. I am now almost a nervous wreck, but I cannot help myself. He has changed from a quiet, pleasant man into an intolerant, unreasonable one. What can I do?"

Dr. Mace says:

Although Mrs. T.A.'s husband has on three occasions gone off with other women, it is significant that these affairs have been short-lived and that his real attachment is to her. He may represent a type I

have often encountered—the man who, though not indiscriminately promiscuous, seems to need a series of "conquests" to build up his own self-importance. Yet he must have in his life one steady, dependable relationship to which he comes back.

The wife of such a man pays a bitter price. Yet there are women who seem ready to do it.

I wish I could hold out some hope that in time this man will settle down. Unfortunately this is often not the case.

The vital question is, just what do these "conquests" mean to him? It isn't that he is looking for another wife apparently. Perhaps he hardly knows himself why he is willing to torture his wife so cruelly in order to satisfy this dark, inner urge. Mrs. T.A. says he was just a quiet, pleasant man, so he doesn't appear to be by nature ruthless. His present intolerance may be a result of suppressed feelings of guilt.

I think Mrs. T.A. would be justified after all that has happened in using an ultimatum to her husband. If she feels that she just can't go on with the marriage unless she can have some assurance of better things in the future, she should say so. If the husband really means to co-operate, he should be willing to prove it by accepting skilled outside help from a psychiatrist in a sincere and sustained attempt to put the marriage on a more secure foundation.



Pattern of unhappiness

MR. D.W. writes: "It is almost five months since my wife talked to me—I mean really talked. She has spoken only when compelled to answer my questions or when abusing me.

"I asked my minister of religion to help. He referred the matter to my doctor, who asked me to send my wife to see him. She refused to go.

"We have been married eight years and have two children. When my wife has fallen out with me she has always reacted by not talking—for days or weeks on end. Sometimes she just retires to bed, leaving the household in disorder.

"I have tried to be a good husband and father. I don't drink or smoke. I give my wife £8 a week.

"My wife will never go out with me. I can never ask my friends home because I don't know how my wife will react. She has no friends of her own. During the past year we have slept in different rooms. My wife won't allow it otherwise. She says she has grown tired of me."

Dr. Mace says:

This is a serious problem. It may now be moving towards some sort of crisis. People cannot live indefinitely like this.

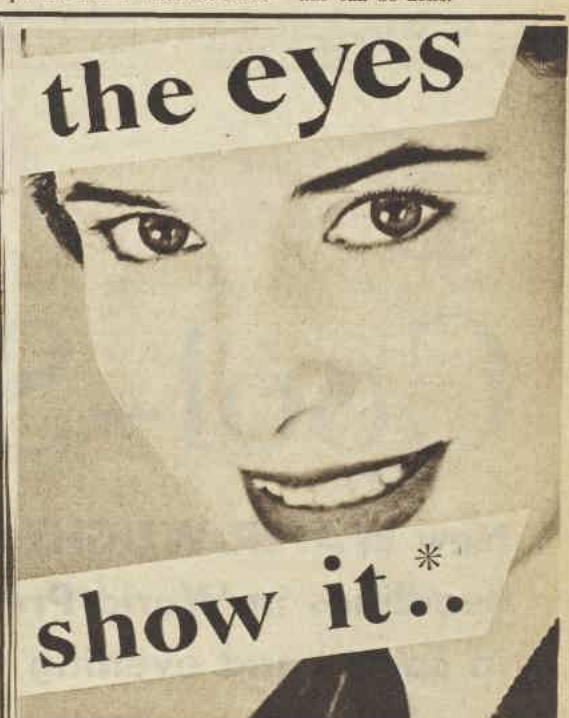
Mr. D.W. must no doubt take his share of the blame. But his wife's pattern of withdrawal makes it difficult.

The point has now been reached at which I see little hope of a remedy unless someone other than Mr. D.W. can win his wife's confidence. Frankly I think both his minister and his doctor let him down—the former by "passing the buck," the latter by not seeing the wife for himself.

Who now can be called in to help? Someone must do so, or there will be further deterioration. It seems certain that the wife will never accompany her husband to see anyone about the marriage problem. She is on the defensive, and will run from anyone whom she regards as a judge or critic.

Yet she needs help desperately. She is a frightened, lonely, desperately unhappy woman. Her policy of withdrawing and refusing to face life's problems is disastrous.

The best hope I can see is that some wise, kind, sympathetic person may be able to win the confidence of Mr. D.W.'s wife and help her to realise that problems can only be solved by facing them. This will take great tact and patience. It is what the minister should have done in the first place. She will not unburden herself until she feels she can trust completely the person who goes to her aid. But if only she can be brought to pour out the story of her unhappiness and distress, the way may be opened up for a real attempt to establish a more satisfactory relationship. I fear the outlook for her, for Mr. D.W., and for the children is not a good one unless this can be done.



YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

THIS week Dr. and Mrs. Mace are concluding their South Australian visit. Here is their programme: September 20, Berri, 2 p.m., Women's Meeting; 8 p.m., Public Meeting—"Marriage and Society." September 21, Port Adelaide, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Town Hall—"Marriage and Parenthood"; September 24, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Burnside Town Hall—"Modern Marriage." September 27, 8 p.m., Salisbury, Dr. Mace, Public Meeting—"Marriage As a Sex Relationship." September 28, 3 p.m., Bordertown, Mrs. Mace, Women's Meeting, Bordertown Institute; 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Bordertown Institute, Dr. Mace—"Marriage As a Personal Relationship." This programme may have to be altered slightly. Further details may be obtained from the South Australian Marriage Guidance Council, Industrial Building, 55 King William Street, Adelaide.

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THE TUXEDO: S.B. Shawl collar style in Capri Blue, Lugano Fawn, Grey Mist. Satin facings and ultra-light linings. From 17 GNS. "Cool-Stream" Dinner Suits S.B. two-button with shawl collar. From 29 GNS.

THE SPORTS COAT: Two-button or three-button S.B. style with patch pockets. Lugano Fawn, Grey Mist, Charcoal, Blue Cool, Brown Cool or Admiral Blue with contrast sunburst squares. From 16 GNS.

THE TROUSERS: You'll enjoy special air-conditioned "no-cling" comfort in "Cool-Stream" trousers. Gunmetal, Green Cool, Brown Cool, Charcoal, Blue Cool, Fawn and Grey. From 17/12/6.

Anthony Squires Miracle WOOL Cool-Stream

New **WAFER-WEIGHT** wool cloth that made headlines in **World Press** last summer, now in sports and evening wear as well as suits

In temperatures of 80 to 108 deg. Cool-Stream clothes feel miraculously light and cool, keep shape perfectly

"Cool-Stream" clothes have so little actual weight and so many tiny open pores that it feels almost like having nothing on, to wear them. At temperatures over 100 degrees, life is pleasantly liveable and even on the clammiest days they stay crisp and fresh and newly-tailored looking. The secret is the pure Merino wool which has crease-resisting and shape retaining properties none of the synthetics have been able to imitate. Next time the men in your house speak of summer dress reform, tell them "Cool-Stream" is it!

THE SUIT: Two or three button S.B. styles, also D.B. Discreet self flecks in Brown Cool, Gunmetal, Blue Cool, Fawn. Also tracer dot in Mist Grey and eight popular plain shades. From 25 GNS.

THE CLOTHES THAT INHERIT 100 YEARS OF WEST END TAILORING TRADITION

OLYMPIC TRANSFER

● Our Needlework Department offers this special transfer to commemorate the Olympic Games year.

THE transfer illustrated on this page features Olympic symbols and a fascinating collection of Australian motifs.

The colorful blue-and-red motifs are easy to apply — you simply iron them on to pockets or lapels, ties, scarves, cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs, or household linens.

Children will adore the koala, kookaburra, and kangaroo motifs, so use them to decorate their clothes and nursery items.

The ironed-on motifs are color-fast, but should not be boiled for long.

This special transfer (No. F.P.307) measures 13in. by 5in. and costs 2/6 from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

The attractive linens illustrated also can be obtained from our Needlework Department.



No. 310: Send for this ready-to-make 36in. by 36in. tablecloth and decorate with iron-on transfer motifs. Available in white, pastel lemon, blue, or pink Cesarine. Finish with a plain hem or edge with bias binding (binding not supplied). Cloth and iron-on transfer sheet 8/9, plus 1/3 for registration and postage. 11in. x 11in. ready-to-make table napkins each 1/-. Postage 4d.



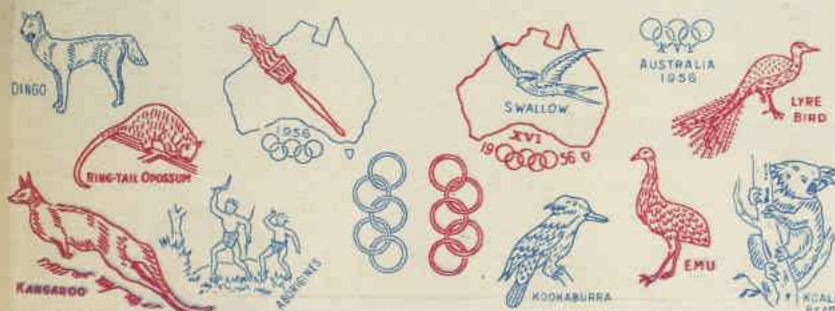
No. 308 (right). Ready-to-make huckaback guest towel, including iron-on transfer sheet, in white, green, pale blue, pink, or lemon. Each 17in. x 24in. ready-to-make towel has a traced, scalloped edge ready for finishing in crochet or hemstitching. Price 6/9, plus 1/3 for registered postage.



No. 309 (right). Ready-to-make 17in. x 17in. cushion cover in white, pastel lemon, blue, or pink British headcloth. Price 7/3, plus 1/3 for registered postage. Transfer sheet included.



No. 316 (left). Display your handkerchief with one of the Olympic Games transfer motifs. 11in. x 11in. linen 'kerchiefs with hemstitched edges available in white, blue, lemon, pink, or green for 1/9 each, plus 3d postage. Transfer sheet 2/6.



F.P.307. Iron-on Olympic Games transfer measures 13in. x 5in. and contains red and blue Olympic symbols and Australian bird and animal motifs. It costs 2/6 from our Needlework Department. Address your order for this transfer, also ready-to-make linens quoted above, to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956



No, worn and Lux-washed every day for 5 weeks!

CONGRATULATIONS for the clever girl, who has saved £.s.d. on her nylons by washing them in Lux after each day's wear.

YOU SEE THEM here: fine 15 denier nylons; smooth, unsnagged, glamorous as new — even after wearing and washing them every day for five whole weeks!

AS THE MANUFACTURERS of Rosslyn Hosiery say: "Harsh washing methods and bar-soap rubbing only weakens delicate threads. Nylons need the safe, washing care of Lux. Dip them in lukewarm Lux suds after every wearing and they'll keep their elasticity and stay lovely to wear months longer."

AND REMEMBER TOO, Lux keeps hands soft and smooth, which means added safety while handling nylons.



Boon for dishes too: For as little as a penny a day, you can wash-up the pleasant way — with Lux. And keep your hands soft, smooth and youthful!

and the makers of
ROSSLYN HOSIERY confirm —

"Wash nylons in Lux because it's so safe!"

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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Sept. 24

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck with the opposite sex. Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, light blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck lies in a task well done. Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a document. Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a happy ending. Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in an envelope. Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in business. Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in leadership. Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a still tongue. Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic experience. Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a good impression. Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck is in using your head. Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck comes with patience.	Pay strict attention to your relationships on the job. A harmonious atmosphere could help you to improve your standing and to find a more responsible niche. Find out whether there is anything worth while in new developments. Keep feelings out among those in authority. You might be in line for a coveted prize. You'll mix work and play happily this week. Tasks are fun and completed at high speed. Your leisure will bring profit. You're interested, that is half the battle. If a homemaker, these are your big moments. Domestic upheaval carries joy. Otherwise you take on a spare-time job that can be done at home easily and profitably. Either business or personal affairs require an extraordinary amount of running around. If in contact with the public, you will be going flat out. If hunting a job or anxious for better conditions, leave no stone unturned while favorable influences last. Watch advertisements. Be alert to telephone calls. You must assert yourself. Amiability will cause folks to think you are indifferent. It is essential for you to get your affairs on a sound and profitable basis. Be silent about hopes and fears. Work at them and perfect details, but do not discuss them until you are ready to make an important announcement. Save money. If in paid employment, you may move from one job to another. If a voluntary worker, you may retire. Work brings you in contact with the opposite sex. Any request to the boss is likely to be favorably received. You get rid of an annoying factor in your work. Otherwise there may be a small but welcome bonus. Improve skills now. Learn all you can about your work. There are many ways in which you can speed up and make a better showing, with consequent advantages. That savings campaign could work wonders if you give it a break. If you are out for big purchases you must be prepared to manage on less.	This week inclines towards family festivities. You may be obliged to handle conflicting personalities or boisterous younger guests liable to damage possessions. Home is a workshop. How to keep members of the household happily occupied without getting in one another's way could be a headache for some of you. The old familiar walls of home may bore you, and many of you seek other scenes for entertainment. If a parent, you'll shoo the children out of doors. If it's new living quarters or a matter of doiling up the old, you are determined not to waste a minute. You'll stick at it until you are satisfied with the finished result. Some look up the old home-stead and fit for the weekend. Others must be content with a day off. Information in regard to homecraft could arouse curiosity. As the home purchasing agent you have your work cut out for you. A shrewd shopper at any time, the bargain-hunter will not go unrewarded now. Minor changes express your own ideas at home. Expert advice is useful, but you must live with your choice. Good taste belongs to your sign. Have courage. Little secrets in the family over a birthday present or a party may cause whisperings behind doors. You will be the ringleader, piling up suggestions and plans. You should be renamed the persistent host or hostess. Your home is going to be a meeting-place for friends, neighbors, relatives, and even chance acquaintances. Your home may be the scene of a business discussion or a committee meeting. You may entertain a very important person. Be ready to make a good impression. Teenagers may be studying for examinations, hobbies may be going full swing, members of arts and crafts classes may be finishing their work. Be busy. A penny saved is a penny earned. Home dressmakers and milliners get applause for producing first-class results. Be willing to follow printed instructions carefully.	Love affairs blossom into engagements, engagements turn into marriage. Few will be wallflowers when the opposite sex. All, whether young or old, seek partners. Working together on a common project, you and the best-beloved may have little time for affection. Even if inclined to take each other for granted, you'll be happy. This is where you fall head over heels in love, particularly if a teenager. It could be the boy next door, the fascinating stranger, or a person you know slightly. Young marrieds find happiness within their own walls. Older folk enjoy domestic harmony. Some younger subjects may end a love affair and seek new interests. Those weekend and summer vacation plans could occupy conversations with the one you love best. Meanwhile, little journeys could hold a special attraction. You may blush when he speaks to you, even if only to talk about the weather. It is dawning on you that you've met the one and only. True love lies still in the future. This is no time for beating about the bush. The boy-friend comes straight out and expresses his sentiments. Give him a clear answer or you may regret it. Your sign takes love too seriously. If your best-beloved shows ordinary politeness to another, you imagine he is tired of you. A little independence would work wonders. An offer of marriage could come under the most unlikely circumstances, in a busy street, at a sporting fixture, when love is far from your thoughts. There could be a public announcement of your engagement or you may serve as attendant at a friend's wedding. Romance reaches a sudden climax. Some sacrifices over dates and social life may be demanded because of future examinations. Taking on a new job may require full attention. Love must wait. It looks as if a gift is on its way. Perhaps you choose it together or it may come as a complete surprise. If a surprise do show your appreciation.	Your popularity quotient is rising. Some of you are standing for office or founding a new society with clearly defined work ahead. Gather in all stragglers. Work behind the scenes, neither glamorous nor bringing much recognition, must be done by somebody. You're elected. Your reward will come later. You are out to throw your bonnet over the windmill and have fun. It may involve you in a bit of extravagance, but you won't care. Anyway, you've earned it. You either entertain casually at home or live alone and like it. Personal and private affairs may conflict with social appointments, so that you decline invitations. Little outings, a chance meeting with old friends, or a number of errands, partly business, partly pleasure, are the main emphasis for you for a little while. Perhaps you buy trophies for a club to which you belong or you help on the financial side in preparing for a fete. You will be practical in carrying out duties. Any link up with new individuals or a new group is under smiling stars. Branch out in social activities. You will then be able to choose what appeals to you. There will be a load off your mind over more than one problem. You will shortly move into a happier chapter, so clean the slate now of social obligations. Old friends rally around and new ones go out of their way to make you feel welcome. If you yearn to take on a new sport or pastime, this is the time. You're in the news, whether for winning a trophy or giving a party. Possibly you may be elected to office, or you put forward a scheme which captures the imagination. Most will be on wheels, rolling along the open road, perhaps caring little about the destination. Restlessness leads to new scenes, new people, and new activities. Some luxury you feel you shouldn't afford could warm the cockles of your heart. Some of you prefer the quiet pursuit of a hobby or a trip to the pictures.
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" — My new Austin A50
has something for all of us"

Young David is still showing off the Austin A50 Cambridge he advised his father to buy. David's mother is a good driver, but is content to leave what's under the bonnet to the men in her family. It's the deep comfort and real luxury of the A50's roomy interior that appeals to her and she appreciates, too, the clever design and careful attention to such details as the children's safety locks on the rear doors and the heater and demister — features she knows are usually only found on cars costing much more than the Austin A50. David's father finds he does not have to squeeze into the Cambridge, in fact he can walk in! He also knows the A50 averaged over 32 m.p.g. in road tests and that its eager acceleration, rock steady ride with sure steering and firmness around corners is the result of superb engineering. At only £935, plus sales tax, the whole family are satisfied they received full value for their money.



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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

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Todd's recipe for success

British film star Richard Todd, who made his first movie hit in "The Hasty Heart" in 1950, and lately scored big successes in "A Man Called Peter" and "The Dam Busters," says that he is a success because he always listens to good advice.

TODD is among the few British film actors who can claim to have achieved international fame without taking up permanent residence in Hollywood.

As well known to American and Continental cinema audiences as he is to Britain, he lives at Maidenhead, near London. I went there one afternoon recently to ask him how he had managed to retain his home in England and yet gain the wider recognition that has escaped so many of his colleagues.

I discovered him living in true film-star style at a magnificent house with a swimming-pool, tennis courts, a stable containing two racehorses, and a garage containing two cars—a sleek Bentley and a brand-new Morris estate wagon.

Todd himself opened the door of his house to me. Leading me past a reception committee of his pets (a Great Dane, three Corgis, a boxer, a bull-terrier, and a cat), he ushered me into a cosy parlor where Mrs. Todd, ex-actress Catherine Bogle, with their new-born daughter in her arms, and their small son joined us for tea.

Lucky offers

"THE fact is," Dickie (everybody calls him Dickie) began, "I've been luckier than most other British film actors from the start. I got off on the right foot when I played Lachie in 'The Hasty Heart,' not simply because it was a first-rate part, but because my co-stars, Ronald Reagan and Patricia Neal, were Americans. Their names ensured the film a wide showing in the States, and people over there began to ask questions about me.

"Then I was invited to go to Hollywood to make a picture. As it turned out, the picture was a pretty bad one, but it gave me the opportunity to familiarise myself with American production methods and meet influential American film people.

"One thing led to another; I was invited to make other films for Hollywood, and eventually I got a contract there to make a picture a year."

Todd is also still under contract to the Associated British Picture Corporation.

"I have the same sort of contract with them as with Hollywood," he said. "I give each company 15 weeks a year. The rest of the time I'm free to do as I choose. At present all my spare time is taken up

with the film production company I've formed with an American associate of mine.

"I hope to make my first film this year, if I can fit it in. But I already have a finger in several other pies."

I asked Todd how he became so popular with French audiences. Not many British actors are well known on the Continent.

"Early on in my career," he told me, "I went to the Continent to study the market, and was appalled by the lack of interest in British films and players. I realised that to achieve international status one must appear in American pictures, which, I discovered, could be relied upon to get a Continental showing no matter how mediocre.

"My American films were shown in Europe, so I gradually became a familiar figure to European audiences. I've been exceptionally fortunate in being able to make some U.S. films without wasting time going to Hollywood. One or two were made in England."

"As your association with Hollywood grows, will it be necessary for you to go and live in Hollywood?" I asked him.

"It is possible, but I shall not go unless I absolutely have to," he said.

"How did you first come to make films for France?" I asked.

"They're the result of the good relations I enjoy with French film producers. As I became better known on the Continent I resolved to hasten the process. I decided it would be a good idea to attend the film festival at Cannes, and meet Continental film-makers.

"I talked about it with other British actors and producers, asking them to go with me, but they took a dim view of festivals—said they didn't do any good at all. I took the opposite view.

"And am I glad I went along. That trip put me in touch with many people who've since been very helpful. Now I never miss a festival if I can help it.

By

R. QUILTER VINCENT

"At one festival I became friendly with the editor of an important French movie magazine, and since then he has given me no end of plugs—I number many of his readers among my fans.

"Then I got the idea of paying a public relations man—again out of my own pocket—to stay in Paris and write articles about me for the newspapers, keeping my name before the French public.

"This paid off, and I was offered parts in French movies—'Le Lit' ('The Bed') and 'Marie Antoinette.'"

"It seems to me," I said, "that though you've had some lucky breaks, you have been more than



RICHARD TODD, tweed-jacketed, with a pipe between his teeth and reading a copy of a sporting journal, is very much the country gentleman around his own luxurious home, which is at Maidenhead, near London.

usually successful because of your own efforts. You are quite a businessman."

Dickie shook his head. "I'm not really, you know. I have a certain business instinct, but that is about all. No, I think my success is due in large measure to the fact that time and again I've been given good, sound advice—and have taken it.

"It's true that I am never so sure of myself that I can just forge ahead without giving a hang about what other people think. It's this lack of confidence, if you care to call it that, which has, in the long run, proved profitable to me.

Studio faith

"ASSOCIATED British—bless 'em—have frequently given me advice about my career upon which I've acted with advantage. As a matter of fact, they gave me my first big break as Lachie in 'Hasty Heart.' I myself had doubts about my ability to get the Scottish dialect right, yet I went ahead and the film worked wonders for me."

Dickie got up and strolled about the room for a moment. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but frequently the parts I've had doubts about—from the point of view of their suitability for me, I mean—have turned out best for me.

"For example, I was advised to play in 'A Man Called Peter' against my better judgment. It was a hit.

"Again, when Walt Disney asked me to play Robin Hood and Rob Roy, I just couldn't see myself in the kind of parts that had so admirably suited big, blustering fellows like Errol Flynn. But Disney quietly talked me into the belief that they'd be good for me. As you know, both films were successful."

"Since you lack confidence, what made you take up acting in the first place?" I asked him.

"At first I didn't intend to become an actor. I wanted to be a playwright. It was the late Italia Conti who changed my mind. One day she said to me, 'How can you expect to write for the theatre when you know nothing of the mechanics of the theatre? Why don't you come and spend a year in study at my drama school?'"

"Again, I acted on sound advice and began to attend the Italia Conti dramatic classes. I showed some ability as an actor, so gave up writing to become an actor instead."

"I shouldn't think you've ever had any regrets, have you?" I asked, looking round the charming room.

Dickie smiled. "Don't run away with the idea that I paid for all this out of my professional earnings. This was bought with money I had left me.

"I'm only just able to keep a big place like this going because I live inexpensively. The only luxuries I have—two cars, for instance—are needed for my work. Most of the money I have left after tax is going into my new company. However, I hope to see a good return for it in due course."

I glanced across at Dickie's son, Peter, sitting on his mother's knee.

"I suppose you'll want him to join you in this company of yours one day?" I said.

Dickie shrugged. "I shan't try to persuade him to go into the film business if he doesn't want to. But if he does I'll help him all I can."

The thought entered my mind: young Peter could do worse than follow advice. Look what it's done for his father!



FAMILY GROUP. Richard Todd and his son, Peter, visit young Mrs. Todd after the birth of their daughter, Fiona. The Todds first met when they were both with the Dundee Repertory Company.

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WAR DRAMA



1 G.I.s Dave (Wendell Corey), left, and Willie (Mickey Rooney), centre, persuade a local beauty named Fiamma, who hates the men because of her own destitute family, to make a play for Preacher. To their surprise, the pair straightway fall in love.

THE BOLD AND THE BRAVE



2 IN A CAFE, Preacher (Don Taylor), left, and Fiamma (Nicole Maurey), tell Dave of their plan to marry after the war. However, their happiness is short-lived when the truth about Fiamma's life is revealed to her new fiancé by a loud-mouthed soldier.

★ Set in Italy during the war campaign of 1944 and filmed in SuperScope, "The Bold and the Brave" (R.K.O.) combines the exploits in action of an infantry patrol of fresh troops, with probing character studies of three of the men in the patrol. They are Dave Fairchild (Wendell Corey), who fears that he is a coward; Willie Dooley (Mickey Rooney), a crap-shooting private who loves money; and Sgt. Ewald Woolaston (Don Taylor), who is known as Preacher. Preacher suspects everyone's motives.

These three conflicts of bravery, greed, and love are resolved in action. Dooley dies while trying to protect his money, and Preacher gets a new slant on people. Dave works out his problem of courage.



3 FINAL APPEAL of Fiamma for a reconciliation with Preacher just before his unit leaves is a failure. She begs for understanding and forgiveness, but the embittered man, feeling that he has been tricked, rebuffs her in front of Dave.



4 FANTASTIC crap game on the last day of leave nets Willie a fortune, and his greed for money is revealed. Before he can turn the money over to the clerk the unit goes into action and Willie is ordered to burn or bury the money.



5 ADVANCE led by a hostile Preacher is disastrous. Many lives are lost and Dave taunts Preacher with failure as a man and a soldier. Willie dies trying to save the money he stuffed into his clothes, and Preacher is badly wounded.



6 COURAGE of a man blind with rage inspires Dave to knock out an enemy tank, to collect Willie's money for his widow, and then to carry Preacher all the way back to camp because he simply cannot bring himself to leave him there.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956

CRAWFORD—she still slays them

Her London visit is a royal progress

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

It's not enough to say, baldly, that Joan Crawford has arrived in England. The queen of a great Hollywood dynasty does not merely arrive.

Rather, Joan Crawford has berthed in England—like a majestically gorgeous liner, wreathed in romantic mists, recalling her great yesterdays, yet still very much a great queen today.

STEERED by her multi-millionaire husband, Joan Crawford has been busily discharging a cargo of 208 dresses from a flotilla of trunks into her suite at the Dorchester.

The eye became bored with counting the trunks and cases, but to give you an idea, there's a special trunk just for her make-up and her vitamin pills. And another for her furs; only one trunk of those, because it's high summer.

There is, of course, a case for her jewels, though she hasn't brought them all. Only her working-in-Europe ones.

A railway pullman had been hired and tacked on to the boat-train to convey an escorting covey of newspapermen to London with her. She moved among them, regal, charming, distributing pats on the head, a brilliant smile for this one, a cheek delicately tendered for that one to kiss, sitting herself down with sudden, swooping grace to talk to another, while a cinema camera dogged her every move.

I met her in London's Cafe Royal. She swept in, ablaze in a flame-colored, close-fitting summer dress and flame-colored hat, flat, wide-brimmed, and Spanish-looking. Under it her hair was orange-red. One or two large freckles showed, but then the brilliant smile snapped on like somebody opening a concert piano, and the Crawford eyes blazed magnetically, and you forgot about the freckles.

If Crawford is 49, I'm going to start on vitamin pills, too.

She is here to make her seventy-third film. And she is putting as much dynamic verve into it as if it were her first role.

"Age, age, age—why are you all so intrigued by age?" she asks, and her eyes register gigantic astonishment. "Now let's talk about something else!"

Behind her her grey-haired fourth husband, Alfred Steele, smiles benignly and sips at a soft drink. He is boss of the £110,000,000 Pepsi-Cola Company, and he evidently believes in the product.

Says Mr. Steele quietly: "I married a lady. People say, 'Oh, what you must go

through, in being married to a movie star."

"But, gee, I don't know what they mean. Go through? I go through nothing. I'm married to Joan and I love her. She is calm, sensitive, nice—and, well, we're just married folks."

The film Joan has come to England to make is a screen version of "The Story of Esther Costello," the novel by Nicholas Monsarrat, who wrote the best-selling "The Cruel Sea." It is characteristic of her expert choice of a role—always the predominant one in any film she plays. In a Crawford film, she is the film. In London she has taken up her headquarters in the famous Oliver Messel suite in the Dorchester Hotel.

The phone rings constantly. It is 23 years since Joan was last in Britain, but her friends are international, and include a couple of her former husbands. Like Douglas Fairbanks, junior.

"Everybody asks me if I'm going to see Doug while I'm here. Of course I am! Why not? We're still friends. I had a note when I arrived from his wife, Mary Lou."

When she was asked about her previous marriages, Joan cracked back: "They were right at the time."

"But I never knew marriage could be so wonderful. After 15 months as Mrs. Steele I'm still ecstatically happy!" And she honestly looks it.



ARRIVING at Paddington Station from America, Cynthia, who is the taller, and Cathy, the 9-year-old twin daughters of Joan Crawford, get a warm welcome from the family.



HOLLYWOOD STAR Joan Crawford with her wealthy husband, Alfred Steele, in London. The couple arrived aboard the U.S. Lines' flagship, United States. Joan, who received an ovation, is visiting Britain to make her first film there, "The Story of Esther Costello."

The only cloud shadowing the beginning of her stay in Britain was that she missed her four adopted children, Christina, Christopher, Cathy, and Cynthia.

The twins, Cathy and Cynthia, joined the Steeles in London about a week later.

Even Joan's three dogs' names begin with C.

"Chiffon, my favorite poodle, is a darling. My dear, I cried for three whole days when I discovered I couldn't bring her with me!"

"I suppose I spoil them, but they're adorable. The other poodle, Clicquot, has a cute black collar for the evenings, studded with rhinestones to match a belt I wear. They should eat horse meat, but I let them have chicken."

"And they just adore caviare. But they don't get that too often."

Talking to Joan Crawford

is bewildering in a dozen ways. One is swamped by the vitality, mesmerised by the eyes, fascinated by the piano-size smile, and staggered by whatever comes next.

For instance: "Oh, yes, it's true—I often do the scrubbing in my own home."

Why?

"Well, I have to get rid of the energy some way."

I believe her. Her husband is another witness to the incredible Crawford vitality. "The energy that woman puts into her acting! Gee, it'd kill an ordinary woman! Why, I've seen directors and cameramen actually cry when she's doing an emotional scene."

"I cry myself. She's wonderful!"

Admires Gable

JOAN CRAWFORD has lasted longer at the top than any other of the Hollywood great except Clark Gable. She says of him: "He's still my favorite. There's still only one—the king himself—Clark Gable. No one today has that excitement, not even Brando."

Joan gathers in nearly a quarter-million dollars for each picture she makes. The money must by now be relatively meaningless. There is another reason for her carrying on.

"Boy, I do it just because I'm film-struck, that's all. But if any film is going to take me away from Alfred I'll chuck the whole thing!"

She looks fondly across at him, and those great eyes sparkle brilliantly.

Pardon me, it's time for my vitamin pills.

For film reviews see page 61

Star's new baby



RADIANT mother Olivia de Havilland and proud father Pierre Galante hold their newly born daughter, Gisele Titane. Olivia has a son, Ben, by a previous marriage. He is seven years old.

★ Hollywood film star Olivia de Havilland, who is 40 years old, gave birth to a 6lb. 7oz. daughter, Gisele Titane, on July 18 at a Paris nursing home. These pictures of Olivia, her husband, Pierre Galante, who is French, and the newcomer were taken there soon after the baby arrived.



IN A ROOM banked high with flowers and piled thick with telegrams the Galante family pose happily. Look closely and Mademoiselle Galante even seems to be smiling—or is she yawning?



VISITING his new daughter at the clinic where she was born, papa Galante, who is a leading French journalist, looks pleased with the view that he sees through the window of the nursery.

Film Fun Zone

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Marilyn's new rom



In "Bus Stop," a widescreen comedy from Broadway, Marilyn Monroe plays a minor nightclub singer out West who is wooed by a virile young cowboy. He mistakenly believes she is engaged to be married and virtually kidnaps the showgirl and the bus which takes them north towards Montana. The comedy develops along the way. Marilyn made this film while she was in London and returned to Hollywood after a fourteen-month tour.



ON THE RUN from Bo, a persistent cowboy admirer who is determined to marry her, showgirl Cherie (Marilyn Monroe) causes a mild sensation when she turns up in costume to buy a bus ticket out of town.

LEFT. Sweet talk by Bo (Don Murray) fails to cheer Cherie. In this scene, enacted in a way-side cafe, the bus passengers disembark and learn that snow has blocked the roadway ahead.



NEWCOMER Don Murray is a lithe and athletic-looking Broadway actor turned cowboy in "Bus Stop." As Bo, the brash and likeable young cowpuncher of the story, he tries his hand at bullfighting at rodeo ground in Phoenix, Arizona, where the film was shot.



MARILYN in a key scene from "Bus Stop." In a scanty and revealing costume, her décolletage camouflaged with the handkerchief ordered by censorship, Marilyn sings "That Old Black Magic."

romantic comedy

away, Marilyn
who is pursued
that they are
girl aboard a
their courtship
when she
th "strike."



THEY'RE TOUGH IN THE WEST. An attempt by Bo (Murray) to drag Cherie back to the bus and push her aboard when she tries to make a getaway sparks a showdown in which Bo is taught a lesson in manners by Carl, the bus driver (Robert Bray), and Virgil (Arthur O'Connell), an older cowboy friend of Bo.



LEFT. Pin-up of Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray. Fox's CinemaScope version of the Broadway hit comedy "Bus Stop" also features Betty Field and Arthur O'Connell in its cast.

ABOVE. Bo happily invades Cherie's room in her cheap rooming-house to remind her it is their wedding day, but Cherie tells him she has no intention of being married to him.

it was evening and she was sitting in a dim little restaurant with Bill Vogt.

He undoubtedly was a little amazed to be there himself. Bill Vogt was as charming as Charles Boyer with his toupee on. He had broad shoulders and dark hair—and a reputation as long as a giraffe's neck. If you dated Bill Vogt your reputation was not destroyed immediately, but your stock soared promptly with those gentlemen who appreciated fast women. A gossip dossier on Bill Vogt would have read: He plays for keeps.

He was some kind of junior executive, Marcia knew, and he had telephoned her at her office six times in the past six months. "I'm sorry," she had said each time, "but I'll be busy."

Her tone of voice had always discouraged him, and he had hung up and sighed philosophically and thought: Well, that's that. But always, in a few weeks, he had tried again.

And this morning when he had called her she'd said, "That would be nice. Where shall I meet you, and when?" He had scarcely been able to believe it.

"Look," he said now, "I'm not actually that good a sailor, and besides, it always frustrates me to talk about sailing. I get mad because I can't go right out and sail. So let's talk of something else. Let's talk of you," he said brightly.

"Little old me?" she asked. He grinned. "We ought to have a tape recording of this," he said.

He lighted two cigarettes at once, just like Paul Henreid in "Now, Voyager," and, surprisingly enough, didn't look like a fool. He gave one to her and smiled. "Where do you come from and what kind of girl are you?" he said.

"I'm from Hoboken, New Jersey, and if you find out what kind of girl I am, I wish you'd tell me."

"Nobody is from Hoboken."

"Frank Sinatra and me."

"If you say so. After Hoboken, what?"

"Well, after college I moved to New York. That was five

Continuing

years ago. In the interim, aside from falling in love with Manhattan and never wanting to live anywhere else, nothing much happened to me."

He looked at her carefully. "Who else have you fallen in love with?" he said. "What was he like—or they?"

"Those are pretty personal questions," she said, "and if I didn't know you so well, I might answer them. As it is, I'll smile and say nothing."

He looked at her steadily. "I envy the guy, or guys," he said.

The first step, she said to herself. The early earmarks of The Line: a man who's been loved by you is the most fortunate of men.

"Where did I meet you, anyway?" she asked. "I've been trying to remember."

"Henry Jamison's cocktail party," he said. "I was standing there—"

"—with tall, slender, very glamorous brunette on arm."

"She was my first cousin by marriage. Anyway, I saw you come in with some dumpy little woman in a suit—"

"That's my boss. She's wonderful."

"So she's the most wonderful woman in the world—she's still dumpy. I sidled past her and I asked you if I could borrow a match."

"Like fun you did," she said, laughing. "I remember. You asked if I'd like a cigar."

"It's my acid test for good-looking women. If they take the cigar, they become suspect and my interest cools."

"But not much."

He laughed. "It depends to some extent on exactly how good-looking they are," he said. "What's one little cigar between friends if a girl looks like Marilyn Monroe?"

"Well, I didn't take the cigar, I remember."

"You could have," he said. "It wouldn't have stopped me."

He leaned back appraisingly, took a deep drag on his cigarette, and nodded sagely.

"If I hadn't had to take my

A Good Girl, Alas!

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first cousin by marriage home after that party, I would have brought you a fistful of cigars and taken you to a front-row table in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf, to show you off."

"How'd you make out with the cousin?" she asked.

He laughed again. "All I can remember about later that night was that she kept saying, 'You don't love me. You don't want to marry me.'"

He shook his head. "She was very close to being exactly right."

"So what did you do?"

"I ran. For my life."

You can always tell, she thought. Men like Bill Vogt, at least here in New York, just don't want any part of marriage. They want a pretty girl across the table from them and they want, when the time comes, to say: I love you, darling, only you. The others—they've meant nothing.

And two months or six months later the girl says tearfully, Don't you want my love? And the men like Bill Vogt just stare coldly ahead and say, No—not when it's handed to me on a platter.

"I like you, Bill Vogt," she said. "You're no good, of course, but I like being with you and I'm glad I came."

True or false? she thought.

"You speak in the language of the birds," he said.

They finished dinner early. It was only a little after eight when they left the restaurant.

There were fashionable apartment buildings on the street and a couple of charming old brown-stone houses, and many windows were lighted.

Behind the expensive draperies, Marcia knew, men were sitting in easy chairs, the heady aroma of pipe smoke making their women happy whenever they came into the room; and other men were saying, "Damn it, Francie, how do you get this hangover into this shirt, anyway?" and smiling females were shaking their heads and saying, "Hold still, will you? I'll do it." Suddenly, and desperately, Marcia wanted to smell pipe smoke and fix a shirt-stud herself.

"We ought to dance," Bill said.

"Yes."

"Now this will take a great deal of understanding on your part," he said, "but I am going to suggest that we go to the Roosevelt Grill."

In the taxicab to the Roosevelt Grill was pleasantly gloomy, and as they danced Marcia Moore forgot everything. Dancing was like that with her.

The orchestra played some of the old songs, and a couple of times he smiled and said, "Hey, remember that one?" They even played "Love for Sale," and Marcia Moore, girl wanton, never even batted an eyelash.

It was just past eleven when they left and went out on to 45th Street. "Walk a little?" Bill asked, and she nodded.

Arm in arm they strolled down to the corner of Madison Avenue and then turned south.

He looked sideways at her. "Where do you live?" he said, "and with whom and how? Translated, that means: Do you have your own apartment?"

"Yes, I do," she said, and for the life of her she couldn't think of anything to add to that flat statement.

"So do I," he said. "It's right off Bryant Park on West 40th Street. Used to be an artist's studio. Come there with me?"

A little subtlety, please, she thought. Not like that. Not so blunt. She felt almost cheated. I could even stand etchings, she said to herself, but not just. Come to my apartment.

"You don't give any good reasons," she said.

"I have the best. Three-quarters of a cold roast turkey. He weighed eleven pounds when the axe fell, and he has

the world's finest chestnut stuffing."

"You cook?"

"Like most men, better than most women," he said and smiled warmly at her. "I wish you would come. I'm hungry, and I also would like very much to show off my turkey to you. He's got a shape like that wonderful boss of yours."

"Well," she said, "lead on, Macduff." And she thought: So this is the way it's done.

In all her twenty-six years Marcia Moore never had gone to a man's apartment. She knew that sometimes women went to men's apartments and everything was aboveboard and correct—but those were women who were masters of their fate. For them, maybe it was all right. Somehow, for her, it hadn't been right—until now.

But whether it was right or wrong wasn't the issue this time. She'd made her decision—and if there was any kind of girl Marcia Moore liked less than a promiscuous girl, it was a girl who talked one set of standards and practised another.

She felt furtive and a little foolish going up to the fourth floor with Bill Vogt, past the doorman and the elevator operator. She saw them looking sideways at her.

They had labelled her, just like that, she thought, but it didn't matter. Soon she would be labelling herself.

It was a nice apartment. There was a small kitchen and a medium-sized living-room with dark purple walls and light modern furniture. There was a room shut off by french windows that evidently was the bedroom; and in the front, facing the park, was a huge comfortable-looking room.

There was a big easy chair, a coffee table piled with magazines and books, a wall covered with bookshelves, a huge artist's easel off in one corner, and, covering half the floor, a set of model-train equipment.

Her surprise showed in her face, and he grinned. "I thought about a month ago I should get myself a good hobby."

"I didn't think you had time for a hobby."

"No comment. Anyway, those baby railroads are not for me. I ran them around a few times and that did it. Some men can sit for hours, switching the cars from one track to another. I just don't have the mentality."

He asked her to sit down, took her coat into the bedroom, and went into the kitchen. In a few moments he was back, looking triumphant, carrying a tray in one hand and two glasses of beer in the other. "Sandwiches made to your order, madam," he said. He smiled at her appreciatively. "You have beautiful shoulders," he said. "I can't say that about more than three other women I know."

She felt momentarily uneasy, but she tried to look pleased and reached for a turkey sandwich and a glass of beer. He stood over her for a moment, looking at her steadily. Then he went over to the phonograph and put on a stack of records. When he came back to her divan he sat down on the floor in front of her, with his back against it, so that she had to shift her legs to give him room.

"I can only see the back of your head," she said. And she thought: It's a nice back of the head. Oh, you low, charming rat—why couldn't you have character?

"I don't have to look at you," he said. "I can remember every crow's foot. When I too long have looked upon your face, wherein for me a brightness unobscured . . ."

"That's familiar."

"Millyay."

"That's the schoolgirl's delight," she said, and then hated herself for having said it. It was just that she felt the sudden need for slowing him down, for putting off crises.

"She was a romantic," he said, without turning to look at her. "There's nothing wrong with that. Romanics put this world—the best parts of it—together."

"Aren't romantics old-fashioned?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 26, 1956

Continuing . . .

she asked, in a small voice. "With the saloon set of the upper classes, possibly," he said. "But that's like Oscar Wilde looking down his nose at Shakespeare."

They sat there for a few moments, not talking. He reached up behind him for her hand and she let him take it. He had a fine hand, and he held hers firmly yet tenderly. He wasn't smoking a pipe and he had no studs to adjust, but the end result, she decided, was about the same.

Suddenly she was making a fervent, silent wish: Let this moment, this feeling, never end. Don't let it go ahead and end up with tears on my pillow—but don't let it close up, either, and return me to the emptiness of before.

The whole business threw Marcia Moore for a complete loss, and suddenly she bent her head swiftly and laid her cheek on the top of his head. "I'm sorry," she said, "but there's just something about this particular moment, and the park through the windows, and me walking down the corridors of time and all that. It's probably opium in the turkey or something. I'll be myself in a moment."

"Stay there," he said. His hand held hers more tightly.

He reached out one leg, twisted his foot carefully around the light cord of the big blue-shaded lamp that lighted the room, and yanked. The light went out and they sat there in semi-darkness, with the moonlight coming in through the windows and glinting on the toy trains on the floor. She didn't take her cheek from his hair, but she must have moved a little, in fright or caution.

"If a girl is moral or immoral, one or the other," he said, still not looking up, "it doesn't make much difference whether the light is on or off. Does it?"

"No." Her voice was very far away.

So they sat there, the curtains rustling faintly in the spring night and the light of the moon spangling the setting, and memory washing into every corner of the room. No hourglass, no clock, no time machine has been invented that will tell accurately the length of a moment like that.

It is as long as a school day to a restless boy of eleven, as short as the turning of a page. The man who finds a way of bottling such a moment will be a billionaire before nightfall. Since no one has found a way, these moments end, and have ended since the dawn of time, suddenly, often explosively.

Bill Vogt leaped to his feet and then turned and pulled her up with him. For a second he looked at her, and then he brought her close to him and kissed her. She kissed him back.

It was wonderful, it was great, it was unstoppable. It was easy. Because the human mind never stops working, even when one has given oneself over completely to emotion, Marcia Moore thought to herself: I bet I love him.

And then, as suddenly as the kiss had begun, it ended; he drew away from her a little and held her tenderly by the shoulders and looked at her. The look confused and tortured her; it seemed a look of love and honest, true emotion, and yet she knew it couldn't be.

He was just a voice on the telephone, a handsome young man who had danced with her, a carver of cold turkey, a man bored with toy trains. And he was a wolf.

She looked up at him, lips parted a little, eyes wide—Marcia Moore, girl wanton, in chaos. And then he had gone, walking across the floor to the

A Good Girl, Alas!

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french windows of the bedroom, opening them and going inside.

Her breath stopped within her as she watched him go, and then her hand went to her breast and she let out a little bleat. This time, abruptly, time did stand still.

No, I just cannot, she said to herself. Honor, integrity, shame, pride—I leave them all behind, here in this lovely, lovely room. It's spring and I am twenty-six and it's true. I am walking forlornly down the corridors of time, but I cannot be immoral. Not for anything; not for five million dollars, nor, more important, not for this man.

She stood there, looking at the french windows. This is the wonderful man who could make me alive for the rest of my days, she thought. But not even for this man. I am the way I am, and I cannot change. I am the saddest, purest, most complex kind of person on this earth, a Good Girl.

And, softly, swiftly, she took her handbag from the little end table by the easy chair, half walked, half trotted out of the room, through the little corridor to the living-room, out the doorway to the hall outside and down the stairs, two at a time. The tears began as she went down the stair-

Love is based upon a view of women that is impossible to any man who has had any experience of them.

— H. L. Mencken

way, and when she swept past the doorman and got out she was sobbing.

And so of course she did not hear what Bill Vogt said as he came out of the bedroom, carrying her coat and holding it up for her to slip into. "Here, go home," he said gently, before he realised she was gone.

He stopped and looked around the room, but there were only the curtains stirring slightly in the soft breeze and the moonlight on the floor and, outside, the young lovers walking slowly through the park in the New York night.

Leffler and Smith's was an impersonal barn of a store. On the mezzanine balcony were the glass-enclosed offices of the advertising department, and it was in one of these that Marcia Moore spent the long, empty day after her date with Bill Vogt.

She accomplished almost nothing, and when closing time came she went downstairs and out on to the street in a daze. Shoppers and office workers were filling the buses, crowding the streets.

She walked through the crowds slowly, crossed Herald Square when the lights were with her, and then walked north a block to 35th Street. She ended up walking all the way home.

And it was there, in front of her building, that she saw him again. He was perched on the wrought-iron fence that technically blocked the sidewalk flowers from the curious grasp of small boys, and he was looking at her steadily as she walked towards him.

Finally she stood beside him. When he spoke, his voice was soft and his smile was warm and full. "For nature made her what she is, and ne'er made sic anither," he said. "Robert Burns had you in mind."

She found her tongue finally, "You don't want to see me," she said.

He grinned and said, "Oh, no. I came to see your dog."

"I haven't got a dog."

"Every woman should have a dog. A dog and a man, in that order."

"I can get a dog any time," she said.

He got slowly to his feet and stood looking down at her. "You can get this man any time, too," he said. "Any time except Wednesday nights. I play poker then."

She looked at him and then turned away, looking across the street at a half-finished new apartment building.

"I don't see how you can still talk to me after last night," she said, "but even if you want to—I'm just not a Bill Vogt-type girl. I wish I were, very much. But I'm not, and there it is."

He took a deep breath. "If you mean you're not the type of girl I'm supposed to enjoy during my Bacchanalian revels and my assorted orgies," he said, "no, you're not." He turned her around to him slowly. "You're a gossip."

She shook her head.

"You listen to gossip," he said. "It's about the same." He took a small leather-bound address book from the pocket of his tweed jacket and tossed it into the gutter. "I'll run down the list and give you, from memory, a complete account of all the girls I've known. They have been many. Most of them were pretty, several of them downright beautiful, and there wasn't one among them that didn't have good ankles."

He smiled at her. "The ones I have ruined and subsequently forced into white slavery are very few indeed. You might even say non-existent."

"Isn't there fire where there's smoke?" she said.

"No. That's one of the great myths of our time. You'd be surprised how men in this town are getting by on their evil, sinful—and very false—reputations. A lot of them would run down the street if a woman of the world made the slightest overture towards them."

"Well, then," she said slowly, "why all the girls? Why the smoke?"

He came closer to her then, and put his arms around her, making the evening a tremendous success for Babbie White, who was seventy-two and spent her days peering out of the windows of her ground-floor apartment.

"I've been looking," he said.

"Just looking. Every man looks, for just as long as he can, to see if just maybe the right one will come along."

Marcia looked at him.

"And?"

"Maybe she has," he said.

"You're not disappointed or angry because I ran out last night?"

"I suspect strongly I would have been disappointed if you had wanted to stay," he said.

She laid her head gently on his shoulder. "I'm crazy, I guess," she said. "I'm probably so neurotic you'll run screaming from me to a head-doctor inside of a week. And I'm honest, too—maybe too honest for my own good."

"No, no," he said. "I'm the one to make an honest woman of you."

She smiled up at him. "You're a fast worker," she said admiringly. "I love fast workers."

"So do I," he said. "Since I couldn't eat lunch today, will you take me inside and scramble me a fast egg?"

She took his arm and led him toward the door; then, just before they went inside, she reached up and kissed him on the cheek. "Maybe she has," she echoed happily. "Maybe she has."

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a stupid old woman who likes color and life and opulence and who means to be kind."

Cressida felt tears burning her eyelids. She longed to put a protecting arm round the tired old body weighed down in its opulence and to bring back the humor and sparkle to the magnificent eyes. Who could not love Arabia for her very warm-hearted impulsive craziness?

"Of course! Of course I do!" she answered with the utmost sincerity.

There was an audible sigh from within. Arabia's voice was little more than a whisper.

"Then it will be worth it, after all."

At the moment, later in the night, that Cressida suddenly remembered Jeremy's unexpected kiss after her fall — and it had certainly not been the kiss one would give a hurt child — she heard the sound outside her door.

The luminous face of her clock showed one o'clock, more than three hours since the party had broken up. Without allowing herself time to be afraid, she got out of bed, wrapped her dressing-gown round her, and opened her door so quickly that the person leaning against it half fell into her room.

She gave a stifled cry, and looked into the smiling and unrepentant face of Jeremy.

"What on earth—" she began.

He had a sketching board in his hand. His face was drawn and lined with weariness, his hair a tousled mass. At his feet Mimosa stretched, sound asleep.

"Mimosa and I are completing our trip to Paris," he explained. "We're just in the act of descending the Eiffel Tower. Mimosa is a little nervous, but I find the atmosphere quite irresistible."

His sparkling eyes looked into hers. It was as if—no, he couldn't be so confident—that kiss begun on the stairs was to be completed here and now.

"But why here?" she exclaimed. "In this draughty cold hall and you scarcely out of bed after flu. And it's long past midnight. Is everyone in this house mad?"

"No," he said slowly. "Only cautious."

"Jeremy—" Her eyes questioned him.

"Last night you looked after me. Tonight I look after you."

"You're not spending the night out here! Not just because of a few jokes being played on me."

"Your sense of humor is keener than Mimosa's. He didn't think that tin on his tail was particularly funny."

"Then you don't think that children in the street—"

"I haven't noticed any children in this street. Have you? Particularly not ones who would still be up and playing outside at ten o'clock on a dark foggy night."

Cressida met his eyes.

"I'm not really as dumb as you think. There are just—some things—that I haven't let myself believe."

"So there are," said Jeremy soothingly. "And one is that I actually like working here late at night. I'm getting on very well, so please don't disturb me again. Go back to bed and get some sleep."

"If you must do this—wouldn't you be more comfortable in my living-room?"

His eyebrow went up.

"Would Tom approve?"

"Oh, bother Tom!"

He made no comment, but the smile spread from his lips into his eyes. He followed her into the room and spread his board on the table. Then he picked up Mimosa, who obligingly allowed himself to be posed on the table beside the bowl of roses.

"Excellent," he said. "Now we'll complete our descent of the Eiffel Tower and dine at

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

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Fouquets. You go back to bed. This has nothing to do with you."

Cressida yawned.

"I'm too sleepy to worry any more. And, anyway, Arabia admitted all those things tonight. So there's no mystery left. I suppose I should hate her, an eccentric, twisted old woman. But I don't. I still think she's wonderful, and I intend to stay and look after her, and I couldn't be less interested in her money, even if she has any, which I doubt. Most of her jewels are false. They must be, or she would keep them in a vault."

"Go to sleep," said Jeremy. "Mimosa and I may take you to Paris with us next time."

Cressida, in the next room, climbed tiredly into bed.

"Not the Eiffel Tower. Too exhausting," she murmured.

"No, the Bois de Boulogne, and Fontainebleau. In the spring. A room that looks over the Seine and Notre Dame. Tulips and real mimosa. Coffee and croissants, and the shops in the Rue de la Paix. The gardens of the Tuileries, or perhaps, like Mimosa, you prefer the fountains in the Place de la Concorde?"

But Cressida, smiling faintly, was asleep.

Upstairs Arabia, although she lay in her bed with Ahmed perched in his usual place on the bedpost, was not asleep. She knew that she would not

thing. She would play it to the end.

Whatever the end was . . . Was that a sound she heard? A creeping, a whispered voice in the next room? Arabia started up. She listened intently. No, there was nothing. The lights flooded into every corner. There were no shadows.

Oh, it was too bad the party had been spoilt tonight, too bad! It had been such a gay and happy party. One had thought all the ghosts had been laid.

But now she knew they were never to be laid . . .

Cressida awakened to find Miss Glory standing over her with her early morning tea.

"Does Mr. Winter want tea, too?" she asked in her flat voice.

Cressida started up, suddenly wanting to laugh. The room was full of grey foggy light, and Miss Glory's face looked longer and more lacking in humor than ever, but still laughter, like sunlight, bubbled up inside her.

"Is he still out there?" she asked.

"He's asleep in a chair."

"Oh, poor Jeremy! He had an absurd idea last night that I needed a watch dog."

She expected Miss Glory to



sleep that night. The only thing was to pass the hours of darkness as comfortably as possible. If she kept all the lights burning, both in her bedroom and in the living-room, a little of her confidence and courage would return. She would not be just a frail old woman trembling in the dark, ashamed of her cowardice.

Ahmed did not like the lights and ruffled his feathers resentfully. In the living-room the several lamps in their brightly colored ruffled, pleated, and tasselled shades glowed with a festive air. In their gaiety they were not unlike the great handfuls of jewels which Arabia had flung on to her dressing-table.

She had always loved color and glitter. Even in her youth, when her face and body were magnificent enough to need no decoration, she had liked colored scarves and heavy jewellery. In later years Lucy used to laugh at her and begged her to leave off one bracelet or one rove of pearls. Those were the young and tender spring days when Lucy still laughed.

Now she could cover all her wrinkles and sagging flesh, weigh herself down with glittering stones, produce a brave defiance against the ravages of age, and there was no one to laugh at her, tolerantly or otherwise.

But she was wrong. There was Cressida now. Cressida brought warmth into her heart again, she was lovely and gay and kind and sincere. Oh, there was no doubting her sincerity. So the game was worth playing in spite of every-

be completely sceptical of this explanation, and the coy girl-like look which Mr. Moretti aroused in her to come over her face. Surprisingly enough, Miss Glory remained quite solemn.

"He may have been right, at that," she said, and flapped off to the door.

Presently she came back and put a cup and saucer down clatteringly on the table in the other room. The noise must have woken Jeremy, for Miss Glory remarked casually:

"And about time, too. It's after eight o'clock," as if Jeremy's presence there were the most natural thing in the world.

Jeremy appeared briefly at Cressida's door.

"I'm terribly sorry, I went to sleep. I should have been out of here before daylight."

"I shouldn't think in this house it matters what happens," Cressida said. She still felt gay and light-hearted, last night's events a mere fantasy that did not exist by daylight.

"Nothing did happen," Jeremy said, somewhat cryptically. "There's a letter from Tom. Do you want it now?"

"Not until after breakfast."

"Wise girl. Save your strength."

"What for?"

"To say no."

Cressida knew she should be angry with him—a wakeful night seemed to have increased his impudence—but it was so pleasant to be light-hearted, to forget her fears and perplexities, and behave as if it were quite normal for a young man with a mocking face and

dark untidy hair to be looking in her bedroom door.

Last night he had talked of Paris, she remembered. And last night, from fear or relief, or simply the unexpected opportunity, he had kissed her.

"I'm going now," he said. "I shall expect you to dinner, and then a sitting for me to-night."

Tonight—was life going on as normally as that? Cressida thought of Arabia stubbornly locked in her room, of the constant mysterious happenings, of Jeremy's own fears for her safety last night. But after all what could happen today? She would be safely working in Mr. Mullins' shop, she would have lunch at the cafe round the corner, she would not visit churches or cemeteries or do anything at all that may be distressing or unsafe.

She would even come home before dark. Today she would leave Lucy's story strictly alone. Like Arabia, she would play the ostrich game of putting her head in the sand.

That way, what was there to stop her from eating dinner with Jeremy in the basement room that was becoming a familiar refuge?

"All right," she said. "I'll come."

Before she left for work, however, she ran upstairs and tapped at Arabia's door. Arabia surely could not still be indulging in the whim that led her to lock herself in her room.

"Who is it?" Once more there was the cautious query.

"It's Cressida again. Please open the door. I want to say thank you, for the lovely party last night."

"That's all right, my dear. I'm glad you liked it." The voice was infinitely weary. At last it sounded its seventy-five years and more.

"Arabia, are you ill?"

"No, dear. Only very tired."

"But why have you locked your door?"

"Because it's safer, of course," Arabia's voice was suddenly tart, as if she were impatient with the slowness of Cressida's perception.

"Arabia—aren't you imagining something? No one's going to hurt you. After all—(After all, it's you who has been doing the hurting, you've admitted it yourself, she wanted to say.)

"You don't know what you're talking about," the old lady retorted with something of her former fire and vitality. "Oh, I hate this house, I hate it! If only I had a camel, sand dunes, the desert wind, oh, I'd ride for dear life . . ." Her voice died away as she moved from the door and out of hearing.

Cressida turned away slowly. She encountered Miss Glory with a breakfast tray on the stairs.

"Oh, Miss Glory, what's the matter with Mrs. Bolton?" she cried.

"She's afraid she's going to be poisoned, that's all." The answer in Miss Glory's matter-of-fact voice seemed all the more shocking.

"Poisoned! But that's absurd! Why, she herself—"

"Absurd or not, she makes me sit down and taste everything first," Miss Glory interrupted. "It doesn't matter if I die. Frankly, I don't care one way or the other."

She went on her gloomy way, rapped at the door, called briefly, "It's me," and then disappeared through the narrow space of the reluctantly opened door.

The door closed again and Cressida heard the key click in the lock.

Only one other strange thing happened before Cressida left



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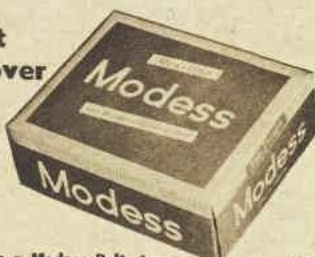


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Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

from page 49

for work. That was the spectacle of Mr. Moretti in his dressing-gown appearing in the passage and calling querulously, "Rosebud! Have you forgotten me this morning? Where are you, Rosebud, my own?"

But Miss Glory was upstairs with Arabia and out of hearing. The extraordinary thing was that she should have neglected Mr. Moretti for Arabia. On other mornings Mr. Moretti had been attended to first, without fail. Did that mean she was genuinely concerned about Arabia's behaviour or was it that she was suddenly displeased with her flirtatious suitor?

Cressida could not imagine the latter happening. Miss Glory's infatuation had been too deep for displeasure.

No one had mentioned her fall the previous evening. It came as a surprise when Mr. Mullins asked her why she limped.

"Oh, was I? I didn't realise. I slipped on the stairs last night and hurt my knee. It's nothing, really."

"How did you come to slip?" Was Mr. Mullins' voice expressing nothing but polite concern or did he think it odd and suspicious that she should have had a fall?

Now she was beginning to read significance into the most innocent things. Nothing could be more kind and innocent than Mr. Mullins' bland pink face and gently concerned eyes.

"We all went out to see what Mimosa was doing and the lights weren't on and I slipped," she said quickly. (Why hadn't the lights been on? she wondered suddenly. Had they been turned off deliberately?)

Before Mr. Mullins could comment on that statement she said on an impulse, "Mr. Mullins, do you think Arabia is mad?"

"No," he said at once. "But you don't know all the odd things she has been doing lately. After all, putting that advertisement in the paper was eccentric enough."

"That was nothing but a bold, if rather foolish, bid for a little belated happiness, which, I may say, she deserves."

"I know she does, but if I told you she was locked in her room at this moment by her own hand, would you still say she wasn't mad?"

"I would know that whatever Arabia chose to do she had very sound reasons for. She is a wonderful and extraordinary woman. Didn't I tell you that?" Mr. Mullins came as near to glaring as his mild, kindly countenance would permit.

Cressida found herself laughing and her tension lessened. Perhaps it was just another of Arabia's dramatic pranks in keeping with her secrecy and her love of melodrama.

Nevertheless, when later in the day the telephone message came Mr. Mullins was the first to urge her to hurry home at once. He had taken the message himself. He said, "Someone is ringing to say that Mimosa is locked in your room and that you are the only person with a key."

"Mimosa!" Cressida exclaimed. "Oh, he must have got shut in this morning after last night. Jeremy and he spent the night—" she blushed suddenly, aware of what she was saying. "I mean, Jeremy had an extraordinary idea that he should keep an eye on me after that fall on the stairs, so instead of letting him spend the night on my doorstep I suggested he should sit in the living-room. Mimosa was there, too, and went to sleep on the couch. I remember seeing him there this morning. Oh, how idiotic of me to lock him in."

"You don't think he could wait now until closing time?" Mr. Mullins suggested.

"Normally, yes, but the other day he was in my room half-poisoned, and last night there was the tin tied to his tail. You don't know, Mr. Mullins! I think there must be a poltergeist or something. And Jeremy so dotes on him."

Mr. Mullins permitted himself a twinkle.

"Then, of course, he must be rescued immediately. Run along. And since it's quiet this afternoon there doesn't seem much point in your coming back. Keep an eye on Arabia or make tea for that doting young man."

"Mr. Mullins, you are a darling. I love you," said Cressida, and flew for her hat and coat.

But when she unlocked the door of her room and went in there was no sign of Mimosa. She called to him and looked under the couch and the bed. But there was no large sunflower-colored cat, no sudden playful spring, no indignant wail.

Who had sent that urgent message? she suddenly wondered. Mr. Mullins had omitted to tell her to whom he had spoken. She had assumed it had been Jeremy, but now she wasn't sure, for surely Jeremy would have been awaiting her arrival. There was no one about and no sound in the house.

She was about to leave the room and go and call Jeremy when she noticed that one door of the big wardrobe in her bedroom was open. Surely she hadn't left it open that morning. And what were all those clothes hanging inside? They were not hers, and neither had they been there before. She had had no more than a suit and a cocktail dress to hang in the wardrobe. They had looked very meagre in the cavernous space and she had kept the doors firmly shut on the poverty of her wardrobe.

But now there were colored dresses, a beaver coat, a dark grey suit hanging ostentatiously within. Bewildered, she went over to investigate.

A faint musty scent met her nostrils as she leaned inside the dim space. It was a scent composed of camphor and potpourri. Dead roses, she thought, her brain beginning to whirl. And these dresses were of a style dating back to the nineteen thirties.

Lucy's, she thought in a flash as she fingered a tarnished silver brocade. And then had time to think no more, for a strong push from behind sent her suddenly headlong into the wardrobe. She banged her head severely against the farther wall and darkness came down on her—a musty, sweet-smelling darkness shot through faintly with lights as her head throbbed.

The doors had been shut on her.

Now she could not control her panic. Fighting her way up right among the enveloping clothes, the beaver coat threatening to smother her, she beat on the heavy doors.

"Let me out! Whoever is there! Let me out!"

There was no sound at all. The person who must have been hiding behind the open wardrobe door, anticipating her interest in the unexpected discovery of the clothes, must have pushed her in and slammed the doors in one skilful movement, and now had crept away silently leaving her to suffocate.

No, whoever it was had not gone. Cressida could hear heavy breathing, as of someone leaning against the door listening to her pleas. Listening and laughing, no doubt,

with a horrible, humorless mirth.

That breathing! Where had she heard it before? She remembered now. It was the sound Arabia had made on the other side of her locked door this morning. The labored sound of age and deep emotions.

"Arabia!" she sobbed. "It is you! Let me out, please. This is such an absurd game to play."

There was a momentary silence, then a deep, hoarse chuckle from without. Cressida beat on the doors. Already she was growing uncomfortably hot, the perspiration starting out on her forehead.

"Arabia! I'll die in here among Lucy's clothes. You don't mean me to die, do you? You said you loved me."

There was a faint shuffling sound, then the hoarse whispered voice.

"You should have gone away as I told you to. What right had you to come here stealing Lucy's life? Usurper!"

The dramatic word was spat out. But there was more.

"Stay there and die," said the malevolent voice.

And then the shuffling sound moved away, farther and farther.

"Arabia!" screamed Cressida in an agony of horror and panic.

There was no answer. The old lady was gone out of hearing. She was alone in the airless darkness, suffocated with the musty odor of a dead girl's clothes.

But there must be someone in the house who would hear her calling and knocking. Miss Glory, Mrs. Stanhope, Jeremy. After his faithful watchdog act last night surely Jeremy was not far away.

But he thought she was safely at work. He had probably gone out. He would be investigating to see whether Lucy's death was registered under the name of Meredith. Lucy, dearly loved wife of Larry Meredith. Poor Lucy who had no grave, because a crazy old woman would not admit she was dead. . . .

"Jeremy! Mrs. Stanhope! Miss Glory!"

Miss Glory would be out doing the daily shopping. Mrs. Stanhope probably resting in her room that was too far for Cressida's voice to reach it. The inquisitive Dawson, who loved murders and foul play, would be at work. Oh, Arabia, for all her craziness, had chosen a shrewd time to play this last and most diabolical trick.

It must have been Arabia who had telephoned Mr. Mullins and he, foolish besotted innocent, had not suspected her story. Neither had Cressida suspected it. The trail had been too well laid. Mimosa had been in danger twice and could so easily have been for a third time.

Was she to die for the sake of a skittish cat who looked like a sunflower?

"Please, please! Someone let me out!"

She was sobbing and growing faint. The stale perfume of roses was overpowering.

This silk brushing her cheek—to what long ago ball had Lucy worn it, what ghostly echoes of laughter and music did it hold? These furs, how they had muffled Lucy's slender body and framed her little face which looked out like a rose?

How could she have wanted to steal Lucy's life, that held so many unhappy secrets, the perhaps unwilling marriage to Larry (yes, that must have been it, Lucy had married him

unwillingly), the desperate cry to her lover, "Darling, darling, darling . . ." the pathetically unwanted baby that was destined never to be born.

And now another tragedy was to be added to Lucy's, Cressida's ignominious death in a suffocating darkness, smothered with the dead girl's clothes.

Almost she was growing peaceful about it. Drowsiness was slipping over her. If she died no one would grieve too much. Jeremy, perhaps, for the face he would never now put on to canvas, for the kiss he would never finish. Tom—oh, she had forgotten to read Tom's letter this morning.

Poor Tom! She had treated him with as little understanding as he had her. She could not have made him happy she knew now. Nevertheless, it would distress him deeply to learn that she had died in such an extraordinary way. He would feel that it was another embarrassing slight to his dignity.

He would say, "Poor little one—" No, it would be Jeremy who would say that. "What a charming little upside-down face—surrounded with all that fur and ball dresses—on such a hot day—"

In her growing detachment from her surroundings Cressida thought she could hear music. But it was not for her. It was for Lucy who was going to a ball. The violins were playing.

From a rumba to a requiem . . .

The words, coming sharply into her mind, roused her from her growing lethargy. She was not going to die at all! That was Mr. Moretti's violin she could hear. He was in his room down the hall. He must hear her if she called. He must!

In a last desperate effort Cressida summoned all her energy and shouted and knocked until her knuckles were grazed and bleeding.

Then she listened. The music had stopped. There were footsteps coming, fingers on the key of the wardrobe. The doors opened.

"Yes—I'm in here—isn't it idiotic!" Cressida whispered, and fell out on to the floor like a puppet dropped from its strings.

Mr. Moretti could not have been kinder. He quickly got brandy, which he made Cressida drink, then he sat beside her on the couch, talking quietly, helping her to recover.

"Why should she do such a horrible thing?" she kept saying. "She laughed at me. Did she mean me to die in there?"

"Actually I don't think you would have died," Mr. Moretti said in his calm, reassuring way. "It probably felt terribly stuffy, but a certain amount of air would get in. You panicked, that was the trouble."

"Wouldn't you have?" Cressida demanded indignantly.

"I certainly would have. In fact, I wouldn't stay in this house another minute if that had happened to me."

He looked at her with his pale, kind eyes. His face was full of concern.

"You think—it's dangerous to stay?"

"I certainly do. You say you have had other warnings. Do you realise each one is getting more serious? You may not have died in the wardrobe, but the next time—"

Cressida began to shiver. In spite of the brandy shock still held her. She was incapable of thinking constructively. Lucy's clothes, sweetly musty, seemed

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still to be pressing on her, robbing her of animation and breath.

"You must go," said Mr. Moretti in his serious, concerned voice. "You know now what the position is. Arabia is a Jekyll and Hyde person. She may be charming one day, and the next—well, you know for yourself. It's her obsession about Lucy."

"She really hates me for being alive," Cressida whispered. "I didn't think I would ever believe that, but now—"

"Have you enough money to go home?" Mr. Moretti asked. "If you haven't I'll be glad to lend you some."

"That's very kind of you, but I have. Mr. Mullins paid me in advance. Oh, dear Mr. Mullins!"

"This is no time to worry about him. Your safety comes first. Isn't that sense? Come now, pack your bag, and I'll take you to the station."

But Cressida could not move. There was not a great deal to pack in her bag, but she found herself incapable of getting it out and putting things in. It was so short a time since she had happily and excitedly unpacked in this pretty room that Arabia had prepared for her.

Just for her, she had thought. But it had really been for Lucy, just as the other pretty room upstairs, forever empty and undisturbed, was for Lucy. Arabia did not want girls who were attractive and young to be alive, she wanted them cold and dead.

"Don't think about it," came Mr. Moretti's soft, persuasive voice. "Just get away. When you're safely home you'll forget all about it. I'll call Mrs. Stanhope to come and pack for you. She'll understand."

Before Cressida could stop him he was gone. Presently he came back, on his quick, light feet that so easily fitted themselves to a dance, followed by Mrs. Stanhope.

Mrs. Stanhope was out of breath, her eyes enormously distended behind the large glasses. She was like an owl who had been awoken in daylight, full of startled terror.

"You poor child!" she whispered. "Mr. Moretti told me."

"He says I must go," Cressida said helplessly.

"He's right, I'm afraid. Dawson and I have thought so from the beginning. We always knew she—" she pointed eloquently to the ceiling, "had very peculiar motives. Very peculiar. We've heard her talking at night."

"Talking?"

"To herself. Or to that horrid parrot." Mrs. Stanhope's hand went to her throat in its familiar protective gesture. She had spoken more than she had ever done in Cressida's presence.

"Dawson will be home shortly," she whispered. "He will take you to the station."

"I'll find out the time of a train for you," Mr. Moretti said kindly. "Come along now, you must pull yourself together. You're not actually hurt, you know."

"Not yet," Mrs. Stanhope whispered. "Where is your bag, dear?"

Their concerted energy roused Cressida from her curious state of helplessness and despair. She forced herself to go to the wardrobe and get her bag from the top shelf, then indicate to Mrs. Stanhope the clothes that were hers.

Mrs. Stanhope's eyes, at the sight of the limp and old-fashioned garments hanging within, grew even larger. But she said nothing but "Tch, tch" this time and began briskly to pack the things that Cressida had so energetically and excitedly packed herself a week ago when she had left the house in Oakshott on her adventure into independence and maturity.

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

from page 52

She still could not think of anything but the horror of that long, dark, suffocating period in the wardrobe and obeyed Mrs. Stanhope and Mr. Moretti, who were so anxiously helping her, like an automaton.

"I think she ought to go up and call out goodbye to the old woman," Mr. Moretti said. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Stanhope?"

And what about the others—Miss Glory, who had always been kind to her, and Jeremy—Jeremy, whose impudence had never borne any malice?

"There's no one else in," Mr. Moretti said, as if he read her thoughts. "I met Winter down the road catching a bus some time ago, and my rosebud is out shopping." (Did Mrs. Stanhope flash him a glance of contempt for his facetious reference to Miss Glory?) "We will have to say your farewells for you. But I think you owe it to yourself to have a little revenge on the old woman. Tell her you're going and depriving her of her favorite recreation."

Arabia had confessed that



she craved to be amused and diverted. Had her malevolent tricks been for the sake of amusement? It could easily be so.

Cressida, still dazed both from shock and the effects of the large brandy Mr. Moretti had given her, allowed herself to be taken upstairs by Mrs. Stanhope, who solicitously held her arm.

"Is her door still locked?" she asked Mrs. Stanhope.

Mrs. Stanhope nodded. "Except when she creeps about the house," she said in her hoarse whisper.

"I wonder you're not afraid to stay here, too," Cressida commented.

"We can't afford to do anything else, Dawson and I. And after all it isn't us who have her spite."

Spite, hatred, resentment—what horrible words they were. Cressida, still in the hold of the nightmare, knocked on the white door and called.

"Arabia! I've come to say goodbye. I'm leaving you."

"Louder," urged Mrs. Stanhope.

But it seemed as if Arabia had been lurking inside listening, for her voice came almost at once.

"What? Who is that? Who is leaving?" as if she were totally unaware of all that had been going on.

The sound of the warm, familiar voice was too much for Cressida. Oh, Arabia, you absurd old woman, I could have loved you! You were so wonderful! she cried silently, and turned and fled downstairs, thinking only now of the train waiting and the gloomy station and the telegram she must send to Tom.

The dream—it had all been

a dream, fascinating, fearful, delightful—was over.

Dawson came in the front door as she reached the bottom of the stairs. He was suddenly there like a genie, thin and willowy, wreathing out of a bottle.

"Ah, just in time," said Mr. Moretti with satisfaction. "You'll see Miss Barclay to her train, won't you?"

Dawson's eyes went from the closed bag to Cressida, dressed for travelling. His glance swiftly met his mother's.

"There's been another episode!" his mother whispered meaningfully.

"Cool!" said Dawson. Then he added briskly, "Sure, I'll take her to the train. I'll get a taxi. That's the safest way. The fog's thick again, funny things happen in fogs. Although it said in the paper to-day they'd got the murderer of the girl in the red shoes, so all this isn't anything to do with him."

The nightmare came down on her again. Suddenly she longed above everything to go

into the taxi and climbing in after her.

"Paddington," he said briskly to the driver, "and don't waste time. We have to catch a train."

The last thing Cressida saw was Mr. Moretti putting his arm round Mrs. Stanhope's waist in a friendly and comforting gesture. With his suave manners and soft words he knew how to be nice to women. Was little Mrs. Stanhope, colorless and self-effacing, blushing in shy embarrassment at his attention?

Dawson had noticed the gesture, too, for his thin body was rigid with distaste.

"Always getting round women," he said. "Even Ma doesn't see through him."

"What is there to see?" Cressida asked.

Dawson wriggled angrily. "Only that everything he does is for himself, really, even though he pretends it is for other people."

"Even helping me to get away?" Cressida suggested.

"That was sense," Dawson admitted grudgingly. "But anyone would have done the same." Then he forgot his disapproval and turned eagerly to Cressida. "Gosh, did the old lady lock you in the wardrobe? Gosh, that was really something. The next thing would have been poison, sure as fate."

The fog swallowed up Dragon House. For Arabia, watching from her upstairs window, it swallowed up the taxi, too, and now she was alone. Truly alone, with no one at all to love her or to divert her from the coming winter. Ever again.

But soon she would know nothing of either spring or winter, because of the danger that lurked. Soon it would take form. The voice that hissed, "I hate you!" would do so for the last time within her mortal hearing.

At first she had been very much afraid, and had locked herself in, listening to every footstep, every sound. But when Cressida had called goodbye through the door, leaving her in spite of all her assurances, the late and so lovely spring had died. All her tender, growing happiness had been extinguished. So now she did not care very much whether her door were locked or not.

With quick pulls of her bony old fingers she completed unravelling a piece of blue wool, knitted into the shape of a tiny glove, and flung it over Ahmed.

"Who would have thought she would have been afraid so easily?" she demanded of the ruffled bird. Ahmed struggled with the clinging wool and squawked angrily.

"If she is like that it is better for her to go," Arabia said.

Then she went and unlocked her door, with a loud ostentatious turning of the key, and, going back to her brightly lit untidy room, sat down to wait for the expected footsteps.

Cressida endured Dawson's company as far as Paddington. Then she said peremptorily, "Go home now. I don't want you to come on the platform with me."

"But Ma said—"

"Never mind what your mother said. I'm quite capable of getting on a train by myself. Go, now. I want to be alone."

Dawson shrugged his shoulders huffily, then extended a limp, graceless hand. Cressida realised that his sulkiness was very schoolboyish and was suddenly remorseful.

"I'm sorry, it's just that I

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can't stand any more talk of murders."

Dawson nodded solemnly. "It's because you've been so near it. Cool!"

Then he waved her an awkward but friendly enough farewell and she was alone.

She bought a ticket and walked on to the platform. The fog swirled over the tracks and hung in a yellow gloom round the electric lights. There was the usual clatter and smell of smoke and cold, polluted air. A train came in and people spilled out and trailed towards the barrier. Cressida could visualise herself at the end of her journey, getting out of the compartment into the cold air, going slowly towards the barrier, looking for Tom's fair head and earnest face.

Suddenly she remembered that she hadn't telephoned Tom to say she was coming home. She just had time to do so. There was a call box on the other side of the barrier. She picked up her bag and hurried towards it, explaining to the guard her purpose.

The box was empty. She pushed open the door. The interior smelt of stale smoke. It was almost as musty as the wardrobe filled with Lucy's clothes had been. Lucy—the fascination of her only half-known story—the warmth of Arabia's affection so strangely turned to hate—the gentle, firm voice of Mr. Mullins insisting that Arabia was wise and sane—the perfume of red roses, the roses that Jeremy

Jeremy! She had a dinner date with him. She had forgotten it. She had not even left a message. Oh, she could not behave in such a rude and thoughtless way. She must go back and make her apologies. She must—but, of course, she must go back to Dragon House.

How could she have panicked and run away? What a poor coward she was. Was her story to have been only half-finished as was Lucy's? No, this she would see through to the end.

She left the box and hailed a passing taxi.

Her newly found courage remained with her. She paid the taxi-driver and went blithely up the steps to the front door. The door was unlocked, the hall brightly lit, and no sign of anybody. As if of their own volition her feet carried her past her door to the stairs and straight up them. At Arabia's door she knocked briskly and waited.

Presently there was a slow, cautious footstep within (what had happened to make Arabia so strangely suspicious and cautious?)

"Who is it?" came the whispered voice.

"It's me, Cressida. I've come back. Please let me in."

The door opened slowly. Arabia's face, haggard and sunken and very old, looked out. The incredulity in it changed to joy.

"My dear child! My dear, dear child!"

Then the dry old hands seized on Cressida's and drew her in. Only when the door was shut and safely locked did the old lady break down, clinging to Cressida, her face ugly and ravaged.

"Hush, darling, hush," Cressida soothed, as if to a child. "I'm back now. I didn't mean to go away. I wasn't thinking straight."

"You shouldn't have come back," Arabia said harshly. "You are very foolish to. It's much too dangerous."

Cressida patted her gently.

"I cared enough about you to come back. That's all that really matters, isn't it?"

"Oh, my dear! That's all that ever mattered."

Nothing was said about the wardrobe incident. Later, when Arabia was less emotional, Cressida would begin to talk

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

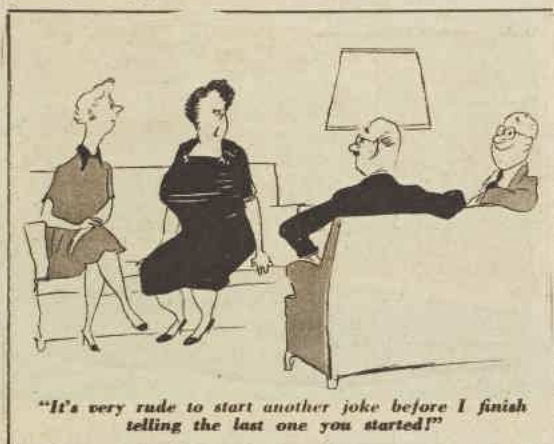
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of it. Everything now had to be brought into the open, but in a little while when Arabia had regained her self-assured breeziness and was not so obviously a frail and frightened old woman.

When Miss Glory came in with a tray of tea Arabia had recovered sufficiently to have made an attempt at tidying her room, briskly plumping cushions, straightening chairs, and winding up a length of unravelled pale blue wool that seemed to be twined over everything. Ahmed, on his perch, furiously preened his feathers and made a few guttural remarks to himself. What a pity he could not talk, Cressida thought. Perhaps he alone in all the house knew the truth.

"You back?" said Miss Glory to Cressida. "Are you mad or just foolhardy?"

Her flat voice betrayed no surprise. Her sallow face seemed to have taken on a yellow tinge and her eyes were lifeless. Was she ill? Cressida wondered, or just suddenly desperately unhappy. But what



had happened to change her from her almost juvenile coyness to this look of having plumbed the depths of disillusion. Obviously it was something Mr. Moretti had done and equally obviously he was unaware of his fall from grace.

Without waiting for Cressida to give an explanation about her return she went on: "Our artist friend will be delighted. He went haring off to Paddington like a wild thing when he heard you had gone. If you ask me his interest in you is more than academic. More fool he! Love! What is it but a snare and a delusion?" Her lifeless gaze went to Arabia. "You've got Miss Barclay to do your tasting for you tonight, so I'll go."

Arabia started up. "No. You must do it as usual. I cannot let Cressida risk her life."

"Ho!" said Miss Glory in her contemptuous voice. "And what has she been doing all this week? Very well, I'll risk my entirely worthless life once more. She has this crazy idea," she explained to Cressida, "that the food might be poisoned."

Cressida's heart sank. That was so typical a form of delusion that it alone seemed proof that Arabia was not in full possession of her senses. Indeed, when she saw Arabia's tense interest in Miss Glory's delicate tasting of the tea, the nicely browned omelet, the thin bread and butter, she could only have her fears that the old lady's mind was affected confirmed.

Miss Glory sat back and said, "Well! I'm still alive and feeling fine."

Arabia gave her warm, transfiguring smile.

"Thank you, Miss Glory. That is very good and courageous of you. Now bring me

another cup and saucer for Cressida. Then we'll all feel a great deal better. By the way, Cressida, I had my solicitor here today. I have given him instructions about my new will and tomorrow he will bring it for my signature."

"Arabia—"

"Not a word, dear child. I admit it shook me when you said you were leaving, but even then I did not intend to change my instructions. Now, not a word. Let me pour you some tea. Then we'll be gay. Oh, how nice it will be to be gay again."

When she had drunk her tea, Cressida said that she must go down to see Jeremy and make her excuses about dinner that evening. Arabia clutched at her. Fear was back, nakedly, in her face.

"Don't be long, dear. Don't leave me alone. I have no courage left. I'm a cowardly old woman."

Cressida promised to return at once and hurried downstairs.

She thought that once again she was going to be fortunate and escape being seen, but the sharp-eyed Dawson could not be evaded. He emerged on to the landing and exclaimed:

"Cool! Miss Barclay! What-ever made you come back?"

"I forgot something," Cressida replied, as airily as possible.

"Cool! Right into the horrors' nest! My, Ma will be upset. Now she'll stay awake all night again listening."

Cressida knew that she ought to be grateful to the Stanhopes for their interest in her welfare. But suddenly their curiosity and their little, apprehensive gloating minds were unendurable.

"There's no need for her to do that," she said coolly. "I'm quite able to look after myself."

She wasn't, of course. If it had not been for Mr. Moretti she would have at least fainted, if not died, in the wardrobe. But the thought of Dawson with his unhealthy love of violence and his inquisitive, eternally whispering mother revolted her and made her want to escape their vigilance.

"I think you're crazy!" Dawson's voice followed her down the stairs. But now she was listening no longer, for at the bottom of the basement stairs Jeremy's door stood open and a welcoming shaft of light shone out.

She went quietly and in a self-contained way into the room and said, "I'm sorry I'm late, but I did come."

He was standing in the middle of the room. He had on a raincoat and his hair was damp with mist. Mimosa was on the table arching his back and calling for attention. But Jeremy had been too preoccupied to see him.

It was only Cressida's entry and her apologetic voice that

aroused him. His head shot up, the grimace began to leave his face, his dark eyes began to shine.

"Don't do that again! Don't do it again!" he said, and strode towards her and took her in his arms.

But again his kiss, which was too warm and disturbing—so disturbing that she preferred not to think about it—was brief. She firmly loosened herself from his grip and said, "Jeremy! This isn't the time for that sort of thing. Too many things are happening."

"Do you underestimate the importance of this particular happening?"

Cressida would not meet his bright, tender eyes.

"It isn't a happening—well, one of any stature, at least. We've got to think of other things."

"Why you almost ran away—"

"And where were you when I got that telephone call about Mimosa, which was obviously a trick?"

"Who did that?"

"I don't know. Mr. Mullins took it. He didn't think to ask questions, of course. And I thought it would be you."

"I," said Jeremy, "was out making a routine check. I've verified one more thing, that if Lucy Bolton didn't die, Lucy Meredith didn't die either."

"She married someone else after Larry's death," Cressida said swiftly. "Perhaps Monty. Perhaps the man to whom she began that letter. She had another name. She must have."

"That well may be," said Jeremy. "But it is no more the immediate thing than that other thing that we will postpone until later this evening."

"That ki—" began Cressida and blushed.

"The immediate thing," said Jeremy imperturbably, "is that I want you to invite Arabia down to your room for the night."

"To my room?" Cressida repeated uncertainly. "But—"

"Yes, I know you've had a horrible fright this afternoon. But believe me, this is important."

"Jeremy—you think she may really be in danger? That she isn't imagining it at all?"

Jeremy took her hands. "Why did you come back after you had run away?" he asked simply.

"Because—because I kept thinking how kind and sweet Arabia is, and how grieved she would be that I had gone. I saw her looking out of the window, she looked stricken, as if the last thing had gone out of her life. I know she is seeing Lucy in me, and there is this horrid thing about her money, too, but I—I had to come back."

"And that's why you'll have Arabia in your room tonight, from love, and not from fear."

"But supposing she won't stay?"

"I've thought of that. You'll make her some hot chocolate and put this in it."

He held out her palm and dropped a small, white tablet into it. Her startled eyes met his.

"It's quite harmless," he said lightly. "It will only make her sleep and I should think she could do with a good night's rest. Now just one other thing is important."

"Yes?"

"It would be better if you could get her down without anyone seeing you."

"But that's impossible. You know what the Stanhopes are. And Miss Glory prowls. And Mr. Moretti doesn't miss much, either, though thank goodness for that this afternoon."

"Moretti leaves for his night-club at ten o'clock. I'll undertake to keep the rest of

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956



ALYSSUM SAXATILE, the golden Sweet Alice, makes a fine splash of color when planted to give a contrasting hue among other flowers in the garden border.

BORDER PLANTS

There are a great number of low-growing, rather spreading plants suitable for garden borders and for edging and spilling over paths, banks, and rockery sills. Garden borders make lawns easier to keep, as they do away with clipping and straightening edges.

AT this time of the year seeds of dwarf zinnia and ageratum, alyssum, and similar low-growing but very colorful plants can be sown near the grassline of flowerbeds.

In cool districts gentians, alyssums, forget-me-nots, phlox subulata (Alpine phlox), sweet Williams, and also pinks can be sown or set out as seedlings, and will help to make the edges of flowerbeds and borders bright.

In warm, coastal areas, ideal plants for filling borders are most members of the mesembryanthemum family, the sun-loving gazanias, and nepeta, silenes, thymus, santolinas, nierembergias, lithospermums, heucheras, saxifragas (some need half shade), many geraniums, and cerastium tomentosum.

Nature, it is said, abhors straight lines, therefore if these plants are set moderately close to the edges, they will soon spill over and break those lines, as well as adding color and effect to the garden bed.

Aubretias are much used for covering banks, spilling over low rockery walls, or for accenting rough beds where golden alyssum and red and white mesembryanthemums need the color contrast provided by their crimsons, purples, and pinkish-blues.

Nemesias, both nana compacta (dwarf types) and strumosa (slightly taller), give the most brilliant combinations of color of any spring flower. Seedlings should be planted out promptly before the hot weather.

Phlox drummondii and its shorter cousin, phlox nana compacta, will not flower until summer from present sowings or plantings, but space should be reserved in the border for the brilliantly colored plants of this handsome family. This phlox self-sows its seed generously once you introduce it.

Plant-breeders have been very interested in

the Californian poppy family in recent years. This plant, which is often catalogued under its botanical name of eschscholtzia, can be obtained now in carmine, crimson, rosy-pink, mandarin-yellow, orange-crimson, and cherry-red varieties. The seed has to be sown and left in place. Plants cannot be transplanted.

Dianthus comes in two classifications, biennial and perennial, and there are scores of colors and combinations of colors, including large and small flowered types, fringed, plain-edged, and singles and doubles. They are all worth using for the border bed.

Armeria or thrift rarely flowers in warm climates, but in most cool districts this grass-like plant produces innumerable pink flowers on a straight little stem. All the thrifts make ideal edgings, and are valuable for holding back

soil in the borders.

Aristea, an iris-like plant with lovely blue flowers, is a 9in. plant that makes dense clumps after a few years, and is useful for permanent borders where the gardener does not want to replant constantly.

Variegated plants include anthericum alba variegatum, which has long green and cream leaves and purple flowers. The plants form thick clumps after a few years and, if given some shade, are very beautiful.

Other variegated plants suitable for borders are farfugium grande, which produces large, dark green leaves with creamy blotches; and ophiopogon jaburan variegatus, a grass-like plant with gold-and-green leaves and purple flowers.

Arabis or Alpine rock cress deserves greater recognition. It is a true border or rockery edging plant, and produces a profusion of white flowers. The seed can be sown now, and it pays to sow it where it has to spend all its life.

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them occupied. At five minutes past ten bring Arabia down. Say you want her to have supper with you. Anything. And now I think it might be wise for you to go up to her again. At five minutes past ten, remember."

This afternoon she had heard Arabia's hoarse, vindictive voice hoping that she died shut in the wardrobe, smothering among Lucy's clothes. Now she was to have the same old lady as her guest to be welcomed and protected.

Cressida looked at Jeremy's suddenly bleak and earnest face. She looked at the small, mysterious tablet in her hand. She was suddenly full of cold apprehension, but the same compulsion that she had felt at the railway station was on her. She knew that she was going to do as Jeremy bade her without further question or indeed understanding.

It was not surprising that Mrs. Stanhope was lying in wait for her, a fearful figure with hands wrung into a bleached whiteness, as she went up the stairs again. Naturally, Dawson had gone hotfoot to his mother with the news of her return.

"Miss Barclay! Whatever made you come back?" The question was asked in an agonised whisper.

"I wanted to," she said calmly. "I like to finish things."

"Finish things!" Mrs. Stanhope gave a voiceless laugh that would have been hysterical had it been audible. "But that's exactly what will happen. To you!" Her bone-white finger pointed trembling at Cressida.

"I don't think so," said Cressida, still speaking calmly, although the drama of the trembling little figure was bringing back her own feeling of something cold and sinister constantly lurking in this house. "I just remember that Arabia was kind and sweet to me and I owe her this in spite of everything."

Mrs. Stanhope produced her pad and wrote with a hand

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that shook uncontrollably. "You think she might make it worth your while, but it won't be if you lose your life."

Cressida angrily pushed the pad back at her.

"That's an intolerable thing to say. I'm sorry, Mrs. Stanhope, but if you believe that I can only despise you."

"Nobody really despises money," came Dawson's voice from the doorway.

"I know how crazy she is," Mrs. Stanhope wrote emphatically. "Being up here, I hear things." She turned to appeal to her son. "She does it at her own risk, doesn't she?" she whispered helplessly.

Dawson shrugged his shoulders.

"If she shuts her eyes to things, we can't open them. We helped her to go and she's come back, so it can't be our worry any more."

"It never was your worry," Cressida said coldly, and went along the passage to Arabia's door.

But as she reached there she turned involuntarily and saw the pair watching her, as if hypnotised. Mrs. Stanhope's hands were being wrung again, and even Dawson, for all his laconic indifference, had the shine of perspiration on his brow. His eyes looked enormous.

They really had got the jitters, Cressida thought, trying to dismiss their terrified attitude lightly. Living up here, so close to Arabia, they probably did know more than other people, heard things, perhaps in the night. And one had to agree that they had combined loyalty to Arabia (or was it merely the fear of losing the roof over their heads?) with thought for Cressida's safety, when one recalled their energetic assistance in her leaving-taking that afternoon.

Everyone in the house tried to protect her from whatever form Arabia's craziness might take—except Jeremy, who now encouraged her to be at the old lady's side, rubbing shoulders with danger, so to speak.

But when one saw Arabia it was all so absurd and unbelievable. For now, her spirits revived at Cressida's return, she had changed into one of her long, picturesque gowns and put on her jewels and her tiara, which, at this moment, was miraculously straight. She greeted Cressida in a queenly manner.

"Come in, my dear. Is Jeremy very cross with me for stealing you? Ah, but he isn't in danger of his life this night." She led Cressida into her brilliantly lighted room, where every lamp glowed, and Ahmed sat ruffled sulkily on his perch, his eyes resolutely shut.

"I adore soft lights," Arabia went on. "But not tonight. Tonight we must be alert, we must watch every shadow, listen to every sound."

In her own way she was being as melodramatic as Mrs. Stanhope, but here was no trembling cowardice, rather an almost pleasurable anticipation of danger. Arabia's head was very erect, her eyes gleaming, her manner full of defiance. In the hour since Cressida's return she had recaptured her inimitable vitality. She seemed to have shaken herself out of her fear and was ready to face and defy her mysterious enemy.

"Arabia, why do you think you are in danger?" Cressida asked.

"I don't think it, my child. I know it. Doesn't the whole house breathe it?" She waved her ringed hands and her tiara slipped sideways. "Vultures! Vultures, all of them!" At the apparently familiar word Ahmed jerked his head out of his feathers, muttered bad-

temperedly, and settled himself to sleep again.

Then Arabia gave her brilliant smile and patted Cressida's hand soothingly.

"After tomorrow it will be all right. Just keep your courage until then. Oh, I have faced worse situations than this. There was the time in Tibet when my husband and I were taken prisoner by a hostile tribe of Mongols—"

She went on talking, the dam of her two days' silence and solitary imprisonment broken, and life, even in retrospect, becoming irresistibly glamorous.

Cressida kept her eyes on the clock. At one stage she heard the thin wailing of Mr. Moretti's violin—he was playing his favorite elegy once more—and several times she heard quick footsteps, Dawson's, she surmised, on the stairs.

At ten o'clock she stopped the flow of Arabia's reminiscences and said, "It's time you got some rest, you know. What about me making you some hot chocolate?"

"That would be delightful, my dear. How thoughtful of you."

"But I want you to come down and have it in my room. After all, you've never really visited me there."

"In your room?" Arabia's eyelids fell, covering her thoughts.

"It will be a little change for you," Cressida continued brightly. "You haven't been out of these rooms for twenty-four hours. Now—if you don't come I'll think you're suspicious of me, too."

Arabia started up.

"Not of you, dear child. No, no, I couldn't bear that, too. Very well, we will go to your room and drink hot chocolate. Yes, it will be a change for me."

She was vigorously shaking off her secret fear. "Just look, will you, my dear, and see that there is no one about. I dislike everybody in the house knowing my movements. Ahmed, beautiful one, you must stay here and

keep watch. There, you will be quite safe, my pretty."

The Stanhopes' door, Cressida discovered, was safely shut. The door of the ballroom was also shut, and through it came the distant murmur of voices. Cressida could identify Jeremy's, but no other one.

She reported that the coast was clear and found Arabia at her side suddenly all eagerness and excitement.

"My dear, such a clever idea!" the old lady was whispering. "They won't think to look for me there. Come, quickly now! Not a sound."

It was all a gigantic joke. The wardrobe in the bedroom was shut, safely concealing the pathetic mustily-sweet dresses that once had been worn so gaily and confidently by the dead Lucy. Arabia sat on the red velvet couch, a tipsy-looking queen now, with her tiara once more tilted over one ear, and laughed with the glee of a child.

"Outwitted!" she said in her hoarse whisper. "Such a brilliant idea."

Was it true, then, that everything she did was a game? Her exultation in this one seemed to suggest that that was true. The locked doors, the torn-up notes, the roses with their sinister card . . . Sometimes, of course, mere games would grow anaemic and boring, so occasionally they were invested with danger. The mock poisonings, the suffocating wardrobe . . .

In the tiny kitchen, out of sight of Arabia, Cressida dissolved the white tablet in the hot milk. Then she mixed the chocolate and brought it in. The old lady took the cup and sipped with enjoyment.

"You didn't want that tasted to see if it were poisoned?" Cressida commented.

"My dear child, no!"

"Then why is poor Miss Glory so suspect?"

"The woman's a fool." Arabia drank again, sinking deeper into the comfortable couch, her tiara resting crazily on her left ear. "Vultures!" she ejaculated startlingly in her deep tones.

Cressida sat at her feet. The old lady's heavily ringed hand

rested a moment on her head. "Once Lucy used to do that," she said, and it was the first time she had voluntarily mentioned Lucy's name for two days.

"Arabia! Lucy did marry Larry, didn't she?"

The hand slid away. "Yes, she married him."

"Didn't you approve of him?"

"Approve of him? Oh, yes. He was a nice lad. Not equal to Lucy, perhaps. I was afraid of that, but I gave her a beautiful wedding."

"Yes," said Cressida softly. "I saw the photograph."

"The photograph?" Arabia stirred. "You found out too much, minx."

"Mr. Mullins had it. He thought I should find it, but I don't know why."

"Albert Mullins!" Arabia's voice was just slightly blurred. "A loyal friend, indeed. But he pried, too. Everybody pried."

"Why shouldn't they have? Arabia, if Lucy were married to Larry, why did it matter about the baby?"

"What baby?"

Cressida looked up into Arabia's shrouded eyes. She took the empty cup and put it safely down.

"But, of course, you know about the baby. You told me. That was why Lucy died, you said."

"Did I say that?" Arabia's voice was vaguely astonished. "My dear, I tell so many stories. All those about the sheik—not strictly true, you know. My husband would not have permitted—"

"The baby, Arabia. Lucy's baby. We're talking about that."

"I had a piece of blue wool," Arabia said dreamily. "I unravelled it. All of it. It has no shape any more. It's finished. Over. You gave it to me," she said accusingly.

Cressida leaned forward. Oh, why had she given Arabia the tablet so soon? The old lady was almost asleep. Who would have thought it would work so quickly. But without it,

To page 60

Faultless

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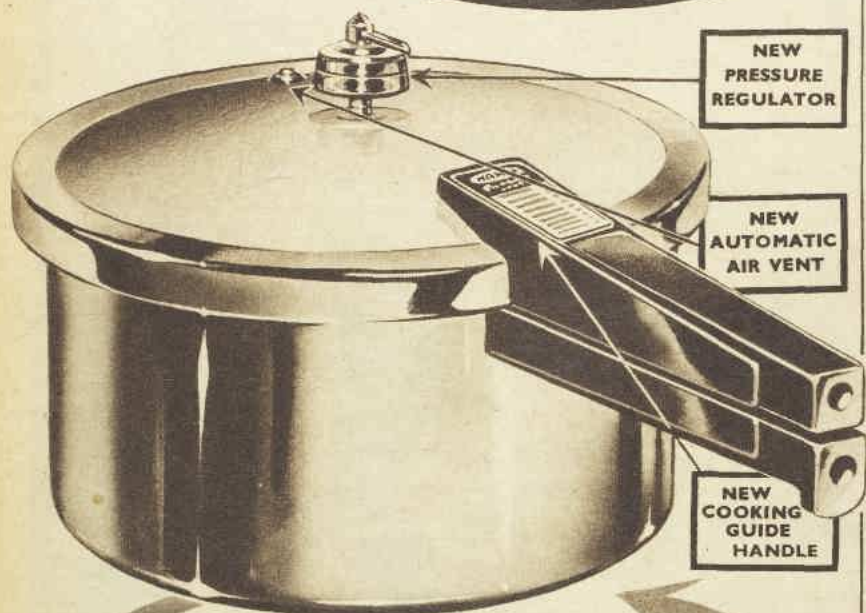
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Presto America's most popular pressure cooker, is now made in Australia by Namco. In America more Presto's are sold than all other makes combined. Namco-Presto is completely new—new in engineering—new in styling—it's the greatest pressure cooking advance ever seen in Australia. Namco-Presto with its up-to-the-minute features provides greater savings than ever before.

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With the high costs of food and fuel, every measure that brings economy into house-keeping is welcomed by the housewife. Pressure cooking has long been recognised as a practical method of saving time and money. Cheaper cuts of meat, for instance, can be cooked to mouth watering perfection in far less time than by ordinary methods.

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American housewives have found that having a second pressure cooker more than doubles the benefits of pressure cooking, and allows them to enjoy pressure cooking to its fullest.

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The extra savings in time and fuel alone will soon pay for your second cooker — and the more you use it, the more you will appreciate the benefits it brings.

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

from page 58

would Arabia have talked at all?

"Arabia! Open your eyes! Tell me why Larry died. Please. It's important."

"Larry!" the old lady said thickly. Suddenly she lifted her arm in an attempt to shield her eyes as if she were deeply, desperately afraid. The next instant it was too heavy for her to hold. It slipped to her side, her head dropped, and she was asleep.

Cressida gently removed the tiara from the carefully dressed grey hair. Then she eased the sleeping figure into a recumbent position.

The fog had turned to rain. Cressida could hear it whispering against the window and a wind, too, rattled the frames intermittently. The streets were quiet, only an occasional footstep or a fast-moving car passing.

The house, too, was quiet. What was everybody doing? Mrs. Stanhope and Dawson would have gone to their virtuous beds, but even in their sleep their ears would be standing out attentively. Miss Glory, poor Miss Glory with her obscure disillusion in her face, might be pottering in the kitchen, but more likely she, too, would be lying in her narrow bed in the corner of the ballroom beneath the elaborately carved ceiling. Mr. Moretti, safely out of the house, would have forsaken his elegies and be playing lighthearted dance music.

Jeremy — he was the mystery. He was up to something. But now Cressida's trust in him was complete. She knew that she would obey him, no matter what extraordinary thing he told her to do.

She carefully shut all the doors into this room, prudently turning the key in the one leading into the hall. Then, wakeful but relaxed, she sat down to wait. She was not afraid. Arabia, she thought, had been the prankster, the malicious practical joker, and Arabia was safely here, sound asleep and harmless. So what had she of which to be afraid?

Hush! Was that someone walking overhead in Arabia's rooms? Cressida listened intently. She thought she could hear furtive footsteps. Was there someone prowling through Arabia's rooms expecting to find a defenceless old woman there?

No, all was silent again. There hadn't been anyone. She had imagined it. It was only the intermittent bump of the window-frame in the wind, the gusty sound of rain.

Arabia breathed heavily and rhythmically. Cressida turned out all the lights except the one over the fireplace. The shadowed room made her drowsy. It had been a long, exciting day. She was more tired than she had realised. It was safe to sleep. Quite safe. Jeremy was up to something, but he knew what he was doing. There was nothing to worry about.

And then Ahmed gave a small, disturbed squawk! It was little more than a hoarse grunt, but the sound was horrifying in the silent house. Cressida watched to see if Arabia would stir, roused by her pet's familiar voice. But she made no movement, and now there was silence upstairs, too, as if Ahmed had not been frightened but merely grumbled in his sleep.

Nevertheless, Cressida kept visualising the dark room, its brilliant colors extinguished, and imagining a prowler bumping into a standard lamp, stumbling over a cushion on the floor, inadvertently cling-

ing to Ahmed's perch. Someone who did not mean to put on a light, who preferred to be in the dark . . .

Perhaps Arabia's intuition of danger was not imaginary after all. Cressida moved a little nearer to the unconscious figure, protectively. Now the silence lasted a long time. Cressida had been in a half sleep, aware vaguely of the rain, and the hoarse breathing beside her, but of nothing else, when she started up, hearing the front door open and click shut. There were brisk footsteps across the hall. Another door opened.

That was Mr. Moretti home from his nightclub. Surely he was home early tonight. Yes, it was scarcely midnight. Usually it was three or even four o'clock before he came in. Did that mean anything significant?

But there had been nothing furtive about his return. He had come in in his usual manner, and almost instantly his arrival was followed by Mimosa giving his plaintive high-pitched miaow in the hall.

That, thought Cressida, her heart beating rapidly, meant that Jeremy's door was open, and Jeremy—what was he doing?

Nothing, apparently, for the minutes went on, and the house remained silent once more.

Cressida's sudden overpowering tiredness made her impatient and irritable. If something were to happen, why didn't it happen? In a moment she would go out and find Jeremy, and demand to know—

Oh! There was the furtive footstep upstairs again. This time Ahmed did squawk with loud abandon, and Arabia awoke.

She cried in a dreadful voice, "Lucy!" and struggled to her feet. There she stood away, trying to keep her heavy eyelids open, a look of nightmare horror on her face.

"I must go up," she said thickly. "I must face her." She began to stumble towards the door.

Cressida ran to prevent her. She gripped the old lady's arm.

"No, Arabia! You mustn't go upstairs. Jeremy said you mustn't."

Arabia, with a magnificent effort of will, was throwing off her drugged sleepiness. She flung up her head and looked at Cressida from hooded, haughty eyes.

"And what right has Jeremy to forbid me to go to my own rooms? This is not Jeremy's affair. It is mine and my daughter's. Leave go of me, please. I must face her."

"Arabia, Lucy isn't upstairs! It's someone else—"

But Ahmed had squawked again, and Arabia had flung off Cressida's detaining hand and made for the door.

"Courage!" she was hissing to herself. "Courage!"

There was nothing Cressida could do but follow the suddenly strong and purposeful old figure to the stairs.

"Arabia, Lucy isn't up there. She's dead. You've told me yourself."

There was a sudden stifled scream from the direction of Arabia's rooms. Arabia paused. Her eyes went glassy. She gripped the stair post.

"Hurry!" she said, but now it seemed as if she could no longer persuade her legs to move. She looked imploringly at Cressida. "Lucy is killing somebody. It's meant to be me. She's making a mistake. Tell her, quickly."

This isn't real, Cressida was

To page 63

★ Blood Alley

STAR John Wayne turns on the same old heroics in "Blood Alley," Warners' bizarre adventure of Red China.

On this occasion Wayne plays a tough American sea captain. He is plucked from a Red prison by the elders of a small Chinese village to lead the inhabitants to safety and freedom aboard a stolen paddle-wheel ferry-boat of great antiquity.

During the slow journey

Talking of Films

down the coast of Communist China the odd party has a very rugged time indeed. It is fired at by Red gunboats and pounded by the stormy seas. Worse still, all the food has to go overboard when it is found to have been poisoned by some Red sympathisers among the passengers.

The film takes its title from the China-Formosa Straits, which are apparently known as Blood Alley.

On an entertainment count "Blood Alley" is best in its color CinemaScope action. It is most embarrassing in those sanctimonious references to "the bleeding heart of China."

Perhaps its greatest waste is swaddling shapely Anita Ekberg in a heavy Chinese tunic for a part that hasn't a single word of dialogue.

However, Lauren Bacall is

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

generally around to feud and romance with Captain Wayne.

John Wayne's spasmodic conversations with "Baby," an imaginary girl-friend, are apt to set the teeth on edge.

In Sydney—Plaza.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit," color CinemaScope drama, starring Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Summer Madness," technicolor romantic drama, starring Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi. Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—★ "Strange Lady in Town," Warnercolor, CinemaScope romantic adventure, starring Greer Garson, Dana Andrews, Cameron Mitchell. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Blood Alley," color CinemaScope escape drama, starring John Wayne, Lauren Bacall. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★★ "The Man Who Knew Too Much," color VistaVision thriller, starring James Stewart, Doris Day. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "D-Day, Sixth of June," color CinemaScope wartime drama, starring Robert Taylor, Dana Wynter, Richard Todd. Plus ★ "The Late George Apley," domestic comedy, starring Raymond Massey, Ann Harding.

ST. JAMES.—★★★★ "Guys and Dolls," color CinemaScope musical, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Rififi," French-language suspense drama with English sub-titles, starring Jean Servais, Carl Mohnner, Robert Manuel. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "A Town Like Alice," wartime drama, starring Peter Finch, Virginia McKenna. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Rock Around the Clock," musical, starring Bill Haley and his Comets. Plus ★★ "Five Against the

House," drama, starring Guy Madison, Kim Novak, Brian Keith.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Simba," color adventure drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Virginia McKenna, Donald Sinden. Plus "Black Rider," mystery romance, starring Jimmy Hanley, Rona Anderson.

ESQUIRE.—"Come Next Spring," Trucolor family drama, starring Ann Sheridan, Steve Cochran, Walter Brennan. Plus "Father's Wild Game," comedy, starring Raymond Walburn, Jane Darwell, Barbara Brown.

LIBERTY.—"High Society," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Above Us the Waves," wartime sea drama, starring John Mills, John Gregson, Donald Sinden. Plus "One Jump Ahead," thriller, starring Jill Adams, Paul Carpenter.

LYRIC.—"The Houston Story," crime drama, starring Gene Barry, Barbara Hale, Edward Arnold. Plus "Dead Reckoning," mystery drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Elizabeth Scott. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

PALACE.—"Riot in Cell Block 11," prison drama, starring Neville Brand, Leo Gordon, Emile Meyer. Plus "Tornado," action drama, starring Chester Morris, Nancy Kelly. (Re-release.)

PALLADIUM.—"Bengazi," desert drama, starring Richard Conte, Mala Powers. Plus ★ "Second Chance," thriller, starring Robert Mitchum, Linda Darnell. (Re-release.)



STROLLING hand in hand through the verdant Italian countryside are actress Audrey Hepburn and her husband, Mel Ferrer. Audrey's pants and Mel's shirt, though not exactly subtle, strike an interesting fashion note.

News from Studios

METRO'S latest gift to been acting coy about the Princess Grace (Kelly) is wedding date for her next marriage. However, she has a 16 mm. print of her film "High Society," for screening at her Monaco palace.

BRITISH star Glynis Johns, now in America, has

shown complete willingness to talk about her impending jaunt to New York to star in the revival of Shaw's "Major Barbara."

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thinking numbly. Arabia is having a nightmare caused by that sleeping pill. Lucy isn't upstairs killing anybody. And Jeremy said I was not to leave Arabia.

But who had screamed?

And against her will her feet were carrying her up the stairs.

She had got no farther than half a dozen steps when a voice, high-pitched and feminine, rang shockingly through the house.

"A-aa-h! Yah! Poisoner! Jezbe!"

Then there was a flurry of footsteps, a bump on the floor as of someone springing out of bed, and again the flying footsteps. Suddenly someone screamed. It was not the voice that had spoken first. It was another voice, shrill, long-drawn, in an access of terror. Then there came an awful thudding down the stairs, the beautiful curving marble stairs that were Arabia's pride, as someone tripped and fell.

Cressida, flattened against the banisters, was paralysed. She could not have moved forward to catch that hurtling figure, even had the fall already not done a major injury.

In the split second that followed, everyone seemed to be there, Mr. Moretti, still in dinner jacket, Dawson, half-way down the stairs, a huddled almost childish figure in his pyjamas, Miss Glory in a tightly wrapped dressing-gown, with her grey hair surprisingly done in elaborate curls, and Jeremy beside Arabia, both of them in a moment on their knees bending over the still figure of Mrs. Stanhope.

She was smaller than her son Dawson and even more child-like. Her heavy glasses had fallen off, or she had not been wearing them, and her colorless, pointed face was no longer owlish but thin and foxy, the lips drawn back a little, the eyes half open.

As Jeremy put his hand to her breast she gave a little shudder and lay still. He bent closer. Then he raised his head. He looked straight at Mr. Moretti, whose open mouth disclosed the dark cavern of its interior.

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

from page 60

"Get a doctor," he said curtly. "But I think it's too late to do anything for your wife."

"Wife!" whispered Miss Glory, her face a piece of parchment.

"M-mal!" stuttered Dawson. His voice was that of a frightened child, ending in an uncontrollable tremor.

But it was Arabia, dishevelled, gaunt, suddenly very old, who had the answer to the riddle. She raised her head with slow, impressive dignity and said very quietly:

"Lucy! She's dead at last."

Lucy! Before anybody could say anything Miss Glory had suddenly bounded up the stairs, and disappeared into Arabia's room. In a moment she reappeared, carrying a glass of water. She came down the stairs slowly, as if she were bearing something very precious. Her eyes, cold and malignant, rested on Mr. Moretti.

"This will prove an interesting analysis, no doubt," she said in her flat, expressionless voice. "I may even give it to you for your morning tea, Mr. Moretti."

Mr. Moretti put out a defensive hand. All the pale pinkness had gone out of his face. It was startlingly white, and in comparison his usually colorless brows and lashes were like yellow honey. His lips worked.

"It was her—not me!" he got out. "She—knew the tricks. You must—realise that—"

But Dawson, suddenly jerked into life, pointed a long, thin forefinger fiercely at Mr. Moretti. His face was drawn with hate.

"But only because of you! Only because of you, you—"

Jeremy put his hand on the boy's trembling shoulder.

"Steady, old man. Be careful what you say. I imagine you haven't entirely clean hands yourself."

Dawson jerked his head up triumphantly.

"But I have! There's nothing in that water but a bit of harmless powder. You can analyse it as much as you like. You can't prove a thing."

Mr. Moretti started forward.

"You mean, you little double-crosser, that you didn't do it?"

"Did you think I was going to let Ma get into that sort of trouble again? Oh, it was all right while we were just fooling around, giving people frights. That was good fun. But I never meant to do the real thing. Oh, no! Not for all the money in the world."

He turned and shot Mr. Moretti one more glance of pure hate. "And not to make you wealthy, you poor, scared worm. You haven't any guts, that's what's wrong with you. Made us do it all. I never want to set eyes on you again."

Then suddenly realisation of what had happened seemed to come to him and he went down on his knees beside the little still figure.

"Oh, Ma!" he sobbed. "Oh, Ma!"

Mrs. Stanhope (Lucy Bolton, Lucy Meredith, Lucy Montgomery, alias Moretti) lay on the bed in the carefully preserved room upstairs, the room that had waited so long for her to come back. She lay on the pretty silk coverlet, with her possessions about her, her old ball dresses, her half-finished diary, her empty perfume bottle, her jewellery, girlish and inexpensive, the locket set with seed pearls that she had worn to Arabia's party round her neck, and the satin wedding dress which she had worn to her wedding with Larry on her broken body.

She looked young and innocent now, her hair neatly done, a rose in her folded hands. But there was still a look of secrecy about her mouth, an air of wilfulness to

her pointed chin. Death could not take from her, all at once, her greed and slyness, her skill as an actress, and her utter ruthlessness.

At first Arabia had wept bitterly. It was she who had asked that Mrs. Stanhope be laid in the room upstairs.

"You understand I am not weeping for this woman whom you knew," she said, with dignity. "It is for my little girl, my lost Lucy, whom I loved so much, that I weep."

She admitted that ever since the night of the party she had known Mrs. Stanhope's true identity. At first Mrs. Stanhope had successfully hidden it behind the big glasses, and the whispering voice that was merely a clever act. She had changed a great deal in the

fifteen years since Arabia had seen her, her hair was white and she had grown prematurely old.

She had also had a type of prettiness that in youth was extremely attractive, but which in middle-age was quite nondescript. She had suspected that her voice would have been the most likely thing to arouse memory, so she had most skilfully hidden it, and only once had her vigilance been found wanting. That had been the night when Cressida had heard her scream, because Mr. Moretti, impatient about the lack of success of their plan, had threatened her with his hands round her throat.

But on the night of the party, when Arabia had suddenly announced that Cressida was to be her heir, Mrs. Stanhope had decided that it was time to reveal herself. She had gone upstairs, ostensibly

to change the dress on which wine had been spilt, but in reality to put on the locket which Arabia had given her on her eighteenth birthday, and which she could not fail to recognise.

Arabia had recognised it, and her enemy, in the same moment. That was when she had begun to lock herself in, knowing that she was in extreme danger until her will was irrevocably signed and witnessed.

"But surely your own daughter would not have harmed you," Cressida whispered in horror.

"She was not my true daughter," Arabia replied. "She was my sister's child. She only lived with me for four years, which perhaps explains why I didn't at once recognise her when she came back. It was

To page 71

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FRESH, ripe pineapple has a unique flavor that is excellent in both sweet and savory dishes.

When using it in any mixture containing gelatine it must be pre-cooked, because raw pineapple prevents gelatine setting.

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The shells make novel containers for serving sweet or savory dishes.

Dried coconut, either shredded or desiccated, has dozens of uses in cooking and gives a distinctive flavor to cakes, cookies, sweets, and a wide range of savory foods.

All spoon measurements are level.

PINEAPPLE PARFAIT

One cup lime jelly, 1 tin crushed pineapple (chilled and drained), green food coloring (optional), 1 quantity pineapple flummery.

Chill jelly until almost set, add pineapple, mix well. Add extra green coloring if desired. Chill until set, chop roughly. Spoon into parfait glasses in alternate layers with the flummery. Top with a "fan" of pineapple. Chill thoroughly and serve.

Pineapple Flummery: Two tablespoons gelatine, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup pineapple juice or juicy crushed pineapple.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 cup of the water, blend flour smoothly with the balance. Pour both mixtures into a saucepan with sugar and bring to the boil. Boil 5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add pineapple and reheat to boiling. Cool and allow to partially set. Whisk until stiff and frothy. Pile roughly into serving dish or into individual serving dishes, or use as above.

HAWAIIAN CREAM

One tin pineapple pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup glace cherries 1 cup whipped cream (or well-chilled evaporated milk), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup blanched, slivered almonds.

Drain pineapple, reserving $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the syrup. Combine pineapple, chopped marshmallows, cherries, almonds, and reserved syrup. Allow to stand 1 hour. Fold in whipped cream or evaporated milk. Spoon into dessert dishes and chill.

A novel idea for serving is to pile the fruit mixture into halved, drained coconuts as in the illustration above.



FROSTED PINEAPPLE CAKE

Four ounces butter (or substitute), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2-3rd cup milk, 2oz. crystallised pineapple.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla thoroughly. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder and salt alternately with the milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Divide into three 8in. sandwich-tins, greased and dusted lightly with flour. Sprinkle top with finely chopped pineapple. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, join layers with pineapple frosting. Cover top and sides of assembled cake with frosting, decorate with pieces of crystallised pineapple, cherries, and fresh mint sprigs.

Pineapple Frosting: Two and a half cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites.

Place sugar, water, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily, without stirring, to 238deg. F., or until a little dropped into cold water will form a soft ball when moulded with the fingers. Pour gradually on to stiffly beaten egg-whites, beating all the time. Add lemon juice and beat until thick and cool.

Spread between layers of cake, then quickly coat top and sides. Decorate with pineapple, cherries, and mint sprigs.

PINEAPPLE AND CHERRY SLICES

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, raspberry jam, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup drained, crushed pineapple.

Coconut Mixture: Beat 1 egg with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, add 1 cup coconut.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg. Work in sifted flour making a dry mixture. Spread with knife over the base of a greased slab-tin. Spread first with raspberry jam, then with pineapple, then top with coconut mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool in tin, then decorate with extra crushed pineapple and cherries and cut into squares or bars.

HONOLULU PIE

(with coconut crust)

Coconut Crust: One and a half cups shredded coconut, 1-3rd cup melted butter.

Mix coconut and butter together and press into a greased 8in. tart plate. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes, or until golden-brown. Coconut reaches burning point quickly, so care is necessary. Prepare filling.

Pineapple Filling: Three-quarters cup unsweetened pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1

LUSCIOUS SWEETS (above) include pineapple parfait, Hawaiian cream, Honolulu pie, frosted pineapple cake, and pineapple and cherry slices. See recipes.

envelope (1 tablespoon) gelatine, 1-3rd cup cold water, 2 well-beaten egg-yolks, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk (chilled and then whipped).

Combine pineapple juice, lemon juice, sugar, and salt, heat until sugar dissolves. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve in hot mixture. Gradually stir into egg-yolks and mix well. Chill until partially set, fold in egg-whites and evaporated milk. Pour into cooled coconut crust, chill until firm. Garnish with pineapple slice and split strawberries.

COCONUT LIQUEUR CAKES

Three cups cake crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot jam, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons grated chocolate, 1 dessertspoon sherry, 1 dessertspoon coconut, chopped glace cherries.

Mix cake crumbs and finely chopped nuts, coconut, and cherries. Place water, jam, sugar, and chocolate in a double boiler, stir until hot and continue to cook gently for 5 minutes. Remove from the fire and add sherry. Pour over cake crumbs and mix evenly. Mixture should be of a stiff consistency. Form into small balls, roll in extra coconut, and top each cake with a cherry. Allow to set, in refrigerator if necessary, before serving.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

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By Dorothy Summers,
Home Economist of Kelvinator.

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Readers' recipes

● Prizes in our recipe contest are awarded this week to readers in South Australia and New South Wales.

THE main prize is awarded for a recipe for sausage splits with spaghetti, which is simple to prepare and makes an appetising luncheon dish for the whole family.

A lemon-apple tart recipe wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

SAUSAGE SPLITS WITH SPAGHETTI

Four large sausages, 1 onion, nut of butter, 2 tomatoes, 2 rashers streaky bacon, 1 medium-size tin spaghetti, mustard, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Fry onion in a little butter until soft, but not browned. Cut bacon rashers (rind removed) in halves, saute in their own fat until cooked, then fry sausages and halved tomatoes. Heat spaghetti, add onion, and chopped parsley, place in hot serving-dish. Split sausages, spread a little made mustard on each, place a piece of bacon down centre of each sausage split. Arrange sausages and tomato halves on top of spaghetti, serve very hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Schmid, Hale St., Renmark, S.A.



PORK CHOPS make an interesting roast dish. Sandwich chops with a mixture of chopped sauteed onion, celery, and dried apricots, bound with melted butter and soft crumbs. Secure with cocktail sticks, bake in moderate oven.

LEMON APPLE TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, raspberry or plum jam, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 large cooking apple.

Line an 8in. tart-plate with pastry, pinch a frill around edge. Spread a thin layer of jam over pastry; prepare filling. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg, beat well. Lastly add lemon rind and juice and grated apple. Spread mixture over jam, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook further 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Small, c/o "Glendale," 60 River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Plan for Summer

By Sister Mary Jacob,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

WHEN the warmer weather begins, every young and inexperienced mother will find there are problems in the care and feeding of her baby, and should learn how to meet them.

With the change in seasons many adjustments have to be made in clothing, cot bedding, and diet.

A baby should be tucked down in the cot and dressed according to the temperature of the day, but adjustments should be made for sudden changes.

For the very young baby butter-muslin napkins are cooler and less irritating than thick towelling napkins.

Cotton, voile, and fine cotton crepe are suitable materials for summer dresses.

In warmer weather bonnets should have shady brims instead of being close-fitting and woollen, as they so often are; older babies and toddlers should wear a soft linen shady hat with the brim lined with a darker material and a protecting flap for the back of the neck and spine.

A leaflet giving these and other useful hints on hot-weather problems can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

FAMILY DISH

A MEAT ROLL with vegetable stuffing is this week's family dish. It costs approximately 6/- to 7/- and serves four or five people.

VEGETABLE STUFFED MEAT ROLL

One cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 dessertspoons milk, ½ lb. minced steak, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup shelled peas, 1 cup diced carrot, ½ cup diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ½ cup tomato sauce.

Pour milk over breadcrumbs, and allow to stand 10 minutes. Mix with steak, egg, chopped onion, Worcestershire sauce, curry powder, mustard, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Place on waxed paper coated with flour. Cover with more waxed paper coated with flour, and roll out to oblong shape. Remove waxed paper and cover with mixture of peas, carrots, celery, parsley, and grated onion. Roll up as for Swiss roll. Place in greased pan, pour tomato sauce along top, and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Serve sliced, with thin gravy flavored with tomato and Worcestershire sauces.

Tony's luxury dish

ICED STRAWBERRY MERINGUE

"STRAWBERRIES are plentiful at present," says Tony Clerici, well-known Sydney restaurateur, "so this dessert is worth trying. It is light, not excessively sweet, and most refreshing for spring and summer meals."

For six persons you will need:

One cup sugar, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 5 egg-whites.

Cook the sugar, water, cream of tartar over heat until sugar is melted. Then boil rapidly until the syrup will spin a thread, or 242deg. F. Beat the egg-whites until they stand in peaks. When the syrup has reached the thread stage, pour slowly into the egg-whites and continue beating with an electric or rotary

beater until it is all absorbed, and the meringue stands in peaks. Cool over ice. Sauce and Garnishes: One and a half cups crushed strawberries, 1½ cups sugar, 6 egg-yolks, 12 medium-sized strawberries, castor sugar, 1 cup strawberry puree, 3 cups cream.

Beat together the sugar, egg-yolks, and the crushed strawberries. Force through a fine sieve into a double saucepan, and heat over boiling water until thickened. Remove from water and cool. Whip the cream until stiff, and mix in the egg-yolk mixture. Then add the strawberry puree and the meringue. Transfer this to a deep bowl, and chill thoroughly in a refrigerator. Decorate with the whole strawberries which have been sprinkled with castor sugar.



Rodd Cutlery

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Here are fine examples of the Australian silversmiths' art. The makers of Rodd Cutlery recommend Silvo Liquid Silver Polish for the proper care of all silver. Silvo is gentle to delicate silver surfaces and quickly restores its rich, lovely lustre.



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Farmhouse extensions

By Sydney architect W. J. McMurray

Mrs. J. M. Browne, of Greenbushes, W.A., wants to add more rooms to her brick farmhouse. The additions are to be in weatherboard, and they must be made with the least possible disturbance to the existing roof.

THE extensions for which Mrs. Browne has planned are two new bedrooms (one of them to accommodate three boys) and a new kitchen and back verandah. She prefers a long and narrow kitchen with space at one end for a dinette.

A sketch of the present layout of the farmhouse is shown at right.

To solve Mrs. Browne's problem I have suggested a plan that uses part of the back verandah to give access to the two new bedrooms. It also provides ample room for additional linen and general storage cupboards.

The new bedroom for the boys has been planned like a dormitory, with a built-in wardrobe. The suggested placing for the furniture, shown in the sketch at far right, will save space.

Built in L-shape, the new

kitchen contains long benches for the preparation and serving of meals, and allows a small space for either a dinette or a kitchen table and chairs.

Because the windows adjacent to the fuel stove have a westerly aspect, they should be for ventilation only, and should be highlights located under the eaves for easy control of late afternoon sunlight.

A big improvement to the layout would be the removal of the present entrance hall and the extension of the living-room as shown in the sketch. This could be done without disturbing the existing roof.

Fixed glass

THE extended part of the living-room could incorporate large areas of fixed glass and folding doors, opening out on to a new verandah on the south-western corner.

The new living-room would be 30ft. by 15ft., which, in addition to providing space for more

formal dining, would be very suitable for entertainment or recreation.

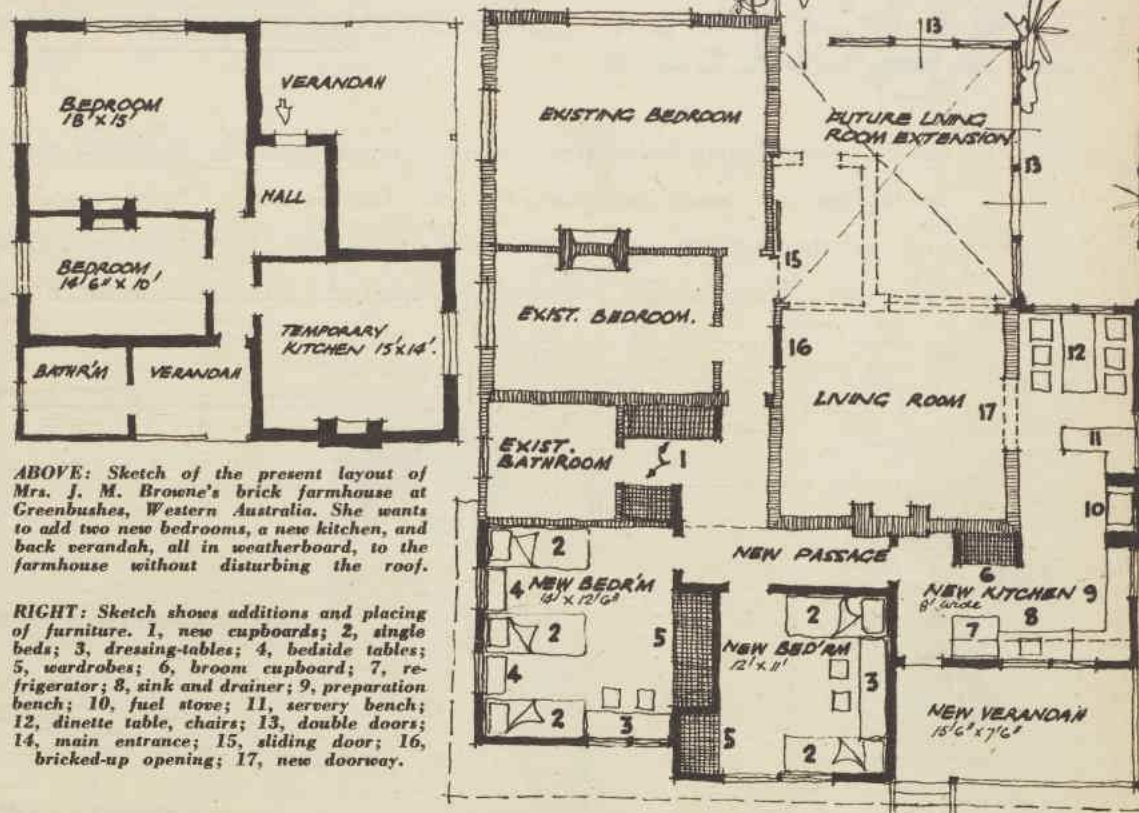
To avoid disturbing the existing roof, I suggest that the new rooms and verandah be covered with a flat or very slightly pitched roof.

The higher ceilings of older houses usually enable this type of new roof to be built against the walls under the existing

eaves, allowing a 9ft. ceiling height in the new rooms.

In hot climates some type of insulating material should be included between the ceiling lining and the roof surface.

As covering for this type of roof I recommend flat galvanised iron, laid on boarding with special rolled joints to allow for expansion and contraction. This work should be done by a competent plumber.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

WHEN a nail supporting a picture loosens, follow this hint instead of making another hole in the wall: Wrap the nail in a little cotton-wool, dip in glue, and replace.

TO raise the design on embroidered linens, iron on the wrong side over thick padding.

AFTER washing leather gloves, roll them in a turkish towel from fingertips towards the cuff. Knead a few minutes, then unroll and blow into the fingers to shape them properly. To dry, hang over towel-rod away from heat. While still damp, soften with the fingers, working very gently.



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Below—Kelvinator "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting.



leads the Spring Parade

...6 beautiful Kelvinators give you the greatest value!



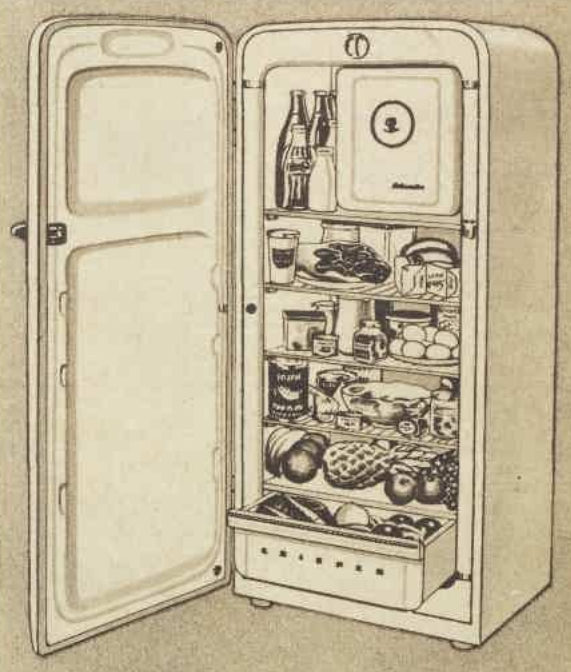
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There's nothing to turn on or off — with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost! No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty — it is evaporated for you! This is the greatest defrosting system of all time. There are no electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! The refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed — automatically. "Cold-making" refrigerant becomes "warm-making". "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes — so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting.

And apart from the sensational "Magic Cycle", the new Kelvinator range gives you all the other features you have ever wanted. New low prices, too. Amazing value from Australia's most beautiful and biggest selling range of refrigerators.



Kelvinator "Space-saver-80 De-luxe"



Kelvinator "Space-saver-75"

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- 1 "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" (illustrated at left) with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. This beautiful, impressive model offers you 10 cu. ft. of refrigerator space. Full-width Frozen Food chest which holds 34 lbs. of food; big meat keeper; fruit and vegetable crisper; special bottle space; roll-out shelves; three special quick-release ice trays. **£225**
- 2 Kelvinator "Space-saver-10" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting. 10 cu. ft. capacity. **£215**
- 3 Kelvinator "Space-saver-10" . . . the same as above, but with normal defrosting. **£195/10/-**
- 4 Kelvinator "Space-saver-80 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting giving you 7½ cu. ft. of refrigeration space. Full-width 27 lb. frozen food chest; full-width fruit and vegetable crisper; full-width meat tray; three door shelves and three special quick-release ice-trays. **£182**
- 5 Kelvinator "Space-saver-80". Same style and size as model above but with normal defrosting. **£166**
- 6 Kelvinator "Space-saver-75". The budget-priced. Economy model gives you 7.5 cu. ft. storage space — plus advanced Kelvinator features. **£146/10/-**

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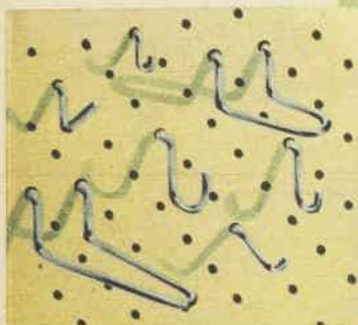
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Masonite Presdwoods are really at home in a modern kitchen. Here are just a few do-it-yourself suggestions: ways to use Masonite to build the kind of kitchen you've always wanted. Because Masonite is so inexpensive you can build-in storage space and counter surfaces a-plenty. Masonite's smooth, hard surface is a dream to keep clean... and lasts a house-time too! Yours can be a kitchen to be proud of—it's so easy to make it right with Masonite.

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not as if I had known her from birth. My sister had married a man who subsequently turned out to be a scoundrel, a thoroughly bad person. He left her and later she died when Lucy was only fifteen. That was when Lucy became my daughter."

Her eyes clouded. "So sweet and pretty and lovable she was then. Oh, no doubt I spoiled her, but who would not have? I could afford to, and she was all I had. So there were the parties and gaiety I told you about. All of that was true. The roses, and the admirers and the laughter. And Larry, her first husband. He was a nice lad and he adored her. They had a beautiful wedding—a pair of children they looked."

Arabia paused to wipe her eyes. Almost at once the tenderness left her face, and it became harsh and ugly.

"Larry died three years after their wedding," she said starkly. "He was poisoned."

"Not by Lucy," Cressida gasped.

"By Lucy. By his sweet and loving wife. Oh, not without incitement, I grant you. Not without the encouragement of her wicked lover. It was because of him being an accessory that Lucy got a recommendation for mercy and later a reprieve from the death sentence. Thank heaven Monty got five years."

"Monty!" Cressida whispered, carried away by Arabia's terrible melodrama.

"Yes, Monty. Or Moretti. Whichever you like. Didn't I say he was a caterpillar, a creeping slug. How could she have loved him so disastrously?"

"His name was in the diary. And there was that half begun letter. And the baby! She was to have Monty's baby."

All at once Arabia looked unbearably weary.

"Heaven be my witness, I didn't know that. She came here, you see, after Larry's death and before her arrest. There was actually a period of a few weeks when Larry's death was thought to be from natural causes. An acute case of gastroenteritis, the doctor said. But the nurse had been suspicious. Anyway, later Lucy was arrested here, in this house. The sorrowful little widow whom I had comforted—ah, I had been so sad—while all the time she sat upstairs writing about Monty in an old diary she picked up."

"The missing pages," Cressida said. "You tore them out."

"I destroyed all that part of Lucy's life," Arabia said simply. "I decided that from the day of her marriage to Larry she no longer existed. In my mind I had her die a tragic and innocent death. I tell you, it was the only way I could remain sane."

"But—she still lived."

"Not for me. She was her father's daughter then, not her mother's. She was nothing of me. I cast her out."

Even then Cressida found the old lady's ruthless grandeur impressive and admirable. It was so typical of her. All her life she had admitted only color and love and drama and happiness, never sadness and defeat. So this most terrible defeat had to be shut out of her mind, treated as if it had never existed. Only a person with such will-power and imagination and vitality could have done it.

But old age had found her weak spot, her loneliness, her longing for the charm and gaiety Lucy's companionship had once brought her.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

from page 63

"Believe me, I knew nothing of the baby," she said now. "Even had I known—what would I have done, I wonder? But I knew nothing until the night you brought me that scrap of glove. Oh, the shock of that revelation!"

"The baby was Dawson," Cressida said.

Here Jeremy, who had been listening silently, interposed with a brisk explanation.

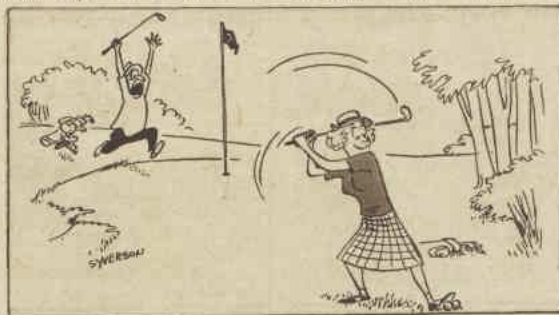
"He was born in gaol, after Lucy had begun serving her life sentence. His father, who of course knew of his existence, totally ignored him. He was brought up in an orphanage, and had started work as a message boy in a grocer's shop when his mother came out of gaol. She immediately sought him out, and gave him a little of the love he had never before known. The consequence of this was that he began to admire everything the devious little woman planned. She knew that there was no use in coming here and making herself known to Arabia as the prodigal daughter—so she came in disguise, with the simple plan of having Dawson worm his way into his great-aunt's affection."

"Being a doting mother, which was perhaps understandable after her long term in prison, it didn't occur to her that everyone might not find her son as attractive as she herself did. As for Dawson, being admired and loved went to his head. And there is the fact that he has a good brain. He got this job in a chemist's shop, and began to take an unhealthy interest in drugs and poisons. One never knew when it would come in useful, he said. Moretti turning up was unexpected. There is a vulture if you like."

Arabia nodded energetically. "Vulture, yes! No courage of his own to kill, but oh,

way, I didn't frighten you, my dear."

"It was mostly Dawson," Jeremy said. "He had an extraordinary facility for moving silently and thinking up nasty tricks. It was he who locked you in Lucy's room, and sent you those death notices, and followed you in the fog. He gave his mother a harmless mixture to make her sick that night, and he also gave Mimosa a pill that made him dopy for a while. He



took a morbid pleasure in spreading stories about poison and murders. In fact, he's a thoroughly twisted character, poor boy."

"The wardrobe?" Cressida asked.

"That was Moretti. Staged and executed by the maestro himself, who, incidentally, is an excellent mimic. He left you there just long enough to get thoroughly panicky, and then he hastened your departure from the house. Actually, if you hadn't come back that night Arabia would not have been in danger, because they would have reverted to their original plan of inveigling Dawson into her affections. But when you came back they

"So you sat up all night," Cressida murmured.

"That," said Jeremy, "was no hardship."

"Get on with the story," said Arabia imperiously. "Keep your love-making until later."

Cressida's eyes met Jeremy's and dropped in startled acknowledgment. With an effort she concentrated on the rest of his story.

"This is where Miss Glory comes into it. As you know, she had been in an extraordinarily besotted state about Moretti, who apparently

me tell you a secret. Most of my jewels are false. And this house is mortgaged. It was the influence of the sheik, really. He encouraged me to be extravagant. I played ducks and drakes with my fortune. But, oh, I had a fine time. A most exciting and glamorous time. Life was never dull then. Why," she said, her eyes opening to their brilliant warmth, "life isn't dull now. Oh, but yes, I see it is. You two want to be alone. Very well, be alone. I'll leave you. After all, I have Ahmed and Miss Glory. And the boy. Yes, the boy. I must do something for him . . ."

She went out, her tall body erect, her face suddenly full of eagerness and interest. She was a wonderful, a remarkable old woman, but at the moment neither Cressida nor Jeremy was thinking of her or her dignified exit.

"What about Tom?" Jeremy demanded.

"Oh!" Cressida cried guiltily. "Oh, how awful! I've forgotten to read Tom's letter. And I've had it ever since yesterday morning."

Jeremy began to smile, his brow lifting towards his hair-line.

"Must you now?"

"Oh, yes, I must. It's so rude not to. Poor Tom. He'll think I don't care."

"And do you?"

Cressida frowned perplexedly. "Jeremy! Please don't confuse me. I—I don't know. We don't like the same things. I—I ran away from that awful bed. It had a headboard like a tombstone. Let me at least read his letter."

She took it from the mantelpiece and tore it open. Jeremy began to fidget about the room. He did not for one moment intend to let her forget his presence. Mimosa came in and began to cry for attention, his tail fluffed, his golden eyes all guile. Jeremy swung him into his arms, and listened for the deep, appreciative purr.

"Shall we go to Paris? Shall we leave unresponsive girls with dull fiancés in the country to look after themselves?"

"Oh!" cried Cressida. "Oh! The wretch! Why, he can't be faithful even for a week. Oh, I'd never have believed it!"

Jeremy snatched the letter from her. He read, "I can't help feeling, Cress, that I am going to grow very fond of Mary Madden. She and I have a great deal in common—"

Jeremy tossed the letter into the air and gave a great shout of laughter.

"Good old Tom! Salt of the earth Tom!"

"Jeremy, you don't care a bit that I'm slighted!"

"Slighted did you say?" He had her in his arms and was kissing her in a way she had never been kissed before.

"Is this slighting you? Or this? Oh, Cressida Lucy, I've adored you ever since you tumbled down Arabia's front steps practically into my arms. Don't you love me, too? Won't you give me all that love you've never given Tom? Cressida, listen to me! I'm asking you a question."

She did love him, of course. She had known she was going to fall in love with him from the moment she had opened her eyes that day and seen his bright gaze on her. And what was more, everyone else had known, even gentle Mr. Mullins, who had been so perturbed about her friendship with Arabia because of Arabia's tragic history, but whose loyalty had forbidden him to speak of it.

Jeremy, however, was altogether too confident. He deserved to go through a little suspense. She did not mean to answer him for a little. But all at once she had a thought, a joke to share, and she could not prevent her face dimpling with happiness that here was someone with whom to share jokes all her life.

"Jeremy!" she said naughtily, "let's send Tom a Victorian what-not for a wedding present. He'll adore it!"

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his greed to get at dead bodies!"

Cressida shivered.

"Moretti found he could exercise his old spell over Lucy," Jeremy went on quietly. "He had expected her to come back here, for a reconciliation with her wealthy, adopted mother, and he did not intend to be done out of any of the pickings. When he saw that no reconciliation had taken place, he decided to move in and help things along."

Jeremy flung out his hands. "Well—the rest you know."

"No, I don't," said Cressida vigorously. "What about all those things that happened to me, and which—" she turned to Arabia, "forgive me, darling, but I thought you had done them."

"It suited them to say I was crazy," Arabia said. "Perhaps I am a little. But not in that

saw that she had to die before the will making you her heir was executed. After all, even if Dawson hadn't succeeded in obtaining her passionate affection, and there was no will, Lucy would have inherited as next of kin. But a will leaving everything to you would be fatal. So when you came back action had to be taken."

"How did you know all this?" Cressida asked, with respect. "How did you know that Arabia must not be in her room that night?"

"Because that day I was in bed with flu," Jeremy told her. "No one in the house knew I was there, and I overheard one illuminating word."

"What was that?"

"A voice I didn't recognise—but which of course I know now was Mrs. Stanhope's—saying 'Monty.' So I knew the enemy was right here. But at that stage I was afraid he would strike at you."

"Everyone knew that Arabia, on waking, drank the glass of water that was placed at her bedside the night before. Mrs. Stanhope had thought it would be so simple to switch tumblers, the one she substituted containing the colorless but lethal dose of poison which Dawson had provided. Miss Glory lay still long enough for the tumblers to be changed. Then you heard the rest."

Cressida, indeed, remembered the wild accusing cry that had come from upstairs, and then the shriek, that awful, terrified shriek.

"We didn't mean the woman to die," Jeremy said.

Arabia moved at last.

"It's better," she said. "It's much better. What was there for her?" Her face contorted. "Poor scrap," she whispered, and now her difficult tears were not for the girl Lucy, but for little Mrs. Stanhope, mousy, nervous, the ex-convict who had fallen once more into scheming and error.

"I must do something for the boy," she said. "He showed decency, and courage, too, at the end. A good school, a profession. What do you say, Cressida?"

Cressida replied eagerly. "Yes, you must do that. And really, Arabia, I don't want your money. I never did. I only let you think so because I didn't want to hurt your feelings."

"Bless you!" said the old lady. "Bless you, child. Let

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Continuing . . . The Outsider

from page 9

well, and didn't like to ask him; after all, he hardly looked up to her weight. The crowd became fluid, divided again, and by then Elaine and Dick had completely disappeared.

Tony said: "Did you see her?"

"No," said Janey flatly. "I couldn't see anything. Where are the others?"

Tony's kind, plain face became a little anxious. "I don't see them," he said vaguely. "They can't be far."

"No," said Janey. "They can't be far." She added brightly: "Anyway, it doesn't matter much, does it? We'll meet them back at the car."

"Yes," Tony said. He sounded a little glum; his tone implied that while Janey was a nice girl, he hadn't really planned to spend his time with her. They wandered on aimlessly. The sun still shone, and the crowd was just as gay and varied as ever, but the savor had gone out of it for Janey.

She hadn't planned to spend her time with Tony, either. But she did her best to be nice to him, and he was painstakingly polite and helpful, explaining about tic-tac men and their sign language, and the general intricacies of racing. After a while Janey felt honor was satisfied, and they retraced their steps to the car.

Elaine and Dick were there already. Elaine was sitting in the front seat, next to Dick. She was smoking, leaning back and looking at Dick with her wide kitten-eyes through the smoke.

She was the kind of girl, Janey thought bitterly, whose every gesture, word, and movement was a kind of provocation. They didn't even see Janey and Tony until they were close upon them.

Dick said sharply: "Where the devil did you two get to?" He's angry, Janey thought miserably. Angry with me. Elaine made no attempt to move, so Janey climbed wearily into the back of the car.

"We lost you," she said. "When the Royal car came by. We got separated. . . ."

Dick said dryly: "I'll have to put you on a lead next time I bring you somewhere like this. Well, let's eat, shall we?"

They ate. There wasn't room in the front because of the steering, so Janey and Tony had the picnic basket on their knees, and passed things along. This was far from comfortable. Elaine sat back and accepted prettily everything that was offered to her.

She also dominated the conversation and for quite a while Janey endured it silently. Suddenly, however, a devil seemed to enter into her, saying loudly in her ear, why do you put up with it? So she said abruptly: "Did I ever tell you about the time I was run over by a train?"

Elaine stopped with a piece of veal-and-ham pie halfway to her charming mouth and said: "You what?"

Dick looked towards Janey with an expression she could not read. He said quietly: "Go on, Janey. Tell us."

She told them. She had little sense of the dramatic, especially about herself, so she told the story in flat everyday tones which only served to make it more horrifying. When she was seventeen she had been away camping with a party of young people by the sea. One day it was Janey's turn to go to the village to buy the stores.

At the butchers' they told her there was no need to go the long way back to the bay by the road; she could take the short cut through the disused railway tunnel. Following the directions, she made her way gaily

down into the tunnel, which was quite long, and curved so that halfway you could not see the light at either end. Just then she heard a train coming. Elaine said: "But you said it was a disused tunnel."

Janey said dryly: "So it was. But I was in the wrong tunnel."

Because it was quite dark she had no idea on which line the train would come; so in the space of seconds she had to decide what to do. Then she remembered that the space between the lines was usually quite deep, and that if she lay face downwards in this, making herself as flat as possible, she might get away with it.

So she had lain in the ditch between the rails, covering her head with her arms, sobbing and praying; and then the train came and thundered over her, and it was gone and she was still alive. She stumbled back, then, to the little wayside station, and the porter and stationmaster stared amazed at the extraordinary figure, covered in rusty water and streaked with dust, shaking and sobbing and unable at first even to tell a coherent story.

They had been very kind to her, and made her rest, and presently she was able to go back to the camp. "I was none the worse," Janey said matter-of-factly. "But I used to dream, rather, for a time. I've never liked trains much since then. . . ."

Elaine burst out laughing. "Oh," she said. "Janey! What a tall story! I must say you tell it well, though, you had me absolutely on tenterhooks!"

There was a little silence. Janey felt herself flushing; she was conscious of a sense of

It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness or penetration.

— Coleridge

affront that was almost unbearable. She looked at Elaine, smiling so sweetly at her, leaning back with her arm resting along the seat behind Dick's shoulders; the little slender arm, with the tiny bird-bones in the wrist. Janey thought in a towering, primitive rage, the little beast, I could break her across my knee. She said quietly: "Are you trying to tell me that I'm lying?"

"Janey," Dick said gently. There was a warning in his voice, and Janey thought in misery and shame, he's trying to tell me not to make a scene; trying to smooth things over.

Tony was looking down, the perfect gentleman, terribly embarrassed but trying not to show it. Elaine was smiling with unalloyed sweetness. "Well, darling," she said. "You must admit. . . ."

Dick said quickly: "Elaine is pulling your leg, Janey. She knows quite well it's a true story." His face was a blank; Janey thought, he doesn't believe it himself. Elaine said nicely: "Of course it is, darling. I was only joking."

"All right," Janey mumbled. "Sorry."

She was in the wrong. They had put her in the wrong; the brash Aussie, showing off, unable to take a joke, going around with a chip on her shoulder. Dick would be ashamed of her. He was ashamed of her. He couldn't

possibly be in love with her after this. If he ever had been.

He was tactful; turning the conversation on to the races, on what they fancied backing for the Derby. Elaine was vague: "Put something on for me, darling. I don't know anything about these things." Dick and Tony exchanged views about the chances of various horses, about the favorite, the famous French horse Parnassus II.

"What about you, Janey?"

That morning, in preparation for going to the Derby, Janey had conscientiously read the racing columns of her particular newspaper. The tipster held the conviction that it would be a favorite's Derby; but he had also mentioned a number of other horses, in the confusing way of tipsters. As clearly as if she saw the words printed before her, Janey remembered: Ajax. Ajax, an outsider, 40-1.

Something seemed to say to her, that's the horse. He'll win the Derby. She had heard of this; it was called a hunch, and sometimes it came off. There must be some reason why the name of this horse came back to her so clearly. Ajax, the outsider. I'm an outsider, she thought, and the odds against my ever marrying Dick are very long indeed. . . .

She said: "Ajax."

"Never heard of it," said Tony. "Are you sure, Janey?"

They checked. Ajax was a starter.

"You'll probably lose your money, Janey," Dick smiled. "How much?"

"A pound," she said recklessly.

Tony whistled. "Nice work if you can get it. But you won't, you know. Make it ten bob each way, Janey."

She looked bewildered. "I don't know what you mean, each way. I'm backing this horse to win."

Elaine laughed, and Dick, with a quick look at her, was patient. "Tony means you back it for a place as well, Janey."

She said obstinately, unsmiling and miserable: "I'm backing this horse to win."

She didn't look at him. She thought: I would like to go away somewhere by myself and cry.

"All right, Janey," Dick said gently. He went away to find a bookmaker. When he came back he was smiling. He said: "Perhaps you've got something, Janey, about that horse. Odds have shortened to 33-1. Why are you so keen on it?"

She said shortly: "I've got a hunch."

Suddenly it seemed to matter terribly who won the Derby.

Dick handed her his binoculars. "There you are, Janey. Keep a look-out for your horse!"

Elaine said: "We can't see the finish from here, Dick. Put the radio on. We'll get it both ways then."

Janey heard the cry "They're off!" and then the great roar of the Epsom crowd, louder, louder, and the thundering of horses' hoofs. She raked the field frantically with the binoculars, she couldn't find him, then there he was, a bunch of leaders and Ajax fourth or fifth behind them. She thought dismally, it's no good.

She heard the radio commentator, smooth and unruffled (how on earth does he sort out the horses? she thought) . . . "coming up to Tattenham Corner . . . into the straight . . ." She couldn't see now, she couldn't see.

Then she heard it, even the bland B.B.C. voice excited now, rising almost to a shout . . . "Ajax . . . Ajax coming up on the outside . . . Ajax neck and

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Continuing . . . The Outsider

from page 72

neck now with Parnassus . . . Ajax leading, it's Ajax's race, Ajax has won the Derby . . .

Janey shut her eyes. As in a dream, she heard the crowd's roar simmer down and die, the announcer returning to calm, telling them the favorite was placed second, Fairy Light third . . . she heard Dick saying: "Janey, are you all right?"

She said faintly: "Just about." She handed him the binoculars and jumped down. He smiled, and touched her hand lightly. "Some hunch, Janey. I'll go and collect."

She went and sat in the car—in the front seat this time. Dick came back with her winnings and dropped them in her lap. She picked up the notes and fingered them and put them down again. She felt completely flat, drained, exhausted. It didn't matter after all.

Dick said jokingly: "I shan't bring you racing any more, you take it too hard. You're quite pale. Well, shall we make tracks? I think anything else after this would be an anticlimax."

The others agreed, and Dick backed out and headed for town. Janey sat beside Dick, pale and silent. She had put the money away in her purse. She felt no elation at all.

As they drove through Lambeth, Elaine said brightly: "Well, what next?"

What next, indeed, Janey thought.

Dick said easily: "Well, Janey and I have a date. Can I drop you two anywhere?"

Janey could hardly believe her ears. She looked at him quickly, but he was watching the road ahead and she could tell nothing from his expression.

Elaine and Tony got out at Piccadilly Circus. Elaine did not look pleased. Dick zoomed away up Regent Street, and to Janey's astonishment he began to whistle softly.

"Dick," she began. "Why did you tell them we had a date? What date?"

He gave her a quick sideways glance. "Well, we have a date, haven't we? A date with each other."

"Oh . . . yes." After a moment she tried again. "Well . . . Dick, where are we going?"

"We're going," said Dick dryly, "to find a nice quiet side street where we can park and have a talk."

"Can't we . . . can't we go and have some tea and talk?"

"Not the kind of talk I want to have," said Dick.

Janey looked at him apprehensively. He must be angry with me, she thought, after all.

Dick found his quiet side street. There was nobody about. He switched off the engine and leaned back and looked at her.

"Now," he said. "Tell me. What was it all in aid of?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Janey. She felt

her hands begin to shake, and, frightened, put them quickly in the pockets of her coat.

"You do know what I mean, Janey. The way you've been all day. What's the matter? You've been cross and miserable and hostile and just plain awkward. Then you win a packet and behave as if you'd lost the Crown Jewels. Come on, tell Dick now. What's wrong, darling?"

Janey burst into tears. Dick said: "Oh, lord, darling, I didn't mean to upset you like this. I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. Janey, stop crying. Janey. . ."

But telling Janey to stop crying once she had started was rather like trying to stop Niagara Falls. However, when she found herself in Dick's arms she sobbed more quietly, and eventually was able to stammer out: "It's been such a wretched day . . . I was so unhappy. . ."

Dick looked at her with dawning understanding. He said gently: "I didn't enjoy it much, either, Janey. Do you think I didn't mind having to bring Elaine and Tony along? It was my fault, I know. Elaine is so insensitive, she'll push her way in anywhere, and I find it awfully difficult to be rude to people. . ."

"Not like me," Janey mumbled remorsefully, and he chuckled.

"I'd got it all planned out," he said. "It was going to be a sort of special day for us. I thought we'd come back to town afterwards and go out to dinner and . . ." he hesitated.

"Perhaps you'll think I'm sentimental, but I wanted the right background, the soft lights and sweet music and all that . . ."

"Background?"

"For telling you that I love you," said Dick. "You know I love you, don't you, Janey?"

Being in the almost molten state of someone who has just had a good cry, Janey began to weep again. "I didn't," she sobbed. "I thought you never would. That's why I was so miserable. . ."

A little later, when Janey was finally restored to calm, Dick said: "Why was it you had such a thing about that horse?"

"It was just a hunch," Janey explained. "But I suppose, really, I got the hunch because he was an outsider. Like me."

"Like you?"

"Well, I felt like an outsider. I didn't belong, and I thought it was . . . very long odds that I ever would. . ."

Dick grinned. "You don't have to worry, darling," he said. "You're odds-on now."

"What does that mean?" Janey asked.

"I'll explain it," Dick said, his lips against her hair, "some other time."

(Copyright)



"Relax. It's just the exterminator checking for moths."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1956

The Drive Home

Our complete novel
BY EDWARD HYAMS

WHENEVER he was dictating, Elvedon stood with his back to the room and stared down into Albemarle Street. It was not that he disliked the room: Elaine, his wife, had furnished it for him, found the Regency-stripe wallpaper, the Queen Anne bookcase and bureau, had the portraits of Elvedons who had directed the firm since the seventeenth century suitably reframed.

But Elvedon enjoyed the street scene. From time to time, perhaps on half a dozen occasions in the course of a year, he apologised to Sarah Lee for his unmannerly habit.

"It's not that you aren't agreeable to look at, Sarah. But I always feel such a fool dictating the rubbish we have to write to our authors."

"Don't fuss, Simon. As if I minded! You have a very nice nape for me to look at."

When Sarah Lee said anything like that it was his cue to give her his whimsical smile and to think as he did so, "But, good God, why? Why go through the act with her?" — a little ashamed of himself, but keeping it up and, no use pretending, enjoying it.

"I don't know," he would say, "why I don't have designs on you, Sarah."

"I expect it's because you're what used to be called a gentleman, Simon."

"Do you think so? Do you think it can be that?"

He wondered sometimes whether she played her role because she thought she must, and twelve-pound-a-week jobs were not all that common; or whether she liked it. Certainly he could never have had, as he had put it, designs on her: she reminded him of the assistants in a very expensive beauty parlor: dressed and painted to perfection and as sexually interesting as a lamp-post.

She was the antithesis of Alice Paton. But then Alice was a woman, not a style. He was thinking of Alice again as he turned from the window and looked at Sarah, as neat at four-thirty as she had been at nine-thirty. He said, "I loathe November. The lights are on out there already. It's hazy and dismal. An old month — nothing but memories and rheumatism."

Sarah laughed. She always laughed at his jokes. He thought again, "Why do I talk such tripe?" and he even said something of the sort aloud. "What rubbish I talk! Do you think it's because I'm getting old?"

The question was another joke, but there was, somewhere, a poignant note of genuine anxiety. Sarah said, "Forty-five isn't old, Simon."

"It depends, of course. For some reason newspapers always call any politician under sixty young. Boxers, on the other hand, are old at thirty. Women, it seems, are never old now, they are in the later maturity. At the very outside, at ninety, say, they're elderly . . ."

"Well, you're not a politician, a boxer, or a woman. You're a publisher. Publishers . . ."

"Publishers, my dear, come down from Oxford old, very old, or they wouldn't be in this dreary trade. Did I finish that last letter?"

"No."

Sarah looked at her notebook and read back her shorthand. "And so we feel that the emotional content of the middle chapters is too slight to carry your remarkable concluding chapter."

"Good God!" Simon said, "what dreadful people authors are! Fancy being the kind of woman to whom that is unquestionably the right way to write a letter! Why can't I send her a postcard saying, 'Dear Mrs. Bonnington-Carter, please hot-up chapters five to seven inclusive or sales will flop? All right, end the letter, 'Why not have lunch with me soon at the Caprice and we can talk it over. Yours, etc.'"

Sarah said, "She hardly rates the Caprice. She didn't last time."

"I know. But I saw her latest figures this morning. Twenty-two thousand."

"Oh, in that case . . . Anything else?"

"No. I think I'll go home. Where's the Vinson manuscript? I'll read it tonight."

"In your brief-case."

"Perfect. Sign that lot for me, will you, Sarah? Good night."

The offices had once been a nobleman's town house, and Simon still took pleasure in the noble Italian staircase. As he reached the street door and was about to give the telephone girl, in her

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"THE DRIVE HOME," by Edward Hyams

glaze cabin, his evening smile, the smile, self-deprecating, charming, of the self-conscious middle-aged man aware that he was uncommonly good-looking, he heard Greeling's fluting voice behind him:

"Simon! Oh, Simon! Just a minute."

Elvedon swore under his breath, but turned. Greeling was coming down the stairs flapping a handful of rough drawings at him and looking as eager as always. He said:

"The jacket, Simon, for the Ogilvie biography . . ."

"Surely it can wait till tomorrow?"

He swung his bulging briefcase into view: that, with a comic grimace and a little shrug, was a plea: yes, it's true I am Elvedon of Elvedons with the right to go home at whatever time I like; but it is to work, like the rest of you, harder, indeed, than the rest of you. Greeling pouted, "I did rather want . . ."

"Then make the decision yourself, Ernest." Elvedon said, with sudden impatience, and aware that he was inflicting misery. It was unlike him, he was not himself, he had lunched that day with Alice Paton, and the skill of her delaying tactics, the smiling refusal to respond to his not absolutely convincing suggestions that their sentimental friendship might now evolve into a relationship more exciting and more robust, had both relieved and exasperated him.

"Sentimental friendship?" he was thinking, opening the door but hesitating to move from the shelter of the porch. The grey gloaming was sodden. It could not be said to be raining; rain, fine and too buoyant in the waterlogged air, hovered rather than fell. It occurred to Simon that November rain in London was definitely brown. Hunching his shoulders a little, he moved out into that deliquescence where air and stone, light and darkness were confused, and nothing had a sharp outline.

"Sentimental friendship?" Hardly that. But the French, as usual, had a word for it: "amitie amoureuse." For, after all, amour had come into it; was, indeed, the pith and substance of the situation. Situation? A sharp, clear word. Was not his relationship, rather, like the November street scene, or a bad watercolor, all running at the edges? Which did not exclude love.

The truth was that his extraordinarily violent and immediate reaction to Alice had frightened him, and elated him, even on that first day. Was it really only a month ago? Greeling had come bursting into his office in the impulsive, almost girlish way he had when he was excited, and with Alice in tow, saying,

"Simon, I don't care what you're doing, you're to stop at once and attend to us."

One put up with that kind of thing from Ernest Greeling because, uncannily often, almost always, his excitement was justified, his judgment as sound as his manner was irritating. Greeling had turned to bring the girl forward and said, "This is Miss Paton, Alice Paton."

But Simon had not waited for the introduction to look at the girl, to get to his feet, to stand there rather stiffly, vividly conscious of the girl's beauty, and of his own premonitory uneasiness as if he foresaw that she would, in some undefined way, be troublesome.

"Miss Paton." Ernest had continued demurely, with one eye on Simon as if to catch the effect of his forthcoming

announcement, and the other reassuringly on the girl, "Miss Paton is a poet."

With a head like that, Simon thought, she probably is, too. He managed not to pull the face appropriate to the awful portent of the words; Elvedon did, conscientiously, lose money on half a dozen volumes of poetry every year, but a line had to be drawn, the surplus money available from Grace Bonnington-Carter's sexy novels was by no means unlimited.

Simon, indicating a chair, said, "Do sit down, Miss Paton," and she, while taking it with a little smile of thanks, astonished him by uttering an emphatic, and apparently inconsistent, "No!"

"I mean," she went on, in a low, musical voice, "that I am not a poet. Unless you accept Malarne's definition quite literally."

Simon thought, "Ah, lovely and learned," and, to show that he, too, had been in Arcady, quoted,

"Poetry is made with words, not with ideas . . ."

The girl nodded: she looked, he thought, vaguely Irish; that fair, lightly flushed skin and grey eyes, and the dark hair, almost Italianate, but with a touch of humor which was not Latin, not simple gaiety of heart. Greeling was saying,

"What would you say to a new translation of Petrarch, Simon?"

become completely absorbed in another human being, and he was afraid for his peace of mind.

Simon had once said to Elaine, when he had been telling her about one of "his" authors who, at fifty, had completely and disastrously changed his style to match a belated passion for a girl of twenty-five, that there was nothing in the world so ridiculous as a middle-aged man in love. And Elaine, with her peculiarly personal logic, had replied, "It can't be ridiculous, because it happens."

"Then they should prevent it happening. After thirty, it's . . . incongruous."

"Not everyone," she had replied, "is as much master of his emotions as you are."

There had been, perhaps, a trace of reproach in that, and he had gone on, rather hastily, "What I really mean is that each age must surely have a set of ideas and emotions appropriate to being in love at that particular age . . ."

Elaine had looked at him without smiling and had quoted Hamlet,

"The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the reason." I think yours always did, Simon dear."

Now he made the appalling discovery that his hypothesis was false. There existed no milder, more suitable version of love for respectable gentle-

either avoiding Alice like the plague, or entering upon a course of lies.

The problem, of course, was shelved; the decision postponed; business with Alice, business of the Petrarch translation, was the justification for that.

Simon turned into the bombed-site car park. To his left a dim, blurred radiance shone from the pavements where water reflected street-lamps and lighted shop-windows. London, saddest of great cities, turned even bright lights into melancholy. Rain began to fall in earnest and he ran the last twenty yards to the car. For once the Lancia was not blocked in by other cars.

The rich sheen of dark red cellulose, the scent of hide when he opened the door, the snapping roar of the exhaust as he started the engine, pleased him more than he could pass without internal comment: "Simon, my friend, be your age!" He shrugged an answer to himself as he settled, with a sigh, behind the wheel: if he wasn't going to grow out of cars, well, he wasn't. It was too late to bother about it now, and on the whole it was rather fun.

He slid the car into the traffic. This rain, he thought, will put ten minutes on my time. At the Haymarket traffic lights he was held up beside an urbane town car of the kind Elaine had wanted. She had been very good about the car.

She had said, "I can't think of anything more inconvenient than a supercharged two-seater, and I shan't dare to drive the thing; but if you must have a toy, and I really don't see why you shouldn't, I wouldn't dream of trying to stop you." And she made do with a nasty little saloon which she called the dustbin.

He was in Cannon Street before he remembered about the pineapple: he had promised to bring one home. But there was a fruiterer's next to the station where he might get one. He pulled in behind a parked truck, cast an appraising look back at the traffic policeman, decided the man was too busy to start making a nuisance of himself, and ran across the road and into the shop. It was fragrant with the scent of apples. The girl who came forward to serve him cast a glance at the clock but gave him a forbearing smile.

"Sorry to be so late," Simon said, playing the considerate customer, taking pleasure in abusing his gift of charm to make her forget for a moment that he was interrupting her preparations to go home. She did not seem impressed.

"Don't close till five-thirty, anyway," she said, and, to his over-confiding, "What I wanted, actually, was a pineapple," she said no more than, "This one's sixteen shillings."

"Is it ripe?"

"Certainly."

"I'll take your word for it." She looked at the clock again, perhaps hinting that idle badinage was out of place so late. Simon followed the direction of her eyes: five-twenty. Below the clock, just above the cash register, was a looking-glass and his eye lingered on his own reflection. It was reassuring: his face seemed to feel much more worn than it looked. The lines did not deform it, they modelled it; the eyes and skin were clear; the grey hair was abundant and sprang lively from the roots. Not bad at all. Then why, again, why the diffidence, the troublesome sense of incongruity, the irony, in his relations with Alice? Yes, if she



"Over my dead body! I have bills to pay."

"And so you shall," Greeling said, "so you shall. It's some time since anyone made poetry sell like a popular novel. But listen, Simon, listen to this . . ."

He flapped open an MS.—the girl's presumably—and began to read. He read, unchecked by Simon, for ten minutes. During the last five of them Simon stared at the girl, until Greeling stopped and said, "You see what I mean?"

And Simon, without any of his usual hesitation, had said, "Yes. I don't know," he added, "that you're right about sales, but we'll certainly publish the book. Miss Paton, this is beautiful work."

"Thank you, You see I love poetry and I love language. But I have no vision of my own. So I translate."

"Simon, I'll leave Miss Paton with you, if I may," Greeling said. "I have to lunch with Peter Best. There are nine libels in his new volume of memoirs . . ."

Simon, still looking at the girl, waved him away, saying, "Lunch. Of course. How about it, Miss Paton? Let me offer you lunch and we will—er—discuss your contract."

They did not discuss her contract; the girl talked of poetry and Simon listened. He was enchanted: he would have been enchanted had she talked of clothes, of cars, of crooners or cooking, or bridge. It was only later that he suffered a twinge of fear; it was such a very long time since he had

men in middle life. Instead there was . . . well, exactly what there had been when he was twenty, and what he had supposed himself, not without regret and not without relief, safe from.

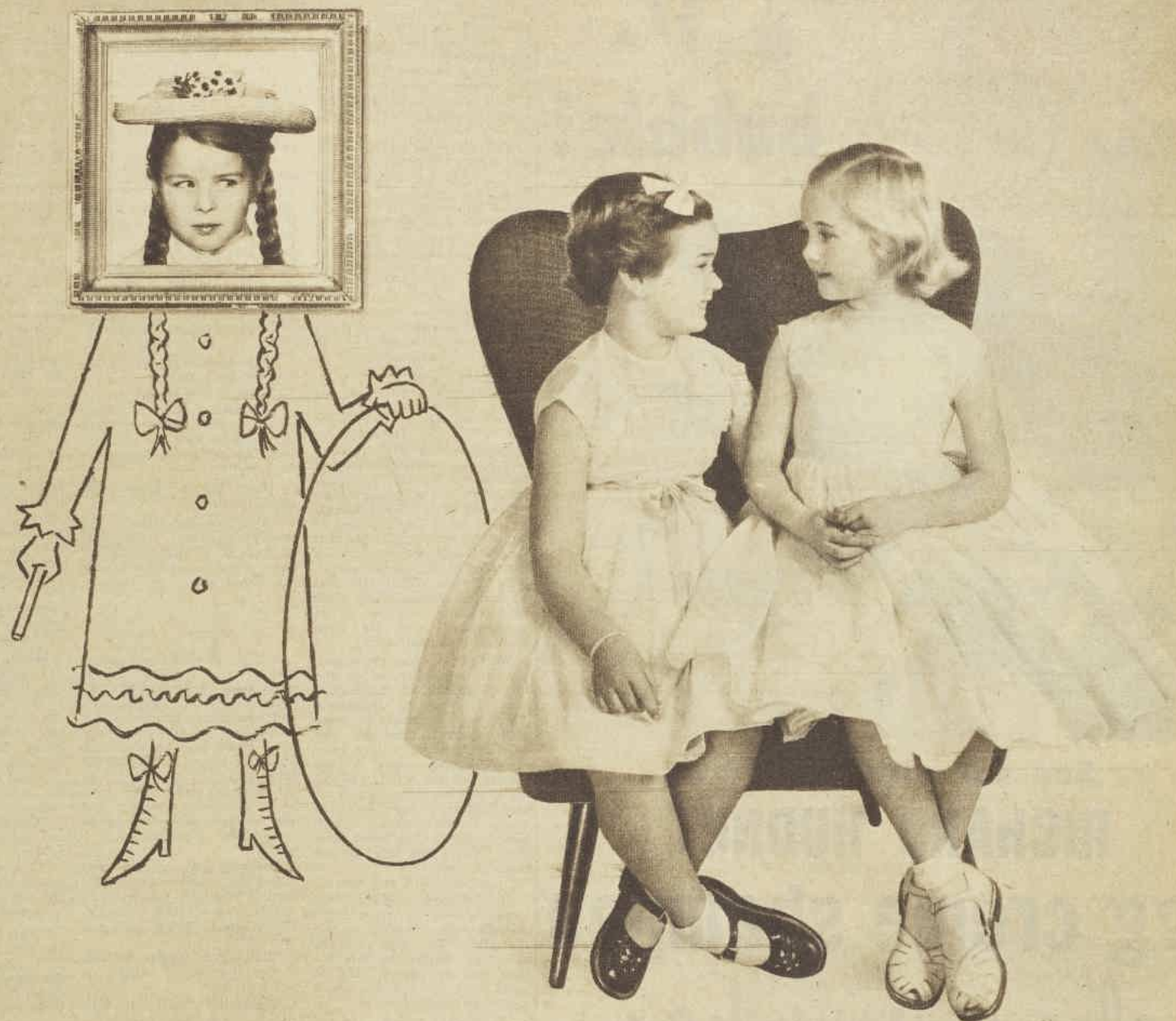
It was the consciousness of an element of absurdity in being suddenly burdened with a young man's heart, eyes, ears, that made his approach to Alice Paton self-conscious, ironical, and unconvincing.

Nor was his sense of the congruous his only handicap. There was, after all, Elaine. He had made no secret of the fact that he held physical fidelity to be of very little importance, but that had hitherto been an academic judgment. Whether or not Elaine was of the same opinion had never been clear.

Women, Simon reflected, are practical: they rarely hold opinions in the absence of any need to refer to them. But he had not lived forty-five years without discovering that the most intelligent and emancipated woman who ever lived is singularly intolerant of infidelity.

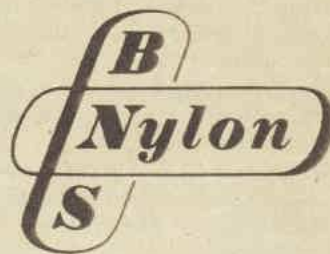
No doubt it would have been pleasant to pretend that if he indulged his feeling for Alice—this disconcerting resurgence of impulses which might be no more (he thought made him smile grimly) than a vain defiance hurled at time—it would have been pleasant to feel that he would not be hurting Elaine. Pleasant and quite impossible. Which meant

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"THE DRIVE HOME"

had been seventeen—but she was twenty-five.

Was he, he wondered, inhibited by the knowledge that an affair with her could have no purpose but brief pleasure? For it was certain that he had no intention whatever of allowing what was happening to change anything important in his life.

The fruit-shop girl repeated, impatiently, "Sixteen shillings," and he gave her a pound and took the pineapple in its brown paper bag. He went into the street with his change in his hand, thinking of Alice's clear, sharp profile against the panelling of his office. She had sat quite still with her eyes cast down while, for half an hour before they went out to lunch, he paced up and down his room criticising, with elaborate circumlocutions, a passage in her work.

He made what he had to say about Petrarch serve also to display himself as he wanted her to see him. He made his criticism into a wry commentary on his own predicament in finding that he had not, after all, grown out of passions from which he had thought himself free; he made what he had to say about her work imply that she, but only she, could have shattered his emotional equanimity. It was skillful talk and he enjoyed his skill. How much of his feeling was due to an unrecognised need for some kind of emotional jaunt?

Waiting to cross the street, his eye was attracted to the bright window of the florist's next door to the fruiterer's. There was a display of huge golden chrysanthemums and below it a wide, shallow bowl of magnificent violets. A man dressed for the street was doing something to the shop-door: evidently they were about to close. Elvedon moved impulsively towards the florist, saying, "Am I too late to buy some flowers?"

"Just in time if you hurry." He slipped inside: two young women in green linen overalls were clearing up for the night. The man came in after him, bolting the door behind him and saying, "It's all right, we'll let you out when you've finished. Now, sir?"

"It was the violets . . ."

"Two bob a bunch to you, sir."

"I wonder . . . could you . . . I know it's awfully late, but could you make up a dozen bunches into one big one, and then post it for me?"

"It's late," the man said, frowning, and then, "Well, all right. Want to write a card?"

He nodded towards a table provided with pens, ink, and stationery. Simon sat down, hesitated, then wrote, "I did enjoy our lunch. I will ring you on Monday. Looking forward to the next time." How to conclude? Love? Hitherto his style, his "line" had been that that was a word to fight shy of, to treat with nervous respect, and then to admit, at last, very reluctantly, as if it had been stronger than oneself. But there must be progress!

With a curious sense, which was really rather absurd, that he was doing something reckless, he wrote, "Love, Simon," and slipped the card into an envelope. When he turned, the girls had taken off their overalls and were making up their faces and the man was putting the immense bunch of violets into a box.

"I'll see to it," he told Simon. "Be there tomorrow." He took Simon's money and let him out of the shop. Elvedon, guiltily conscious that he had kept three people back, glanced at his watch. It said five thirty-five.

Elaine Elvedon, rising to put a log on the fire, glanced in the looking-glass above the hearth, then returned to her chair. The other woman in the room was sitting behind a low tea-table; she said, "I think one can always tell when a woman has been a great beauty by the way she looks in a mirror."

"Has been, Elizabeth! How unkind!"

"You know perfectly well what I mean, Elaine. Don't fish for compliments, you have no need of them. I meant that if you were ninety and ugly as . . . well, old age can be, you'd still meet your own eyes with confidence, the confidence of habit. Instead, I mean, of the anxiety which most of us feel."

"What nonsense, Elizabeth!"

"Is it? I don't think so."

"You know it is. Shall I tell you the stark truth?"

"Haven't you always?"

"I daresay that in thirty years, my dear, there may have been one or two lies of omission. But on the whole, haven't we both?"

"Then tell me some more truths, Elaine!"

"A simple one, then. But deadly significant. I used only to look in a glass to do my face. Now I find myself looking rather often."

THERE was a short silence and then Elizabeth Jennings said, "I know what you mean, of course. People, men and women, are laughed at for concealing or falsifying their age. But it isn't vanity, it's a kind of fetishism, a fear that the thing spoken is more real than the thing not spoken. We none of us like getting older. But you needn't start looking in mirrors for reassurance . . . yet."

"All very well, my dear. But I find the consolations of philosophy singularly ineffective. I weighed myself this morning. Eleven stone. My dear, I was horrified!"

"But why? You're not fat. You're at least . . . what . . . five foot ten?"

"Nine and a half. No, let's face it, I'm on the way to being what our grandfathers used to call a fine woman."

They both laughed and Elizabeth said, "Oh, men! I'm sure Simon wouldn't call you a fine woman!"

"Simon? Sometimes I feel that I'm not nearly big enough where Simon is concerned . . . as if he can't see me, you know. I need to be ten feet tall and weigh fifty stone for him to notice me."

"Am I supposed to believe that?"

"Not altogether. Shall I send the tray away?"

"Do. I want—that is I have something to tell you. . . ."

Elaine crossed the room to ring the bell. Her beauty was still remarkable. She switched on the lights. Maria, her Italian maid, came in for the tray.

Elaine drew the curtains, pausing for a moment before they met to hold the heavy velvet back with her hand, and stare out over the darkening November garden. The night seemed to be coming down from the direction of London, like a ponderously unrolling blanket of iron-grey mist. But there was still some light in the garden; she heard a blackbird scolding angrily in the shrubbery. The big arbutus just by the window was covered with panicles of waxy ivory-white flowers and with scarlet fruit, both catching the last light from the sad sky. She smiled

and let the curtain fall, saying, as she turned:

"Simon will have a wet drive. It's going to rain hard. But no fog, thank goodness. I do wish he'd have a sensible car, instead of that terrifying Lancia."

She crossed the room and sat down beside her guest. She said, in a different tone, as if to assure Elizabeth that all trivialities had been dismissed from her mind, "Now . . ." And when Elizabeth still said nothing, she asked, "Eddy?"

Elizabeth nodded. She said, "I've had a letter. . . ."

"Of course. And he wants to come back to you?"

"No. Oh, no. I didn't expect that, you know. He says—he says we've grown out of each other. . . ."

"How dare he pretend to speak for you. I'm sorry, Liz, but Eddy's a coward."

"Of course. In such matters all men are cowards. Surely you know that?"

"He could have been honest, he could have . . ."

"Oh, honesty . . ." Elizabeth shrugged and went on, "I daresay he thought he was giving me a let-out. For my pride, you know. But I never had very much pride. Here, you can read the letter if you like."

She offered it, still in an envelope which had been torn open violently, hastily. Elaine said, "Not if you don't . . ."

"I want you to."

Elaine took the letter from its envelope, unfolded it, and read it quickly. Her expression, as she read, became contemptuous. She bit her lip once, and lost color. Finally, hardly giving herself time to finish reading, she threw the two sheets of writing paper down on the sofa between them and said:

"Goodness! What lies! I feel quite sick."

"Lies?"

"Of course. There isn't an honest word in it. Well, what are you going to do?"

"What he asks me to do."

"What? Divorce him? Are you mad?"

"I should have thought, on the contrary, that I was being quite admirably sane, Elaine. What else can I do? Refusing to divorce him won't bring him back. . . ."

"Bring him back! I hope to goodness you wouldn't let him come near you ever again!"

"Do you? If I thought it would do any good, I would, you know. I'm very fond of Eddy and he's been a very good husband for fifteen years. I've never thought that a little unfaithfulness was very important. Oh, it hurts, of course, but it doesn't matter unless . . . unless it's an infidelity of the mind . . ."

Elizabeth began to cry. She cried quietly, without parade or protest, but it was impossible not to see that she was suffering. Elaine said:

"Elizabeth, darling, please . . . but I don't understand you. . . ."

And Elizabeth, through her tears, controlling her shaking voice: "I'm going to divorce Eddy . . . not because he's been sleeping with this . . . this woman. But because he's . . . he's more interested in her than in me."

Elaine seemed to keep still: she rose, walked to the fire, tidied the hearth, went to her workbox and opened it. Her hands were shaking. Elizabeth, watching her in some surprise, suddenly realised that her friend was very angry. Elaine, stooped over the work-box, was occupying her hands by sorting the pieces of silk with which it was crammed.

For some years she had been at work on an enormous and very elaborate patchwork quilt

"THE DRIVE HOME," by Edward Hyams

and these were some of the materials of the job. Quite suddenly, as if she had renounced all attempt at keeping her feelings in hand, she turned sharply on Elizabeth and said:

"You're too damned easy going and reasonable by half. Why should he have it all his own way? Why? Why?"

"But, Elaine, what else is there to do?"

"To make him stand some of the racket for once: to stand on the letter of the promise I heard both of you make."

"Till death us do part?" Elizabeth said, on a rising note of surprise; and then, with a little dry laugh, "My dear, this is nineteen fifty-six!"

"I know it. Will you tell me why the date should always be given as a reason for breaking promises, for being perjured?"

"But, Elaine," her friend said, now in open astonishment, "You're saying such extraordinary things! I mean, one acts according to the... well, the manners of one's time, I suppose. You sound like... oh, I don't know."

"It's a queer thing, Elizabeth, that if anyone applies either the rules of logic, or the rules of morality nowadays, they are regarded as crazy."

"Do stop fussing with those wretched bits of silk, and come and sit down, Elaine."

Elaine obeyed, and for several seconds both women were silent, perhaps reflecting that friendship of thirty years standing had not, after all, taught them very much about each other. Then Elaine said suddenly:

"And another thing. Why should it always be assumed that physical love has a claim overriding all others? It's such an absolute rubbish; it's so... oh, so terribly vulgar. Moreover, it's not even remotely true to any real life that matters; it's nothing but copying a fashion in romantic literature about a hundred years out of date. We owe it to bad poets, not to real impulses."

"Oh, come, Elaine, that won't do. Didn't you love Simon? Don't you still?"

"Of course. But like a rational human being, not... an animal."

She said that with extraordinary feeling, as if she had to do some violence to herself to get it out. Elizabeth had never seen her friend so passionately involved in what she was saying: she was disconcerted, puzzled, intensely curious. She said, dryly:

"All very fine and large, my dear, but it's theory. Let's leave that sort of thing, that kind of talking in a vacuum, to men. They do it so much better. Practice, I expect. I never yet met a man who could really face a fact. They even call their horrible H-bomb a means to peace! We, as usual, are faced with facts, a situation to resolve; at least, I am."

And Elaine, in a voice so much lower, so much flatter, that it was more effective than her outburst of violent speaking had been, said, "How do you know I'm not?"

"Elaine!" Elizabeth took her friend's hand and stared at her. She said, "You mean that Simon..."

"I don't know," Elaine said, "or do I? There's something... something going on, and I'm nearly sure..."

"That it's a woman?" Elaine nodded.

Simon was stopped by the red traffic light half-way across Blackheath. He was aware of a curious sense of relief, as if he had unexpectedly been re-

lieved of a tedious or disagreeable duty. He did not seek its origin, but when, a moment later, the young man in the green Healey drew level with him and stopped beside him, and at once a feeling of slight but worrying strain was restored, he understood.

He had been relieved that his shopping in Cannon Street had made him miss the young man in the Healey; he had been, as it were, granted a wish to be allowed to drive home very soberly. For the Healey was usually ten minutes earlier. As the light changed to amber Simon and the young man exchanged slight smiles; but in Simon's there was none of the other's youthful eagerness; it was, indeed, a little weary, even a shade resentful.

There was, he told himself, no reason in the world why he should not ignore the Healey and its young driver, and amble home as slowly as he liked: there were, indeed, a number of very good reasons why he should do just that. But he failed to convince himself: there was one overwhelming reason why he could not follow that course; Simon was not absolutely certain that, although he had the faster car, he could keep up with the young man through traffic on a wet night.

But why, he jeered at himself, shooting away from the lights, swinging the Lancia right, and so into the arterial road, and correcting the skid with a flick of the wrist, why suffer the tyranny of this inability to refuse a challenge?

Some self-defensive mechanism made him shy away from the question, but he forced himself to look at it, as a horseman forces his mount to face what frightens it. And suddenly he saw the analogue: for he might as well ask himself—why suffer the tyranny of loving Alice Paton.

Nostalgia for a lost youth which had been, on the whole, unhappy, seemed a poor reason. And surely he was too old to confuse the idea of love with the idea of happiness: did he even believe in "happiness"? What, if anything, did it mean? And did it matter?

He was suddenly disgusted with himself: this was the kind of thing whimsically discussed by popular essayists on the magazine pages of daily papers. He felt like a man stricken with a mortal disease whose symptoms were all too familiar from the experiences of his more despised acquaintances.

In third gear he snatched the Lancia past four trucks and a jeep, his eyes, and the front of his mind, busy analysing the rain-blurred muddle of lights before him and finding a way through. He flashed across the lights at the beginning of the dual carriageway

stretch just as the green changed to amber: he was doing very well, he had shaken off the Healey, and he began to sing quietly to himself.

The road was well lit and it stretched away empty and straight before him. The rain was very heavy now, a curtain of fine silver stripes into which he drove continuously as it was continuously renewed. The speedometer needle touched eighty before he shifted into top and, at the same time, engaged the super-charger.

The car, he thought, is a red streak in the night. The engine sounded its deep roar and high-pitched wail, like a duet between bass and contralto. The traffic on the parallel, incoming road was a fast-moving belt of yellow-and-white incandescence hazed by rain. Beyond that lay a confusion of lights starting out of the darkness—houses of the roadside estates back behind their service roads; advertisements; filling-stations.

Quarter of a mile beyond the road on either side, he knew, lay open, quiet country. The sodden ground squelching under the feet of disconsolate cows standing with their hind-quarters to the rain. This road was a whole, garish, frantically active city, drawn out long and thin.

AT ninety-eight miles an hour he began to worry; he knew exactly what he could do with the Lancia, and this was a shade too fast for the conditions. He held the car at one hundred for just long enough to be certain that he was not afraid of it, saw the next traffic-light, half a mile ahead, change from green to amber, saw it thankfully and began to brake. He cut the super-charger and dropped into third.

His driving mirror flashed. He thought—the Healey. The green car drew level at the lights and the young man threw him a delighted grin. They got away together; over anxious to make full use of extra power, Simon accelerated too hard in second, the driving wheels spun madly on the wet road and the Lancia kicked under his hands. Steadying it, he lost way and the Healey drew ahead.

Now they were back on the single carriageway and oncoming traffic was dense, a belt of light refracted by rain into an amorphous volume of radiance. Traffic going Simon's own way was not heavy enough to give him an excuse to drive slowly. The Lancia was as safe at eighty as an ordinary car at forty, but only on condition that its driver was good enough for it.

Ahead of him the Healey was being handled with a skill, a precision and a nerve which were admirable. But Simon was gaining: his attention to the perpetual, ever-shifting problem presented by the fast-changing pattern of lights in front of him was screwed to a point of concentration which kept his body tense.

He noticed that his hands had fastened into a nervously hard grip on the wheel and, frowning, he relaxed them. He was within fifty yards of the Healey and settled down to hold his place until the road cleared and he could use his superior power. The Healey was setting a very fast pace.

Coming into the series of bends before the long straight into Salter, Simon was checked by the ponderous manoeuvring of a badly overloaded truck; he sneaked past it as it lumbered into the straight, could no longer see the Healey, covered the straight at seventy-five in third gear and had to brake hard at the 30 sign as he came into the squalid urban sprawl of the town.

It was all right to crawl through Salter: both Simon and the Healey man kept the written rules. Halfway along the dreary muddle of shoddy houses and cheap shops, the Lancia's windscreen wiper started its old trick of jamming at the vertical and then slamming hard down on the scuttle, smearing the glass instead of wiping it clean.

The race, for that night, was over: not Simon, but his machine, had failed. At once, illogically, he was disappointed, angry. He pulled into the only garage on the main road, cursing.

Nevertheless, he was patient and amiable with the mechanic who took ten minutes to set the windscreen-wiper in order. Had his angry disappointment been any more than an act which he put on for his own benefit? Beyond Salter was one of the fastest stretches of road in England. There could be no question of catching the Healey, it would have made ten or twelve miles by the time he was moving again.

At luncheon that day Alice had said, "Are you going to be at Evan's party tonight?"

And Simon, shaking his head, had said, "No. I detest literary cocktail parties. In any case, I have homework to do. But Ernest will be there. He has been at every literary party without exception since nineteen-forty-seven."

"If you're not going," Alice had said, "I don't think I shall go."

"Heavens! Don't let me spoil your sport!"

"Oh, sport! No, it's just that Evan being my agent, one feels..."

She had shrugged, and Simon had nodded.

Evan Braun was a literary agent who gave cocktail parties six times a year at his house near Regent's Park. He invited publishers, editors, impresarios, and even authors. His manservant—Braun was a bachelor and had some private means—offered the guests only two kinds of drinks; champagne for those who drank wine; brandy for those who did not.

Braun was an excellent host, he kept his guests talking, and although they talked the usual mixture of nonsense and malicious gossip, they did it with so much animation and so loudly that when they went away, usually, not much before nine, they did so feeling that they had been uncommonly witty.

Greeling was the first to

Continued overleaf

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| Vanilla | 1 cup peanuts (chopped) |

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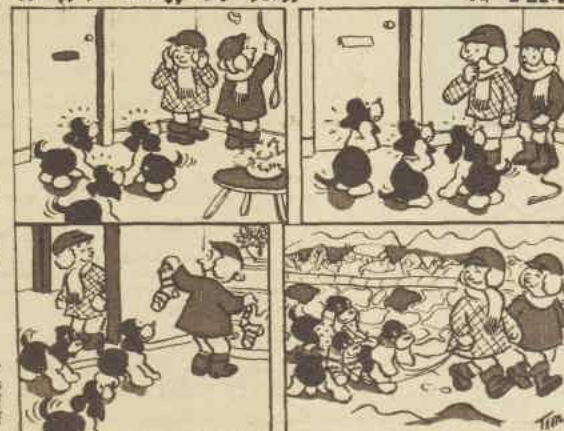
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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



arrive at Braun's: he was on the step sharp at six; he always was. Greeling sometimes complained that he never had any time to himself. If only he could get a little peace, so that he could write. Yet, when left alone, a nerve-racking sense of incompleteness soon stole over him, almost an uncertainty of his own identity; and he would be driven to put away his papers and go out in search of company.

He was standing quite close to the door of the drawing-room, drinking champagne and surveying such other guests as had arrived soon after himself, when Alice Paton came in. Braun went to meet her, saying something agreeable about her dress; he saw that she was given a drink, an olive and a spitted sausage, and then left her to Greeling, who said, with an appearance of condoling with her, "I'm afraid Simon won't be here."

"I know. But he said you would be sure to represent him. He said you're the record-holding party-goer."

"Did he, indeed? I must see him about paying me overtime, since he realises it."

"You regard this as work, Ernest?"

"What else, my dear Alice? Work, moreover, which Simon should be doing himself. Many a profitable author have I found at do's like this, I do assure you. Doesn't Elspeth Hatton look well in yellow?"

"That rather fat girl with sandy eyebrows? It's a color I can't wear myself."

"What a pity! It's so gay! And I believe it's Simon's favorite color. His wife wears a lot of it."

"You're being very waspish this evening, Ernest."

"Waspish? Oh, do you think so? Actually, I was only trying to fall in with what one

supposes must be your own mood."

"You think I'm in love with Simon, is that it?"

"My dear, women, like men, lady authors are! I'm sure it's one of the firm's great assets."

"You don't like women, do you, Ernest?"

He took another glass of champagne from the table beside him before he looked at her. Then, smiling, he said, "What an extraordinary thing to say! Sometimes I wonder whether you are trying to seem younger than you are."

"Perhaps," she said, "it was a little too direct; that would be rather a shock for you."

"My dear, women, like men, are people. It's a fact too often overlooked. Most men like women as such, and dislike them as people. I judge them as people and ignore the fact that they are women."

They both laughed, edgily, keeping up an appearance of light-hearted teasing. She said, "I expect that is where you make your great mistake."

She looked round the room, willing to find an excuse to break off the battle, but it happened that there was nobody free from one of the noisy, animated groups. She said, "What a row all these people make!"

"That's to prove they're alive, to themselves and each other."

He gave her another glass of champagne and she said, "I wish I knew why you've taken against me, as they say."

"I thought we'd done with that. I haven't, you know. I like you—as people; I positively adore you as one of our authors. I detest you as a woman!"

"But how unkind and how unchivalrous!"

He had stopped smiling, and it seemed to her that he was rather pale and there was a pinched look about his eyes. He said:

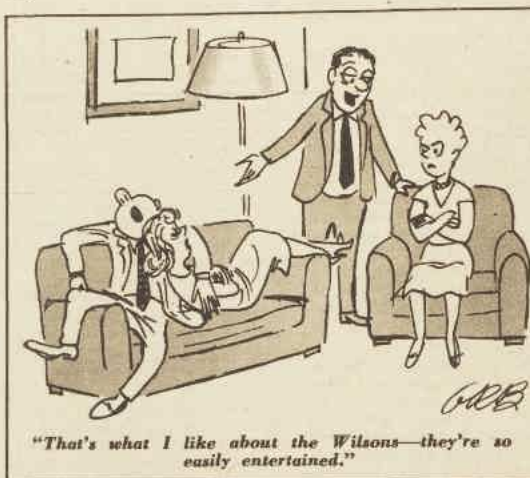
"Oh, chivalrous. I leave that to Simon, he has old-fashioned ideas. But I happen to have his . . . his interests very much at heart . . ."

and she did not know how to deal with him. She said:

"Well, you know, you won't have to save him from me. I wouldn't hurt him for the world!" And she laughed, as best she could. It was not altogether convincing.

He said, "I wish I could be sure of that."

"Really, Ernest, aren't you going a bit far?"



"You were together in the war, weren't you?"

"We were."

"I suppose he saved your life or something like that?"

"At all events he saved me from showing how frightened I was."

She was embarrassed by his sudden intensity. He had completely abandoned his light tone

and she was beginning, despite a resolve to keep her temper, which she always had under excellent control, to grow angry. He said:

"Oh, I don't mean you'd do anything with malice prepense, as they say. But you can't help being what you are."

"And what, if it's not asking too much, am I?"

He had opened his mouth to

answer or avoid her question when Evan Braun was noisily with them.

"My dear Alice, you cannot stand by the door all evening talking royalties or whatever you talk about, with your publisher! Here are a dozen people wanting to meet you. Besides, you're in a draught, I can feel it. And, Ernest, I particularly want you to meet Ellis Meddon; he is thinking of changing his publishers. He says that they print his books so beautifully everyone is convinced that they must be dull. Alice, don't go away, I want you, I'll be right back."

She stood by the drinks table eating olives one after another and thinking of what Ernest had said, wondering what his answer to her last question would have been, guessing at it and then, when Evan came back, boldly making her guess the subject of her first remark as she turned to smile at him, "Would you say I was heartless, Evan?"

"I should say that you have an uncommonly good head on your shoulders. It often comes to much the same thing," he said, laughing.

"Would you say I had a taste for turning personal relations into amusing intrigues, for the fun of the thing?"

"Would I? Well, after all, you're female."

"Now you're talking like Ernest Greeling."

"Is it he who has been telling you these home truths?"

"He has at least been implying them."

"Take no notice. He's jealous."

"Of Simon Elvedon?"

"Who else?"

"But it's so impertinent! There's nothing between Simon and me . . ." she said, "nothing at all, but . . ."

" . . . but a damned good contract, eh!"

She found his laughter at his own joke very tiresome. She said coldly, "Is this gossip widely current?"

"A perfect flood-tide!"

"Oh heavens! What a bore people are! And all for nothing."

"Really?" he questioned her with his head on one side and a mildly sardonic smile which was exasperating.

"Yes. No, Evan, I'm serious. We're just friends, and that's how we're going to stay."

"Well, my dear, it's no business of mine either way. But I only hope Simon has the same ideas."

Aware that Simon had other ideas and that she, pleased with his admiration, his company, his assiduity, amused and a little excited by the situation, had done a great deal less than she might have done to discourage him, Alice flushed.

When Simon got clear of Salter, the road before him was empty of traffic and there were very few cars travelling the other way. He settled down to drive at a sober sixty, his body relaxed, his eyes and mind alert. He had gone perhaps two miles when he had to dip his headlights for an oncoming car. The other driver did not dip, moreover his offside light was focused too high. Elvedon swore, blinking in the glare, and braked steadily.

The car bumped heavily over something—he'd have said a

To page 82



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"THE DRIVE HOME," by Edward Hyams

bad pothole, but this was new road. The other car went by and away in a swish of air and water, and Simon could see again. That bump had worried Simon, but a kind of fear, a premonition of unpleasantness, which might be no more than sudden melancholy following the tension of his race with the Healey, tempted him to drive on.

He resisted the temptation: there had been something... something very disagreeable indeed about that bump. He pulled into the side of the road and took his torch from its clip under the dashboard. As he got out of the car, the top of the rise he had just passed became bright with the radiance of oncoming headlights. Simon could see the silver stripes of hard rain horizontal in the brilliance. The long, conical beams swayed and dipped as the car topped the rise, throwing strong light on the surface of the road for a hundred yards.

Simon, moving towards the place where he had felt the bump, had been thinking—a dog? a bundle fallen off a truck? But he saw at once that a child lay sprawled in the road and, to one side and twisted out of shape, a bicycle. He ran towards it, at the same time waving at the approaching car. It pulled up sharply when it reached him, where he knelt in the road beside the body of a twelve-year-old child, a boy.

The boy was mangled. The left forearm was almost detached at the elbow and lay with the hand spread, as if the fingers were scrabbling to grasp the road surface, and displaying a large, cheap wrist-watch. Its glass was smashed and it had stopped at six forty-six.

In the glare of the stationary headlight the watch looked as big as a clock. Simon glanced at his own watch: three minutes to seven. It was quite certain that twelve minutes had not passed since he felt that bump, not more than two. A voice, coming from above and behind him, said:

"Great heavens! Was it you...?"

Simon looked up, half-scrambled to his feet, and said violently, "No! I felt the car bump over something. I didn't see anything. I had my light dipped to the side, there was a car coming the other way which didn't dip. I..."

He stopped talking, caught his breath, felt suddenly bitterly cold, and his mouth full of villainess. He stumbled three

steps to one side and vomited. He straightened up, dabbing at his mouth with his handkerchief, saying, "Sorry. It was... the side of his face, poor kid..."

The other man, whom Simon now saw was a burly, military-looking figure of sixty-odd, looked at him suspiciously. He said:

"Seen worse than that in my time. Should have thought you had, too. Stay by him and don't move anything. I'll go for the police. There's an A.A. box half a mile on from here."

Simon nodded.

Cars came down the road at intervals of three or four minutes, from the direction of Salter. Simon used his torch to signal them round the boy's body. Two drivers stopped to offer help, heard his explanation with their eyes evading his, half-evading the body in the road, and drove on with a word of sympathy.

MOST of them accelerated away from the flashing torch, afraid of having to give someone a lift. Twenty minutes had passed before the stranger got back with the police, a sergeant and a constable. The sergeant examined the boy's body without saying anything. He stood up, wiping his hands on a handkerchief, looked at Simon, and said:

"Ambulance on the way. But he's dead, of course. Now, sir, perhaps you'll tell me what happened."

"You'd better understand from the start," Simon said, "that it was not me. I didn't knock him down. I ran over the body afterwards. I don't know how long afterwards."

"Is that so, sir?" The sergeant looked at Simon, but Simon could not see his eyes; he was a tall man and his head and shoulders were above the light shed by the police car lamps.

"Is that so?" the sergeant repeated. "Well, we'll have to see."

Elaine said, "You're an hour late, nearly an hour and a half, in fact. You might at least have telephoned. I've been frantic..."

Then she saw his face, the mud on his clothes. He was clumsily pulling at his gloves and his hands were shaking. She said:

"Simon! What is it? What's happened?"

He stood stupidly in front of her. Her question seemed to him to hold a note not merely of inquiry, nor simply of anxiety, but of accusation, as if whatever had happened she thought it would quite likely be his fault.

Was that reproach really there, or was he imagining it? He gave his head an impatient shake, as if to clear his vision. He was frowning vaguely, slumped, as if he were trying to remember something; he seemed to be too tired to take his coat off.

Elaine did not repeat her question; she came to him and pulled his coat off, tugging the arms clear, pulling his jacket straight, throwing the coat on to a chair and leading him into her white room where a fire of green ash still blazed in the steel grate.

She put him into a chair beside the fire and went to the sideboard to mix whisky. He watched her with the detachment of excessive fatigue as she tipped the heavy decanter. She was wearing a housecoat of royal-blue velvet. He saw a big, slow, handsome woman, her smooth grey hair full of blue-and-rose lights caught from the lustres of the chandelier.

Her movements with the decanter and glass seemed to him very slow, almost, he thought, hieratic. Then the adjectives which had come to him when he looked at her suddenly startled him in brief retrospect. Did he not know her as slender, quick, and pretty?

It was as if he was only now noticing the passage of years, and he was suddenly immensely shocked, as shocked as he would have been if ten years had inexplicably passed in ten hours. Had she, too, undergone this ordeal of time's sudden, cruel passage. On an impulse he rose, to look at his own face in the looking-glass which, some hours before, had reflected Elaine's. As he did so the telephone rang and he spun round to face it, where it stood on the table in the window bay, as if it had taunted him.

He said, "I'll take it," with such haste that she looked at him with surprise and half raised her eyebrows; she had half a mind to ask him, ironically, if he would prefer her to leave the room; and then, seeing his face again, said nothing, put down the drink she had mixed for him beside his chair, and stood watching him. He took up the telephone and said, "Elvedon," and then listened.

She could hear the remote voice cackling in the receiver. Then Simon said, "I've already told you they are in perfect order. You had ample opportunity to try them for yourself. However, send someone over by all means. I have not yet put the car away, it's in the drive outside the house." He listened again, and then said, "Very well, in a quarter of an hour."

He came slowly back to his chair, frowning at the floor, looked up at her, smiled slightly, and said, "That was the police. Be an angel and tell Maria that when they come they are to have the use of the car."

When she came back into the room he had finished his drink and was mixing another one. She sat down facing him and said, without questioning him, "Hungry? I'm afraid dinner will be rather spoilt."

He began, then, to tell her, beginning, "I'm sorry, I should have explained at once, I've had a shock..." and going on, hesitating, getting it dead right, weighing every word as if he were already in the witness-box.

When he had finished she said, "Oh, Simon, that poor child! And his mother..."

He felt almost inclined to shrug: he was empty of pity, as if he had vomited it up on the road. He said:

"The wrist-watch is very important. The police realised that at once. There can be no doubt that it was stopped when the car hit him, at one minute past a quarter to seven. The other chap, the man who stopped when I was kneeling by the body—his name's Major Besley—can vouch for the time when I looked at my own watch. There are eleven minutes difference. Someone had hit him eleven minutes before, and driven on. A hit-and-run killer."

It sounded, as it had sounded when he said the same thing to the police sergeant, thin, very thin. He thought of the young man in the Healey but said nothing, had not the slightest right to say anything. It was no better than a wild guess imposed by the fatalism implicit in his sense that there must always be a pattern in events, that the Healey and its driver must, therefore, come into it somewhere, that the Healey was, as it were, the devil, or his evil genius.

Which made even suggesting that the green car had killed the boy more pointless than ever. Because, of course, if that were true, the driver would certainly remove all traces of the accident and it would be nothing so clumsy as trying, for example, to get a crumpled wing beaten out and repainted. What could be simpler than to cover damage with much more damage? To drive into a gatepost, for example? Elaine said suddenly:

"Simon, there's a thing you may not have thought of..."

"A score, I expect. What is it?"

"If I were the police—Simon, the boy's watch doesn't mean that he was killed at the time it showed. It might have been still going when you—you might have run over the arm."

He shook his head.

"It was—the head."

"Oh, Simon, how ghastly for you... I... there aren't any words, are there? But I know what you're going through."

They both stared at the fire. They heard the front-door bell, heard Maria answer the door, parley with the police. Simon got up, "I'd better see them." Elaine went with him. There



● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

I WAS called away to a sick relative, and reminded my then new husband to send the linen to the laundry. The following week I got a letter from him, which said: "Didn't send the sheets to the laundry, dear. Turned them over and am using the other sides."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. R. Patrick, Wagga Rd., Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I WAS sitting beside my girl-friend as she pedalled away at the sewing-machine when my foot got under the treadle, bringing the machine to a stop and almost fracturing my toe.

"Good gracious, Kev!" she said, "you shouldn't do that. You could have broken the needle!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. Kev O'Grady, Woodstock St., Maryborough, Qld.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman,"
The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"THE DRIVE HOME," by Edward Hyams

were two men from the local station, who touched their caps. Simon said:

"Want any help?"
"Well, sir, we're not quite familiar with the make. If you wouldn't mind..."
"Of course."

He went with them into the rain, making an impatient motion at something Elaine said about his coat. In the drive a third policeman, the local sergeant, was going over the front wings with a powerful lamp, touching the massive, sprung bumper. He straightened up when he saw Simon:

"Evening, sir. Unfortunate business, this. Hope you don't mind our trying the brakes. The Salter people asked us..."

"Of course not. Try whatever you like."

"Beautiful piece of engineering, sir."

"Yes. The Italians are superb workmen."

He showed the police driver how to start the car, and the controls. Then stood in the rain, watching them drive the car away, until Elaine called him in. They waited. The car was back in ten minutes, and the sergeant at the door. He was smiling; he said:

"Wonderful brakes, best I've ever tested. I've told our man to put her right in the garage. Was that in order, sir?"

"Thank you. Good night, sergeant."

"Good night, sir."

At dinner they were silent until Elaine said:

"That man—Major Belsey..."

"Belsey. He did confirm the time when you..."
"Not in so many words, but he obviously can, he was standing right over me."

She nodded and said, "Oh, well, no good to talk about it any more."

There was another long silence. Then Simon said, "In any case, the wings of the Lancia are clean and undented." He said that because he had suddenly remembered how much interest the police had shown in the forward bumper of the Lancia. Elaine said brightly:

"Of course! That quite settles it." And, changing the subject with deliberation, "Elizabeth was here today."

"Oh. Any news of Eddy?"

"He's not coming back. He's written her a drivelling letter a schoolboy would be ashamed of. He says they've grown out of each other, whatever that may mean."

"It's a rotten business. Liz is a bore, poor dear, but he has no right..."

"And you've no right to call her a bore. He didn't call her a bore when she was pretty and lively and hadn't had two operations."

She went on, repeating much of what she had said to Elizabeth. Elizabeth's confidence had been shattered; she felt herself useless, unwanted. It was difficult enough to be growing old without having to do it alone. She'd been a very good wife to Eddy...

It was all, Simon was thinking, perfectly true and very tedious. And because he thought her just as much aware of Elizabeth's tendency to become a bore, he was moved to sympathy for Elaine, and to guilt; for it seemed to him that they were her own fears she was talking about. He said:

"You're perfectly right, of course. I think my own criticism of Liz referred to a bad system, rather to Liz. You tend to forget that you took a first at Oxford. I think it was Swift who said that girls

should have the same education as boys, for that although a woman could not always be young, there was no reason why she should not always be a pleasant companion. Liz is, for all her smart manners, the last nineteenth-century gentlewoman; that is, as ignorant as a Hottentot. If Hottentots are ignorant."

Elaine smiled; she said, "But she's not even getting the profit of that. Eddy need never have broken away like that. We all knew he had his murky little affairs. But Liz didn't know, she had the advantages of being a fool. Divorce, for people over forty, is ridiculous. At least he might have kept her in her fool's paradise."

Hallshaw, his lawyer and brother-in-law, said,

"Come in, old man. Bad business. But they don't hang you, so cheer up."

Simon sat down in the clients' chair. Lionel Hallshaw was very like his sister. Like her, also, he was thorough. He had a big map of the road in the case spread out on a table. But he did not begin on business at once, but asked and received family news.

He went to a cabinet in one corner of his large and comfortable office and poured drinks.



He talked about Simon's sons, one at Oxford and one at Eton, for Simon and Elaine had married very young. Then, casually, taking Simon's glass, Hallshaw said, "Oh, by the way, one rather tiresome thing. That chap Belsey, the major, won't confirm the time."

Simon could not imitate his brother-in-law's manner. He turned white and half rose from his chair, saying,

"What! But damn it, he..."

Hallshaw flapped at him, smiling. "Now, don't get excited. He admits he saw you look at your watch, but he says he didn't see what time it was and doesn't actually know how long you'd been there."

"Oh, heavens!"

"It's nothing to worry about. It's simply rather a nuisance. It means that what we have to do is to establish a timetable."

"A time-table?"

"I think we should be able to show that you could not possibly have been at the point of the accident more than a minute or so before three minutes to seven."

Simon said nothing for a moment and Hallshaw looked at him, waiting for the idea to sink in. Simon was not enthusiastic. He said:

"There's the garage at Salter."

"I thought of that of course. But it's not much use. There's only the mechanic. He says he knows the job took ten minutes because you looked at your watch as you were paying him and said, 'Exactly ten minutes. Good show,' or something of the sort. But he says he has

no idea, within quarter of an hour, what the time was."

When his brother-in-law made no comment on that, Hallshaw said:

"I thought the police would raise the point about the body not being discovered for eleven minutes on a busy road. But they're being awfully fair. They say that the great majority of the traffic takes the right fork after Salter, and that there is nothing extraordinary in the other road being empty for as long as fifteen minutes or even more at that point. So that part is all right."

Simon nodded. Hallshaw leaned across his desk to make sure that he had Simon's attention, and Simon, looking at him, thought how very like Elaine he was; and the thought gave him confidence. The Hallshaws were clever, and they were sound. He said:

"Go on, Lionel, I begin to see."

"Good. Now listen: it cannot have taken less than three minutes to get from the garage in Salter to the place where the accident happened. To kill that boy you'd have to leave the garage at six forty-three. Which means, allowing the ten minutes for the job, that you

must have arrived at the garage at six thirty-three."

"Six thirty-three," Simon repeated, hesitated, and said, "Here, let me come round there and use the map and dividers."

Hallshaw looked at his face and nodded. He watched Simon measure the route from Cannon Street Station to the middle of Salter carefully. Then he began to make calculations, but the lawyer could not follow them.

From Cannon Street to Salter was, within a small fraction, forty-four miles. He had left the florist's shop at five thirty-five; ignore the half-minute to get to the car and start moving. It meant an average speed of 44.4 miles an hour in pouring rain through heavy traffic.

It was impossible; short bursts of very high speed meant very little; most of the time he had been working through traffic in second or third and there were a score of stops with minute or half-minute waits at lights. No, it could not be done; let the police try it for themselves.

Simon looked up, ready with his explanation and met Hallshaw's expectant eyes: they were so exactly like Elaine's that for a moment he was confused and said nothing. He looked down again, ostensibly at his scribbled figures, thinking of the florist's, of Alice Paton, of being in the witness-box and seeing Elaine's face as she heard the evidence. Certainly there would be no difficulty in explaining away a gift of flowers. But Simon was

thinking of last night's conversation at the dinner-table.

He went back to his calculations, this time starting from the fruiterer's, while Hallshaw began to walk the room, giving him time, asking no questions, in which, again, he resembled his sister. The new calculation gave Simon an average speed of 38.5. It was extremely fast, but it was feasible in fact, it was just the speed he had made, for in reality he must have reached the garage in Salter at six forty-three and left it at six fifty-three.

An average speed of 38.5 was not fast enough to use as an alibi; the police would point out that a man did not run a supercharged Lancia for the sake of driving at thirty miles an hour. Any one of their own drivers, in one of their patrol cars, could probably do it. Which meant that if the last definitely-timed contact he was prepared to divulge was the fruiterer's shop, then he would certainly be found to have had time, just barely time, to have stopped that boy's watch and heart at one minute past a quarter to seven.

He stared at his scribbled figures for so long that Lionel Hallshaw became impatient at last, and said, "Well?"

"There is a fruiterer in Cannon Street, near the station, who will confirm that I left his shop at five twenty-five. They are not likely to have forgotten, because they were getting ready to close the shop and I held them back. That means that, to get to that garage in Salter at six thirty-three I'd have to average thirty-eight point five miles an hour."

"Ah. And you mean that even in the Lancia it just can't be done?"

"That's the point I had hoped to make. But I think it can. Just. In the same conditions it could certainly not be done any faster. But it could quite certainly be done as fast."

"Then you mean it's no good?"

"Well, we can try. Most ordinary people, even motorists, have a kind of time-lag in their motoring ideas. When we were kids, you'll remember, sixty was fast, one boasted of it. Now it's a fairly normal cruising speed on any arterial road. In the same way there is a general idea that a very good average over a distance and with ordinary road conditions, is thirty. So it is, if one isn't hurrying. But, as a matter of fact, of late years it has risen a good deal. That's where the time-lag comes in."

"People still think that an average of thirty is fast. With a modern car it's not. Thirty-three or four is fast. Thirty-five's very fast. We may be able to suggest that thirty-eight, nearly thirty-nine, is impossible. But if the police took it into their heads to try it with a sports car they'd find it could be done."

Hallshaw looked worried for the first time. He said:

"Look, this is no time to beat about the bush. I don't like it. I thought we should be able to do better than that, much better. You'll have to face the fact that if this inquest goes badly for us, you may have to face a charge of manslaughter..."

Simon turned white. The inquest was held in the Salter Memorial Hall. The sight of the place depressed Simon as he entered it. The interior did nothing to raise his spirits.

The coroner sat with a jury:

Continued overleaf



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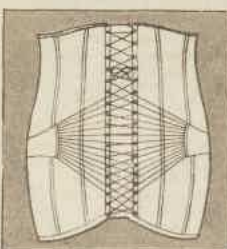
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Simon glanced at them. They were probably good citizens, good husbands, wives, and workers; at least it was charitable to think so, for they had no other interesting qualities. Simon turned to the coroner: he was a thin-faced man with very little hair, a winged collar which was imperfectly clean, a black string tie secured with a silver pin. He wore black.

When he looked up to survey the court, Simon saw that he had a squint; it was not a bad squint; no doubt the man's friends referred to it, rather, as a slight cast. But it was a squint. Absurdly, Simon crossed his fingers behind his back.

He hardly followed the opening moves, he seemed unable to collect his thoughts until the boy's father stood to give evidence. The man's name was Slocombe and he stood perfectly still and looked at the coroner. He might be the manager of a small, not very successful shop. He answered every question in exactly the same attitude, without moving his eyes from the coroner's face.

"THE DRIVE HOME," by Edward Hyams

It suddenly occurred to Simon that his rigidity was the outward and visible sign of an inner and desperate holding on to himself. He was afraid to look away, to vary his tone; if he did, he would break down. Simon was suddenly cold with sympathetic suffering; for a moment there were tears in his eyes.

The court had been silent for nearly a minute. Then the coroner, in the self-deprecating voice he kept for the afflicted, said:

"Just one more question, Mr. Slocombe. As you have heard, Denis' wrist-watch is important, very important, in fixing the time of the—the accident. Can you tell us whether it showed the right time?"

"Denis..." the witness cleared his throat and started again. "Denis set it by the radio every morning."

"And it kept good time throughout the twenty-four hours?"

"Very. He rarely had to alter it more than a minute."

Simon, white-faced, glanced at Lionel Hallshaw sitting beside him. The lawyer was looking worried: the coroner was pressing all the witnesses in the matter of time. Presumably the police were behind that. He was still dwelling on the fact when his own name was called, and he started violently, as if he had not been waiting for just this moment of ordeal.

He took the oath in a very quiet voice and, imitating Mr. Slocombe, kept his eyes on the coroner.

The coroner took him through the running over of the boy's body in detail, the following events, and Major Belsey's arrival. Belsey, for some overriding military reason, had been called early, out of turn, and given his evidence; he had not been able to confirm the exact time when Simon had looked at his watch. The coroner said, "Now, Mr. Elvedon, at what time did you leave your office that evening?"

"I am not sure, sir."

"Is there any point in your journey of that night which you can associate with a definite time?"

"There are two, sir."

"Perhaps you will tell us."

Simon explained about buying the pineapple; the coroner said, "This fruiterer..." and Hallshaw rose to say that the young woman who had served Mr. Elvedon was in court and would confirm the time when called. The coroner nodded and said:

"Go on, Mr. Elvedon, you say there was another point?"

This was his last chance, if he told about his visit to the florist's he was certainly saved. He hesitated, glanced round the court, saw Elaine's eyes on him, too big in her white face; when their eyes met she smiled. He turned back to the coroner and said:

"Yes, sir. The second point was at Salter, where I had to stop to have a windscreen-wiper adjusted."

He gave an account of that incident and the coroner said: "And the garage mechanic can confirm the time?"

Hallshaw was on his feet again, explaining that this was not the case. The coroner did not seem to be listening. His eyes were on a piece of paper which the clerk had pushed under his nose. Simon knew, as surely as if he had read it, that it contained the police figures on the possible speed of that drive. The coroner cleared his throat and said:

"Mr. Elvedon, you drive a very fast car. Do you drive it fast?"

"When I feel it safe to do so, yes."

"Have you any idea of your average speed, for example, between your office and your house?"

"I have done it at thirty-five miles an hour, but not often. I have no idea of the mean figure."

"What is the maximum speed of your car?"

"In theory, about one hundred and thirty miles an hour."

"Have you ever driven it at that speed?"

"No."

"What is the highest speed at which you have driven it?"

"One hundred and fifteen."

"Where was that, Mr. Elvedon?"

"On the Genoa to Turin autostrada."

"And in this country?"

"I have frequently driven at about one hundred for a few seconds only."

"Did you do so on the evening in question here?"

"Yes. For about a second I touched that speed on the dual carriageway..." Simon explained the position of the road.

The coroner said, "You do not consider such a speed dangerous?"

"Not in the circumstances and in my car. There is no such thing as a dangerous speed per se. Fifteen miles an hour may be dangerous in some places; fifty miles an hour is dangerous in many cars. Some drivers..."

"We do not need a lecture on the question, Mr. Elvedon."

It went on like that, with Simon aware that by sticking rigidly to the truth, even when he was asked for an opinion, he was putting himself in danger.

But a kind of fatalism had taken possession of him; he could not bother to hedge, to think of lies or plausible half-lies. He was careful not to look at Elaine, or at her brother. Even when sweating, he was sent back to his seat, he tried not to look at them.

Lionel had moved up one place so that Simon sat between him and Elaine. Hallshaw under his breath said, "What on earth did you think you were up to. Trying to get a rest cure at Her Majesty's expense?" Elaine touched his hand, and, when he looked at her, smiled again.

T

HE last witness was before the court; he was the first to raise a laugh, by the indignant assurance with which he replied to the question whether he understood the nature of an oath. Of course he did; he was thirteen, not a child!

He was a freckled boy with a sharp face and pale eyes. Yes, he and Denis Slocombe had been "kept in." At what time had he and Denis left the school-building? At six-thirty. The reply visibly astonished the inspector of police. Hallshaw sat up suddenly and the coroner referred to his notes.

"You and Denis left the school-building, on your bicycles, together?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say it was six-thirty?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went different ways?"

"Yes, sir. I go along Chestnut Grove. Denis has to go up the main road."

"At what time did you part?"

"At once, sir, as soon as we came out of school. Sir..."

"Well? Speak up, boy."

"If it's the time on Denis' watch..."

"You're very sharp for your age. As you seem to know, it showed six forty-six at the time Denis was..." the coroner hesitated, in deference, no doubt, to youth's tender feelings. Denis' friend said, brightly:

"... written off, sir."

The coroner decided to overlook it and went on, "From the school to the main road is not quarter of a mile, and it's downhill. A minute's ride..."

"But his watch was wrong, sir."

The coroner looked up at him: he leaned impressively across his desk and held up an admonishing pencil, until he looked like an advertisement

advising newspaper readers to patronise a bank, an insurance company, or a patent medicine: "You heard Mr. Slocombe say, positively, that it had been set by the wireless and kept good time. What do you mean when you say it was wrong. How do you know?"

"Denis had put it wrong, sir."

There was a longish silence. "You had better explain that," the coroner said. Simon sat back in his chair and contained his relief. Hallshaw sat forward, watching the child's thin, freckled face eagerly. An observer would have said that it was he who was the interested party, not Simon. Elaine was not looking at the boy: her eyes were on Simon.

"Sir, Bin... that is, Mr. Bindlesham's watch was being repaired. That's the master who was keeping us in, sir. There's no clock in that room. He asked somebody to lend him a watch, half-way through. It often happens, sir. Mr. Bindlesham's watch always seems to be in hock... always seems to be at the repairers, sir. Who ever lends him a watch generally, well, alters it a bit, sir... when we're being kept in that is... usually about fifteen minutes."

"You are telling us that Denis deliberately set his watch on a quarter of an hour before lending it to the master?"

"Yes, sir."

With genuine and irrepressible curiosity the coroner said, "But surely Mr.—er—Bindlesham would notice such a large difference?"

"I don't know, sir." And the child added, with a shrewdness which Simon found more repulsive than amusing in one so young, "After all, sir, when he keeps us in he has to stay behind himself, too."

At luncheon the following Tuesday, Alice Paton was talking about Petrarch's chivalry, and from that went on to elaborate on the theme amusingly, distinguishing manifestations of gothic, baroque, and modern chivalry. Simon laughed, enjoying it. He said:

"You ought to do a book on it. From knights killing dragons for ladies to... well, what's a modern example?"

And while she sought one he wondered whether not revealing the truth about a bunch of violets would do: he decided that it would not, and wondered, was I protecting Elaine or myself? Was I afraid of hurting her; or, ultimately, of losing her? He said:

"You know, I don't believe it was ever like that... the knights and dragons... I fancy the knights had an ulterior motive."

She did not show how surprised she felt, but looked at him rather blankly. What she had expected was a different reaction, some whimsical-romantic notion which he would work at skilfully until he could weave their own case into it. He had changed, but she did not know how or why.

He said, "And, you know, they must have felt both relieved and foolish when the dragons turned out to be quite small lizards, really. Relieved, especially. I bet it was literature, as usual, that turned them into dragons... from small, timid lizards that would just slip away, in the way lizards do..."

"Don't they just!" Alice said; and she began to talk about the lizards she had watched on the hot stones among the aromatic scrub at high summer above St. Paul-de-Vence.

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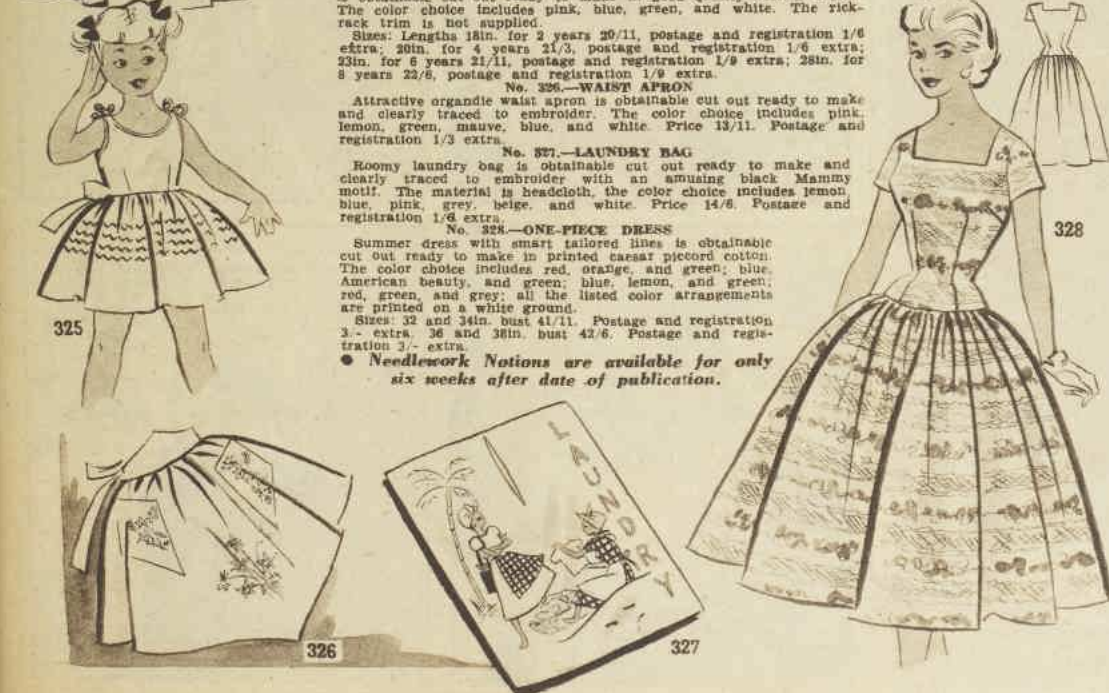
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WE'RE TWO HUNDRED FATHOMS DOWN NOW. WE SHOULD REACH THE LAYER SOON.

AND LEARN WHAT IT IS -- FISH-- OR SOMETHING ELSE. AND WHY IT RISES NEAR THE SURFACE AT NIGHT--UH--LOOK!

APPROACHING THEM--ONE OF THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP--A SIXTY-FOOT GIANT SQUID!

MANDRAKE-- IT'S GRASPING US! CAN IT CRACK THE PLATES?

I'M NOT SURE!

LOOK-- OVER THERE--A KILLER WHALE! THEY LIVE ON SQUID!

THREE HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP--THE SEAMOBILE IS ENMESHED IN A TITANIC BATTLE BETWEEN A SEVENTY FOOT KILLER WHALE AND A SIXTY-FOOT GIANT SQUID!

--WE'VE KNOWN ABOUT UNDERSEA BATTLES BETWEEN THESE GIANTS-- BUT NO ONE'S EVER SEEN ONE BEFORE--

WHAT CAN WE DO?

NOTHING, WE HEAR THEM-- THEY CAN'T HEAR US--

FINALLY THE MONSTERS MOVE OFF INTO THE DEPTHS AND CARRY ON THEIR STRUGGLE!

THEY'RE GONE!

LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T COME BACK!

NO BONES BROKEN.

WHEW--THAT WAS CLOSE-- I WAS AFRAID THAT CABLE WOULD SNAP--

FOUR HUNDRED FATHOMS DOWN-- LOOK, SIR HARRY-- WAY DOWN THERE--THOSE LIGHTS--!

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"INGE." — Pretty daytime dress designed for the coming summer season is made in printed tissue cotton. The following color arrangements are available: Blue and lime on pink; cocoa and lime on pale grey; aqua and lime on creamy beige.



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• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



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